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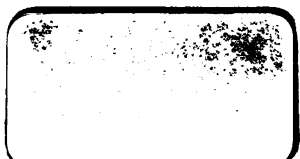
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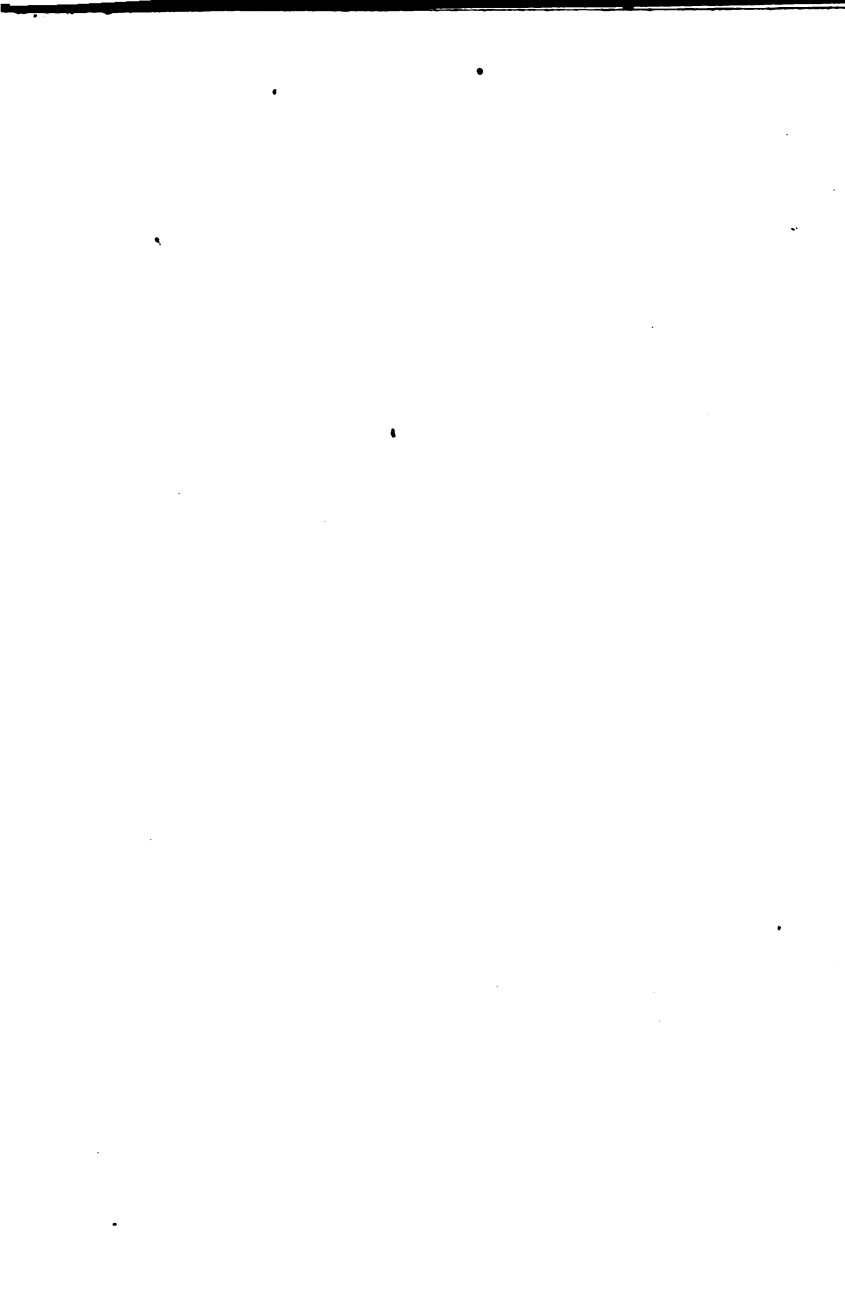
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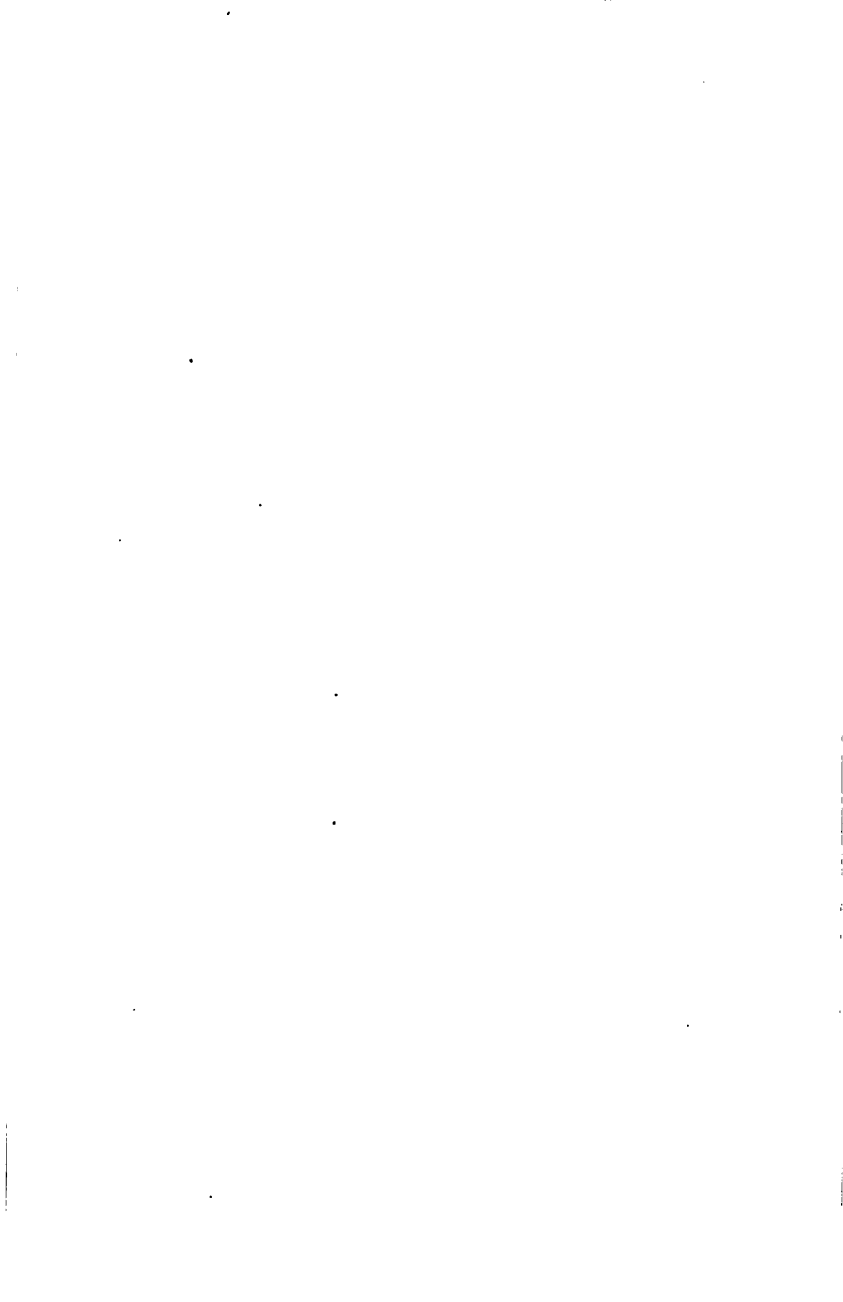
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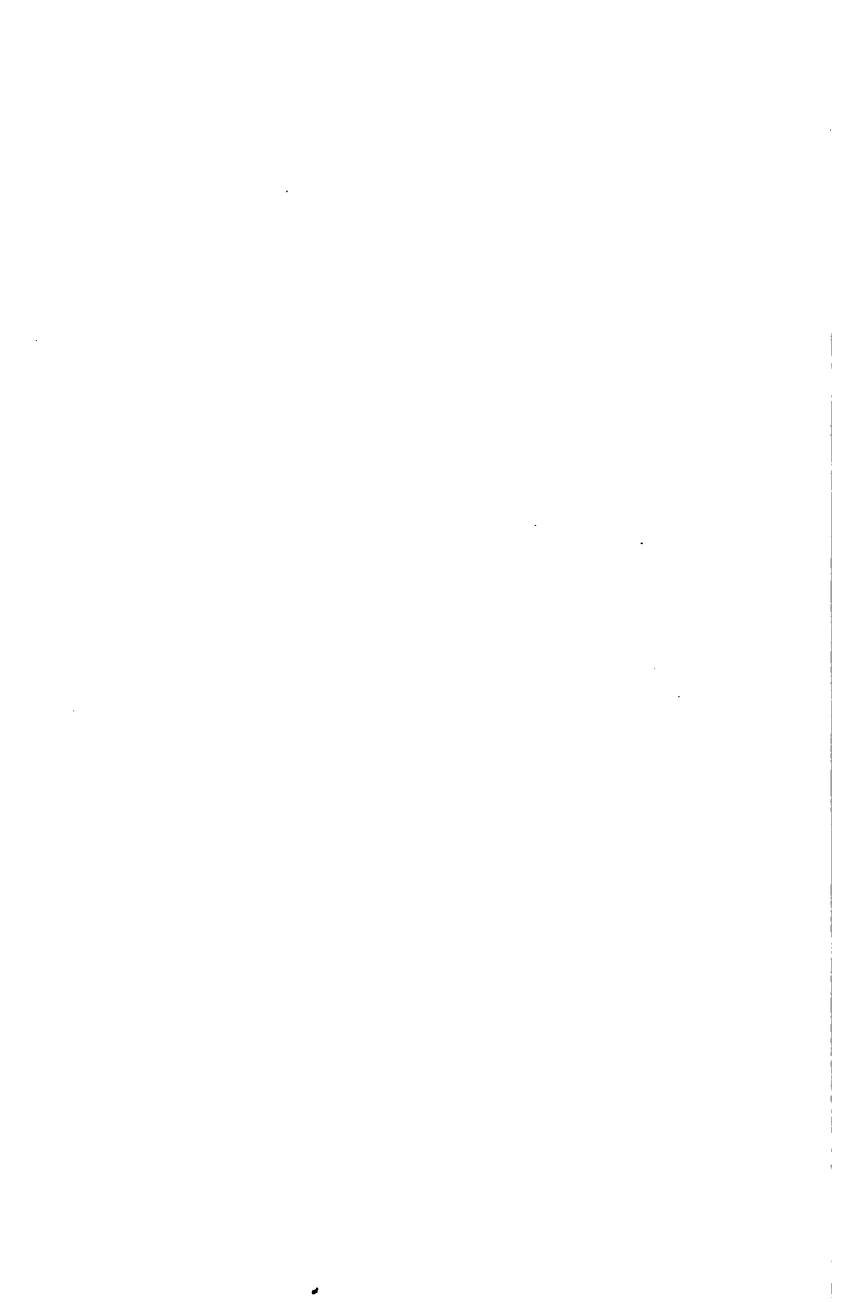
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THE
MOTHERS' FRIEND.



"JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT, THE TREE'S INCLINED."

TWENTIETH VOLUME.)

VOLUME VIII.—NEW SERIES.

London :

JACKSON, WALFORD, & HODDER, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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PREFACE

TO THE

EIGHTH VOLUME.

NEW SERIES.

“THE MOTHERS’ FRIEND” has now attained to its twentieth annual issue. Having been before the public for this long period, abundant opportunity has been given to judge of the merits of our little Magazine. The verdict upon this question is evidently not an equivocal one, for year after year, amidst a multitude of other periodicals, it has kept its ground. Let this speak for itself.

Our object in writing is not to gain applause, but to influence the minds and hearts of the Mothers of Britain for God. We seek to teach lessons of wisdom and piety which are of value for this world, and for that which is to come. Perhaps our circulation might be greater if we wrote to amuse rather than to instruct. We remember, however, the responsibilities of the writer who influences the minds and the actions of many thousands, and we try to discharge the duty laid upon us in the fear of Him who “requireth that which is past.”

In this our work we invite the co-operation of our friends. We shall be thankful to receive any communication which they may think will be useful to us. For all such assistance rendered to us in the past we beg to offer our heartiest thanks; and we again appeal to all Christian mothers, all ministers of religion, and all Sabbath-school teachers, to aid us in instructing the

ignorant, in comforting the sorrowful, and in extending the kingdom of Christ.

We are encouraged to ask this service because of the good which has been done by "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND" in years gone by, and we believe that it will yet produce glorious results, "Give me," said the late celebrated Cardinal Wiseman, "Give me the training of the children, and I care but little who has the education of the adults." The Cardinal was a man of very wide observation, and he recognized the great importance of lessons to the young. This, then, is one of our principal objects; to help mothers to teach their children how to live and how to die. In the year now before us we shall endeavour to discharge this duty in dependence upon the Spirit of truth. The results of our toil will be made manifest at the last day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be discovered. Surely among the countless millions who will then receive the "Well done," from the lips of the Master, the Christian mother will not be forgotten; her reward will be great indeed, for she has trained her little ones for immortality. Her reward will also be ours, if we are able to help on the greatest work of this or of any age—the bringing up of children for God. "May He help us to do so!"

It may not be out of place in sending forth this new volume to the world, to issue with it a recommendation of our Magazine which has been kindly given to us by the highly honoured President of Regent's Park College, the Rev. Joseph Angus, D.D., M.R.A.S.:—

"This monthly has a clearly-defined field, and cultivates it with assiduity and skill. The Editor has wisely adopted the pictorial style of treating her themes, and illustrates nearly every truth with a story. I shall be glad to hear that the volume finds a place in every family."

December, 1867.

THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

THE NEW YEAR.

IN offering our congratulations and wishing our friends a happy new year, we would go beyond the ceremony and form which custom prompts, and blend with our words the yearning of a full heart, that blessings rich and abundant may cluster around their pathway. But we should do sacrilege to our feelings, if from this point of observation we raised no note of warning—if on this rock in the sea of time we left no record of the past to serve as a beacon-light amidst the mists of the future. Doubtless few family circles in which our little magazine has been received during the past year, have been exempt from some change. How many have been sent by separation and death until only a remnant remains to reveal the desolation ! Our greeting falls sadly on many a widowed heart, which a year since thrilled at the utterance of living love, and many parents are sighing in bitterness as they look at the empty crib and deserted fireside. The sire with bowed form and whitened locks has looked a last adieu to long familiar scenes, and descended to the grave. We would weep with those who weep while we share the joy of the rejoicing. But on this gala-day in the year our thoughts are especially with those who are young, whose morning of life is bright with hope, and whose new year opens on an enchanting scene of pleasure and delight. We would not darken your sky by a single cloud of imaginary gloom, nor dissipate one ray of positive joy by sad forebodings ; no ! but, if possible, place the objects and realities of life in their true light before you, that their enjoyment may be enhanced while you avoid their

scorpion stings, and you be prepared to meet unharmed its certain conflicts. We remember the bright sunny faces of many who commenced the past year, that are now hid from our view in the dark grave; their expressions of earthly hope silenced for ever; their gushing sympathy for friends chilled at life's fountain. They laid off the robes of beauty, and gathered the drapery of death about them, and have exchanged the gaiety of the new year festival for the hush of death. With these scenes of the past before us, our young friends will allow us to mingle some sadness in our anniversary greeting. The new year upon whose threshold you now stand is all unknown, but from its events you cannot retreat. Pause you cannot. Your own beating pulse will tell each moment till they are numbered, and time with you is eternity. To-day you live, but where is to-morrow? Will it not be for your highest pleasure then to seek first of all a preparation of heart for the most trying scene that may await you?—seek for a readiness to meet the grim messenger who with stealthy tread may arrest your next tread. Until this is done you are unprepared for life, for its most satisfying pleasures and highest happiness; go to what source you may for enjoyment, it will prove unsatisfying and vain.

“Time is the warp of life,

Oh! tell the young, the gay, to weave it well.”

The future, the unknown future, wisely shut by an Almighty hand from our eager view, still undisclosed lies before us. Behold in the year which is now commenced, another page in the history of man. Behold in the commencement of this year the foundation of a mighty monument of time springing up beneath his tread; and, rising high, as day on day of his strong masonry is added to the pile, until the close of another year shall cap its summit. The fair unsullied page has been unrolled on which our actions will be written. Shall it be the record of time well spent, or virtue shunned and disregarded? Shall we hand the undying page, foul and blotted by our acts, to posterity, whose legacy it is? Shall we be the will-o'-the-wisp to lead them in an erring course o'er rugged paths and dangerous swamps of life?—or shall we rather be a beacon light, or polar-star, by which they may steer into the port of happiness? Let

the monuments which another year shall raise bear the records of time well spent, of virtuous actions and of noble deeds. Let it be a living monument, on which our virtues, like the glittering stars of heaven, shall glow, a beaming light, when we shall be no more, to guide succeeding ages on the way of life !

FOUR SISTERS IN HEAVEN.

OUR friends will no doubt remember reading Louis Cavenal's history, lately published in our pages, and they will readily believe that the Christian mother who took so much interest in the poor orphan and so much pains to teach him the way to heaven, would seek to bring up her own children in the fear of the Lord, and pray for them fervently and without ceasing. Four of her beloved ones have been taken from her, and the following memoirs will show how Mrs. D——'s supplications were answered and her endeavours blessed, and how she herself was supported under the heavy strokes.

Elizabeth—the first who passed from earth—the gentle, amiable little Elizabeth, until she was six years old enjoyed the most perfect health. She was remarkably full of gaiety and life, and at the same time so gentle and good that all loved her. She was intelligent, too; when three years old her parents began to teach her her letters, and she was so fond of her lessons that she was the first to remind her mother if she forgot them; and at four years and a half she read with ease, and begged that she might be allowed to read in her turn at family worship. She was fond of reading tales, but nothing pleased her so much as the Word of God, and she would often learn five or six verses at a time without moving from her seat. She had such desire for instruction that she would often sit near her elder sisters when they were having a lesson that seemed above her capacity, and she would often answer intelligently questions which were addressed to them. Elizabeth had commenced writing, drawing, and arithmetic, and had no less aptitude for needlework, so that at the age of five years and a half she could knit and sew very well. When six years and three months old she was attacked with brain fever, to which she fell a victim after nine days of

the most violent sufferings. The following summer her sister Emily, who until she was eleven years old had been educated at home, was taken to a Moravian establishment at some distance, where she was to remain for three years. This term having expired, the dear child rejoiced at the thought of returning to the bosom of her family ; but she was now only fourteen, and her education was unfinished. Her parents resolved therefore to leave her there one year longer ; the lady at the head of the establishment told them that Emily had always got on well, but would probably make more progress during the last year than she had in the preceding ones, and that it would be a great pity to take her away now from school, and that she would not advise them to have her home to see them ; it would be a great loss of time, and Emily was always very happy and cheerful, so that they need have no uneasiness on her account. Mr. and Mrs. D—— felt it would be a great sacrifice to remain so much longer separated from their dear daughter, but they resolved to bear it. They wrote to Emily to tell her that she would not return home for another year. She answered submissively that it would be very long, but she hoped that God would give her strength to bear the privation, and to see that it was for her good. She continued to work to the satisfaction of her instructors. She was remarked at school for her order and application, and especially for her eagerness to attend public worship, and her attention while there. It wanted only about six months to the time when the parents of Emily should go to fetch her home, and there was not now any doubt in her family as to her return, when a letter from Mademoiselle Curie, the directress of the establishment, announced to Mr. and Mrs. D—— that Emily had been for some days confined to her bed with headache, but that her cheerfulness and her appetite kept up, that the doctor saw no reason for uneasiness, and that they might rely upon her being better if they heard no other news. On going into the sick room Emily had said to one of her companions, without appearing to be at all affected, “I am sure I shall no more return among you ;” and when her friend refused to place any reliance on the assertion, she said, “I am certain.” Eight days passed before the second letter arrived, saying that although she was no worse the

illness continued ; that, notwithstanding, the doctor saw no danger, as Emily was always cheerful, and continued to eat with relish. Five days after they learned that she had been worse, even delirious, but that she was better, and had sent a message to her mother. This was followed by another, containing nothing more alarming ; still Mrs. D—— held herself in readiness to set off on the shortest notice. The same evening, being alone in the house, and thinking much of her dear Emily, she opened her Bible, praying that she might be directed to some passage which would support and comfort her. These were the words which first caught her eye, “The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away : blessed be the name of the Lord.” She trembled, closed her Bible, and tearfully asked if she was ready for the sacrifice in case it was demanded of her.

On the morrow it was announced to her that her daughter was no more, but through the goodness and mercy of God they could tell her at the same time, to soften the force of the blow, that her child was prepared to meet her God, and that she was even rejoiced at the thought of her departure ; so that this mourning family could cry with David, “Our dear child will not return to us, but we shall go to her.” The disease had come on with such rapidity that the most tender and watchful care could not arrest it. Notwithstanding her sufferings, Emily remained calm and resigned ; she never showed the least uneasiness of mind. When Mademoiselle Curie, who had acted the part of a mother to her, spoke of her parents, and the anxiety they felt about her illness, she thanked her, quietly asked her to send back to them her best love and tell them she was better, but not much yet. When she was told that she should ask the Lord to restore her to health and to bless the remedies used to that end, she answered, “Oh, yes ; I do pray much !” She was heard to repeat several times in German, a verse of a hymn that the Moravians are accustomed to sing at the commencement of public worship, and which contains a desire to be weaned from the world. One of those who attended Emily asked her one day, “If the Lord wishes to take you to Himself would you be willing ?” “Oh, yes,” she quickly replied ; “I should be rejoiced, for I shall be eternally happy near Him.” On the afternoon of the tenth of

February her state suddenly changed, and at once paralyzed all the remedies and the cares which had been lavished upon her from that time all hope was gone. Towards three o'clock in the morning a nurse awoke Mademoiselle Curie, telling her that they thought Emily's end approached. She found her dying, but quite tranquil, only moving her arms from time to time, and sometimes drawing sighs. Mademoiselle Curie read to her some verses suited to her circumstances, which appeared to arouse her for a moment. Her face was radiant; her eyes were raised towards heaven, as if tasting already of the happiness which awaited her. It was not until five o'clock that she fell asleep in the arms of her Saviour, after a slight agony. Notwithstanding the bitterness of their grief, her parents could but bless God that He had taken her to Himself in so gentle and kind a manner, and for having given them the assurance that their dear child had exchanged this valley of tears for the felicity of the redeemed.

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE.

A MOTHER lay on the bed of death; by her side stood her children, a son and daughter. For long years she had been a widow, and on her had rested the sole responsibility of their training. But now the summons had come; she was leaving earth and going home, and they would be left in the world without a mother's counsel, without a mother's care. Her son, just entering on his twenty-first year, was book-keeper in a large house of business in the adjoining town; and for him the mother's heart trembled. She knew he had not yet given up all for Christ, and feared lest the contact with worldly and frivolous companions should deaden all religious impressions until he forgot his mother's God. During her illness, she had wrestled with God for the salvation of this only son. She knew how easily he was influenced either for good or evil by those who were kind to him, and of late she had been deeply pained by his marked indifference to serious things; also, he had become careless in his observance of the Lord's-day, and, now that the end was fast approaching, Mrs. Lyle felt that she could but leave him in the

hands of God. They stood watching her, when, in a faint voice, she asked for some water. There was none in the room, and Edward went downstairs to procure some. Then the dying mother raised herself, and grasped the hand of the weeping girl beside her, saying, in a tone of deepest earnestness, "Dear child, you will soon be motherless. I know you are a Christian; Edward is not, Florence. I leave him to your care; never rest until he is won to the service of Christ." Here her eye caught his, as he entered the room, and tenderly held the water to her lips. But she spoke not. She drank the water, and for a few moments lay back, a deathly pallor overspreading her countenance. Edward was alarmed; he had never been in the presence of Death before, and, in a hoarse whisper, he asked, "Is it Death?"

Florence was wiping the cold sweat from the brow, and could only reply by a tearful glance; but once more the eyes unclosed, and looked lovingly on him, and the dying voice said, "My boy—my dear boy—'Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy.' " Then a glad smile came to the worn face, and gently the faithful mother fell asleep in Jesus.

Four days passed, and then a funeral procession wound its way up the quiet village street to the little churchyard, where, 'neath the shade of the yew-trees, they laid the remains of Mrs. Lyle to rest; and Edward and Florence took a mute farewell, as the earth sounded on the coffin, and to each of them seemed to come a voice repeating her dying charge, and Florence prayed earnestly to the Father above that He would help her to fulfil her mother's injunctions. Not so Edward; as yet he knew not the power of prayer, and was content to resolve in his own strength that he would remember his mother's charge to himself, and obey it. When affairs came to be settled, it was found that in some way or other Florence must gain herself a living. How? was the question. She was not accomplished enough for a governess, and knew nothing of business life. What was she to do? Unexpectedly, a way opened. A lady, the wife of a farmer in the neighbourhood, who had a family of six children, needed some one to assist her in household duties and in the education of the younger ones. In a kind, thoughtful way, she wrote to Florence,

and asked her services. The motherless girl thankfully accepted the offer, Edward meanwhile protesting that before long he should be made head book-keeper, with a handsome salary. Then he would see to it that Florence was not dependent on others for a living. Florence smiled sadly, and reminded him that, most likely, he would have some one else to keep and care for ; and, as she bade him farewell, she whispered, "Dearest Edward, do not forget mamma's dying words." He promised in an earnest tone that he would not ; and so the brother and sister separated—the one to an active, bustling life in a large town ; the other to a routine of quiet duties in Rosedale Farm-house—the one proud and conscious of his strength ; the other owning her weakness, and looking to Christ for guidance.

So we must leave them until another month.

MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

O COULD there in this world be found
Some little spot of happy ground,
Where village pleasures might abound
Without the village tattling !
How doubly blest that place would be
Where all might dwell in liberty,
Of gossip's endless prattling !

If such a spot were really known,
Dame Peace might claim it as her own,
And in it she might fix her throne,
For ever and for ever ;
There, like a queen, might reign and live,
Where every one would soon forgive
The little slights they might receive,
And be offended never.

The mischief-makers that remove
Far from our hearts the warmth of love,
And lead us all to disapprove
What gives another pleasure ;
They seem to take one's part, but when
They've heard our case, unkindly then
They soon retail it all again,
Mixed with some poisonous measure.

And they have such a cunning way .
 Of telling tales. They always say,
 " Don't mention what I say, I pray :
 I would not tell another."
 Straight to their neighbour's house they go,
 Narrating everything they know ;
 And break the peace of high and low—
 Wife, husband, friend, and mother.

O that the mischief-making crew
 Were all reduced to one or two,
 And they were painted red and blue,
 That every one might know them ;
 Then would the village soon forget
 To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,
 And fall into an angry pet
 With things too much below them.

For it's a sad, degrading part
 To make another's bosom smart,
 And plant a dagger in the heart
 We ought to love and cherish ;
 Then let us evermore be found
 In quietness with all around,
 While friendship, joy, and peace abound,
 And angry feelings perish.

EMILY JANE FABIAN.

" There is no flock, however watched and tended,
 But one dead lamb is there !
 There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
 But has one vacant chair !"

It was in the middle of the month of December, in the year 1865, that I resolved to go and see my old friend, Mrs. Fabian. I had not seen her for two years, nor had I heard of her for the past twelve months. So I took the train to the snug little town of Ashford, in Kent, where Mrs. Fabian lived. I had written to say that I was coming, and I asked her to meet me at the station. When I arrived, what was my surprise and grief to see her attired in deep mourning. After our greetings were over, I said, " My dear Felicia, how is it that you are in such deep mourning? I had not heard that you have suffered a great loss." " Oh ! Clara," she replied, " I feel as if all my joy were gone. You remember my dear little Emily Jane, the prettiest and best child

a mother could desire—" Tears here choked the mother's utterance—" She is gone." My first impulse was to try to comfort the mourner ; but I remembered that silence is often the greatest proof of sympathy which can be given to the bereaved, therefore I walked home with my friend in silence.

I saw that the loss of her little girl was a very heavy trial to her, and well it might be, for, of all the lovely children whom I have seen, none could be compared with the little lost one. When I saw her last, she was about three years old. She was rather tall for her age ; her little body was beautifully proportioned, and all her movements were graceful. But her face—shall I ever forget that exquisite little face ? It was oval in form, and her features were as regular as those of the universally-admired Grecian statues. Her eyes were of a rich blue ; and her hair, which was of a golden hue, fell luxuriantly upon her marble shoulders in dainty curls. Her ruby lips, pearly teeth, and peach-blossom complexion added to the beauty of a face which was pronounced by almost all who saw it to be lovely.

But all this beauty of form and feature did but show forth the loveliness of the mind within. Is not the face often the index of the mind ? In this little one it was so. For not only was she intelligent beyond her age, but her temper was all that could be desired ; and when, on Sunday evenings, she sat on her mamma's lap and sweetly sang, " I want to be an angel," few who saw her did not feel that she was too bright for earth. " The flowers most lovely soonest fade."

While we were having tea, I noticed that Mrs. Fabian's grief was somewhat abated ; so I asked her to tell me the circumstances of Emily's death, which she did in somewhat the following terms. " On the other side of the railway-station there are some fields, through which runs a stream of water, generally rather narrow and not very deep ; but when there has been much rain, its depth and width are greatly increased, and it runs very rapidly. I have been accustomed to allow the servant to take the children through the fields for their walks, always warning her, however, to be very careful not to go too near the stream. You remember that little Emily was of a very lively disposition, and had a habit of dancing about, often backwards. About three

months ago, the children went as usual for their walk in these fields, and, as I kissed Emily before she went, I thought she never looked more beautiful. Her 'Good-bye, dear mamma,' still rings in my ears, and her sweet smile I see still. They had been gone about an hour when my friend Mrs. Adey called, and from her manner, I judged—no, I felt—that something had happened to my dearest child. Mrs. Adey began, 'Felicia, your little Emily—your little Emily!' 'Oh! do not hesitate!' I exclaimed, 'but tell me plainly if anything has befallen her.' Before she could answer, I heard heavy footsteps at the door, and my heart sank within me. As the parlour-door was opened, I saw two men bearing the form of my dear Emily, and I fainted. When, after about two hours, I had recovered my consciousness, and saw my sister, Mrs. Adey, and the doctor, standing round her, as she lay upon the sofa, I exclaimed, 'Dr. Medley, is there no hope? Is she really dead?' 'I fear so,' he replied; 'for we have used all the remedies I know of, but without success. If the truth must be told, she is "better off." 'Then God's will be done,' I felt I ought to have said, but my grief would not allow the words to be uttered. My sister then told me how the distressing event occurred. The servant was teaching little Arthur to walk, and did not notice that Emily was dancing backwards towards the stream until too late. Suddenly, she heard a scream, as Emily fell into the water, and was struggling there, and no one near to help. The stream was swollen at the time, and running swiftly, and so Emily was carried some distance before the servant could overtake her. A man in the field, attracted by the screams, ran to the stream, and snatched her out. But the sudden chill from the coldness of the water proved too much for dear little Emily, although she had been in it but a few minutes. She died in less than three hours after she fell into the stream; but now she is in heaven. Had I not strong convictions of God's mercy and love, I should have felt that He was not kind in permitting this great trial to come to me. But hard as it was to bear, I have been able to bow submissively to the stroke of His providential hand." Tears stole down the mother's cheeks; but they were tears of grief mingled with resignation, and not tears of bitterness.

On the following morning, we went to the cemetery, to visit the grave of the lovely child. The ground was covered with snow, and, as I stood beside the little grave, I thought that the spotless purity of the snow was but an emblem of that of the little soul now beyond the clouds arrayed in robes of white brighter than the light. As I looked up into the sky, thinking of the happiness of Emily's angel spirit, I saw a dark cloud, through which the sun shone but little, except at the edges. It was a cloud with "a silver lining." Was not the removal of Emily a cloud with "a silver lining" to my friend? She made an idol of her child, and God removed it, to draw the mother's heart nearer to Himself. As I left the grave, the poet's words came into my mind—

"She is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone into the school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection
And Christ himself doth rule."

Does not this narrative teach us the importance of training our children for heaven, and that if God, in His mercy, should take them from us, we must seek consolation in Christ?

R. A. H.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

THE sparkling ice and snow-covered hill and valley—tree and bush were glittering with diamonds—the eaves of the house, the knocker, the fence, the honeysuckles and seringas, once the boast of summer, were all alike garnished and resplendent with their winter trappings, now gleaming in the last days of the early sunset. Within that large, old-fashioned dwelling, you may see an ample parlour, all whose adjustments and arrangements speak of security, warmth, and home enjoyment; of money spent not for show but for comfort. On the hearth there was a genuine, old-fashioned fire, blazing warm welcome for all whom it might concern, the crackling wood occasionally bursting forth into most earnest snaps, which rang through the room with a genuine hospitable emphasis. So looked that parlour to me, when, tired with a long day's ride, I found my way into it, just at evening, and was greeted

with a hearty welcome by my old friend, Colonel Winthrop. In addition to all that I have already described, I must add the vision of a wide and ample tea-table covered with a snowy cloth, on which the servants are depositing the evening meal. I had not seen Winthrop for years, but we were old college friends, and I had gladly accepted an invitation to renew our ancient intimacy by passing the New Year's season in his family. I found him still the same hale, kindly fellow as in days of old, though time had taken the same liberty with his handsome head that Jack Frost had with the trees out of doors, in giving to it a graceful and becoming sprinkle of silver.

"Here you are, my dear fellow," said he, shaking me by both hands, "just in season for the ham and chickens—coffee all smoking. My dear," he added, to a motherly looking woman who now entered, "here's John—I beg pardon—Mr. Stuart." As he spoke two bold, handsome boys broke into the room, accompanied by a huge Newfoundland dog—all as full of hilarity and abundant animation as an afternoon of glorious skating could have generated. "Ah, Tom and Ned; you rogues—you don't want any supper to-night, I suppose?" said the father gaily, "come up here and be introduced to my old friend. Here they come," said he as one by one the opening doors admitted the various children at the summons to the evening meal. "Here," presenting a tall young girl, "is our eldest, beginning to think herself a young lady on the strength of being fifteen years old, and wearing her hair tucked up." "And here is Eliza," said he giving a pull to a blooming, roguish girl of ten, with large, black saucy eyes. "And here is Willie!" a bashful, blushing little fellow, in a check pinafore. "And now, where's the little queen?—where's her majesty?—where's Ally?" A golden head of curls was at this instant thrust timidly in at the door, and I caught a passing glimpse of a pair of great blue eyes; but the head vanished, though a little fat, dimpled hand was seen holding on to the door, and swinging it back and forward. "Ally dear, come in," said the mother in a tone of encouragement. "Come, in, Ally, come in," was repeated in various tones by each child; but brother Tom pushed open the door, and taking the little thing in his arms brought her fairly in and deposited her on her father's knee. She took firm hold of

his coat and then turned and gazed shyly upon me. It was evident that this was the pet-lamb of the fold, and she was just at that age when babyhood is verging into childhood. "This is our New Year's gift," said Winthrop, fondly caressing the curly head. "Ally, tell the gentleman how old you are." "I s'all be four next New 'Ears," said the little one, while all the circle looked applause. "Ally, tell the gentleman what you are," said brother Ned. Ally looked coquettishly at me as if she did not know whether she should favour me to that extent, and the young princess was farther solicited. "Tell him what Ally is," said the eldest sister with a patronizing air. "Papa's New 'Ear's pesant," said my little lady at last. "And mamma's too," said the mother gently, amid the applauses of the admiring circle. Winthrop looked apologetically at me and said, "We all spoil her—that's a fact; every one of us, down to Rover there, who lets her tie tippets round his neck and put bonnets on his head, and hug and kiss him, to a degree that would disconcert any other dog." If ever beauty and grace were an apology for spoiling, it was in this case. It was now, however, time to turn from beauty to the substantial realities of the supper table. I observed that Ally's high chair was stationed close by her father's side; and ever and anon while gaily talking he would slip into her rosy little mouth some choice bit from his plate, these notices and distinctions seeming so habitual that they did not for a moment interrupt the thread of the conversation. Once or twice I caught a glimpse of Rover's great rough nose turned anxiously up to the little chair, whereat the small, fat hand forthwith slid something into his mouth, though by what dexterity it ever came out from the great black jaws undevoured was a mystery. When the supply of meat on the small lady's plate was exhausted, I observed the small hand slyly slipping into her father's, and with infinite address abstracting small morsels, whereat there was much mysterious winking between the father and the other children, and considerable tittering among the younger ones, though all in marvellous silence, as it was deemed best policy not to appear to notice Ally's tricks, lest they should become too obstreperous.

If our young friends would like to hear some more of Ally, they shall be gratified next month.

WINTER.

WINTER draws his mantle o'er us,
 Casts his gloomy shade before us,
 Bids his wind-gusts chant in chorus,
 Restless, night and day.

We, with thoughts akin to sorrow,
 Think with fears of each to-morrow,
 Find how seldom we can borrow,
 Cheering by the way.

Dark and chill the sky above us,
 Dark the world that does not love us.
 Dark the joys that cease to move us,
 Dark our very life.

Trial never fails to sever
 Ties we hoped would perish never,
 Not a gladness lives for ever
 In this world of strife

Ev'ry flake of snow descending,
 Wintry desolation sending,
 Seems to us some grief portending
 As it falls to earth.

And the world in shrouds of whiteness,
 Void of warmth and void of brightness,
 Robs our hearts of all their lightness,
 And our songs of mirth.

Father! God of every blessing!
 We, our faithlessness confessing,
 Feeling pain and fears depressing,
 Come at length to Thee

Thou to whom our woes endear us,
 Thou who deignest still to hear us,
 Thou whose loving teachings cheer us,
 Grant Thy sympathy.

Then no wintry blasts can harm us,
 Then no worldly foes alarm us,
 With Thy strength to keep and calm us,
 We shall be at peace.

Peace which in our hearts o'erflowing,
 Ever spreading, ever growing,
 Shall at length be bright and glowing,
 Summer ne'er to cease

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO TOOK CARE OF HER MOTHER.

"Oh dear, how my head does ache, and my heart aches sadly too. I wonder if I shall ever laugh like other girls! It is very wearisome to sit here knitting whilst all the others are at play, or enjoying themselves. But what am I doing, I must not murmur when I have so much to be thankful for!" And the speaker brushed the rebellious ideas away, and tried to smile, but it was a very poor attempt at smiling. It was something like the pale ray the sun sends down on a cold winter's day, contrasted with the joyous beams of a bright summer's morn. Little Mary Jones' life to all appearances had not much sunshine in it; she had no father, but a very wicked mother, who loved vile spirits better than anything else, even more than her only child. Mary went to the village school, but none of the girls would associate with her; indeed, they considered it as much a disgrace to be Mary's friend as they would to have been her mother's. When Annie Gordon first came to the village she pitied Mary very much, and would sit and read to her whilst she knitted; but when the girls made taunting remarks about her being "the friend of old drunken dame Jones' daughter," she began to shun Mary, and on the morning when we first introduce Mary to our young friends, Annie had joined for the first time in making fun of Mary and her mother. The lessons were over, and whilst Mary sat in one corner of the large school-room working for her bread, the others were enjoying themselves. The neighbours said they "did not like Mary's way of never looking any one in the face," and "she must be always thinking something bad, or she would look up like other honest folks." It was quite true that Mary seldom had the courage to look up; so unused was she to kind words that if any one did speak kindly to her, she would look with strange, startled eyes into the speaker's face, as if she could hardly believe she had heard aright. When she entered the wretched hovel she called her home, harsh words and cruel blows were the greeting she received. But Mary did not indulge a murmuring spirit; if you could have peeped in and seen her as she kneeled by her little bed, with an expression of intense love and gratitude in her uplifted face, you would not have pitied her so very much after all; for many a one who re-

clines on a couch of down, would give all they possessed if they could thereby secure to themselves such love and confidence as Mary had in her Heavenly Father. She was not afraid to look up now, for she well knew that Jesus would not send her away because she was a drunkard's child. It was winter; the children had been anxiously watching for the pond near the school-house to be frozen over sufficiently to skate upon; several successive half-holidays they had been disappointed, but at last a boy ran into the playground shouting, "It's froze over! I've tried it!" and away he scampered, with an eager crowd at his heels. "Oh, what fun it would be to put old dame Jones on the ice, after she has been spending an evening at the inn; how much I should like it!" said Annie Gordon to her companion skaters, and seeing Mary's pained look, they all laughed in chorus. Annie's mocking laugh was yet ringing in Mary's ear, when she heard a crash, followed by a shriek. "Oh, what's the matter?" she inquired of one of the boys. "Annie Gordon has fell into the water; she would go where we told her it was not thick enough to bear her." Without waiting to hear any more, Mary bounded on to the cracking ice. There was a dead silence for one moment, then a deafening shout came from the lookers-on, as the heroic girl stepped safely on to the frozen ground, with the fainting form of Annie Gordon in her arms. "'Thank God!'" exclaimed Mary "for permitting me to save her life." In the evening of the same day Mary entered Annie's bedroom, and approaching the dainty little bed on which lay one that had been so very near the cold arms of death, she said, "I hope you are better now, dear Annie?" "Oh Mary, how can I thank you for your kindness? I have been thinking of what you have saved me from; if I had died then I should not have gone to heaven; can you forgive me for my past unkindness to you? I am so sorry now, and I'll never serve you so again." Mary kissed her penitent friend, and said, "I have nothing to forgive, Annie; ask Jesus to forgive you, it is against Him that you have sinned." "But suppose He won't listen to what I say? He loves you, I know, Mary, and He has seen how very unkind my behaviour has been to you." "Jesus always listens, when we pray, Annie, and if you are sorry for your sins, and ask Him to forgive you, I know He will," said Mary, confidently. After a short pause, Annie said,

"but now you are to live with me, you will help me to be good. Mother says you are to be my sister; only think how nice it will be." "But I have a mother, Annie, and cannot leave her." "Child," said Mrs. Gordon, "you must come and be my daughter; we will love you and take care of you just as we do our Annie." "Thank you, ma'am, but who will take mother's wet things off when she comes home, and who will clean the place and keep things a little bit together? I could not leave my mother." "You are a good child," said Mrs. Gordon, "to think of your mother, when she behaves so cruelly towards you." "Please don't say anything against her, ma'am, remember she is my parent." Mrs. Gordon tried all her powers of persuasion to make Mary consent to come and live with them, but though it was a great sacrifice, Mary made it without one regretful thought, for she hoped some day to see her mother a Christian. People would have laughed if they had known Mary's thoughts; but though some things may be impossible for man to do, there is no such word with God. The praying, patient Mary, had her reward for the sacrifice she had made, for there came a time when an aged woman leaned on her arm and sat by her side in the sanctuary; that aged woman was her mother. None could describe the joy that the conversion of her mother gave Mary, and she blessed God and felt thankful to Him for making her the means of bringing her mother and friend to love and serve Christ. Mrs. Gordon felt disappointed when Mary decided to remain with her mother, but determined that she would do all in her power towards making the life of the hitherto friendless girl more happy. Soon Mary and her mother removed to a pretty little cottage on Farmer Gordon's land, and Mrs. Gordon took care that there should be no lack of provisions in Dame Jones' larder. Mary had not to go to bed cold and hungry now. But prosperity did not make her forget the One who had been her friend in all her hours of trial and suffering, but with a thankful heart she ascribed all her blessings to Him and consecrated herself to His service.

M. A. P.

AN UNGRATEFUL SON.

IN a retired country village resides a lone widow, whose husband died suddenly twenty years ago, leaving her with two sons, both grown up to manhood. The elder did not long survive his father, but the younger still lives in a distant town. By unceasing industry, this couple had managed to save a little and build a cottage, which, with a small garden for potatoes and fruit-trees, now forms the home, and adds something to the living of the widow. For many years she has contrived, by her industry in knitting stockings, to keep herself independent of parish relief; and through long and cold winters, with scanty meals, her brave spirit, by God's help, has sustained her thus far through all her trials. Her greatest sorrow is caused by the unkind treatment she receives from her son. Although he is in the meridian of life, and receiving good wages, he never has a penny to spare for his aged mother; and for many years he has not visited her, unless for a single day, when he hoped to gain a little from her scanty store. Two years ago, she received a letter from her undutiful child, entreating her to sell her little dwelling, give him the money, and go to the workhouse. He concluded by saying, if she refused to comply with his request, he would never notice her again. Great was the distress of the poor widow on receiving this letter. Her independent spirit shrank from the thought of entering the workhouse. She immediately consulted her neighbours and friends, for she has no relatives living but her son; they all advised her not to comply with his wishes, but to live on in her cottage as usual. He has kept to his word: from that period all communication ceased between them. The poor woman, although in her eightieth year, with many infirmities, bravely struggles on to gain an honest livelihood. Her deepest sorrow is that her son has forsaken her in her old age. This *true* sketch presents a melancholy picture of ingratitude to the kindest and best of earthly friends. Well would it be for the young to keep before them God's express command, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

E. R.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

NAMES that lie on the ground are not easily set on fire by the torch of envy; but those quickly catch it which are raised up by fame or wave to the breeze of prosperity.

A NAME FOR BABY.

ONE day, little Carrie, hearing her mother talk about a name for a new little baby brother that had been given to them a short time before, said, "Mamma, why don't you name him Hallowed? It says in my prayer, 'Hallowed be Thy name;' and I think it a pretty name, too,"

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Lycée-boys; or, School Life in France. By R. HOPE MONCRIEFF.

The Broken Hyacinth; or, Ellen's School-days.

Little Pansy; or, The School-life of a Minister's Orphan Daughter. Edinburgh: Oliphant & Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

These three little volumes are accounts of school life most interestingly written. They will prove very acceptable presents to those who are now passing through the same routine.

Old Merry's Annual. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

Old Merry still keeps up his character as a first-class caterer for the young. This handsome and attractive volume will, we are sure, be welcomed to many a home, and cause many eyes to sparkle with delight, as well as impart much healthful instruction in a pleasing manner to many a young mind.

The Mother Dove. How to be Beautiful. Pleasant Words. Edinburgh: Oliphant & Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

These little books contain several nice little tales, besides those from which they take their titles.

The German Pastor. Edinburgh: Oliphant & Co.; London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

Touching sketches from the life of Theodore Fliedner.

Words of Pardon and Hope. London: William Macintosh, Paternoster-row.

A little pamphlet, in very large type, particularly suitable for the aged.

Sunshine in Sorrow. By W. O. Printed by W. H. Eynon, Swansea.

A tiny book, containing sweet words of comfort for the bereaved.

Old Jonathan's Almanack. London: Collingridge.

Who is your Priest? London: Partridge, Paternoster-row.

Reflections on the Illness and Death of a Beloved Daughter. By the late Rev. GEORGE LAWSON, D.D.

Dick Ennis, the Village Schoolboy.

Charlotte and her Enemy. Edinburgh: Oliphant & Co.; London, Hamilton & Adams.

THE TWO SUNSETS.

"ELLEN, dear, I feel I shall not be here many days," said, or rather whispered, a lady who lay propped up on a couch. She was of middle age, and wore such an expression of sweet serenity on her brow that one felt, while gazing upon her, that, though many storms of trial had passed over her, all was rest and peace within. Hers had been no life of luxury and ease, but one long and continued scene of trial and affliction, borne with such exemplary patience and Christian fortitude that her name was loved by most, and revered by even the rudest scoffer in the neighbourhood. Passing her time in one long effort to do good, she had been indeed a "living epistle, known and read of all men." The bitterest dreg in her cup of sorrow had been, that alas! of so many mothers, the conduct of her son—her "only son Isaac." While she had enjoyed the supreme happiness of "turning many to righteousness," she had had the unspeakable grief of knowing he was far from the kingdom of God, and now the closing scene of her life was near, and still he was hastening on in the "broad road" that leads to death. Her niece, to whom the words at the commencement of our sketch were addressed, could only respond by her tears. The lady continued in the same gentle tone, "Nay, weep not, dear, but promise me one thing. When you see I am going, call Isaac, my son; perhaps what my life has failed to do my death may accomplish;—let him see me die." The promise was given, and the lady, comforted, fell asleep. About a week after she sank rapidly, and when it became evident to all, the end was at hand, they sent for her son. The sun was covering the heavens with resplendent glory and bathing the earth with its last golden beams, shedding its peaceful rays into the quiet chamber where a sorrowful group was gathered, and appearing to cast a halo of glory over the head of the dying saint. In broken and trembling accents she had urged upon her son her last entreaty, and now he had retired sobbing to the foot of the bed to see her die. Her heart-broken husband who knelt by her side, said, "My dear, when you can't speak give me a sign that you are still happy."

"What shall it be?" she breathed. "Lift your hand;" and in that quiet suspense which only those who have felt it can imagine, they watched the bark which had been so tempest-tossed glide towards the haven of eternal rest. It was nearly stranded—speech had failed, and the weeping husband, remembering the token, asked, "Are you happy?" Both hands were raised in one last effort, and, with a triumphant look of ineffable joy, the freed spirit soared to swell the song, "Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood."

* * * * *

Two years have passed quickly away. Isaac, upon whom his mother's death had made no lasting impression, had been married some time; feeling the home wanted a mistress, he hastily selected one as unlike her as possible, consequently great changes have taken place. Instead of the comfort of the wise and loving rule of a Christian mistress, is the wretchedness of the ungoverned temper and fickle words of a contentious woman. Carefully had she removed all that would remind them of the holiness of the departed one; all her tracts were committed to the flames, and loudly and angrily did she lament over the "money wasted on religious tracts." Isaac's wife was at this time daily expecting to become a mother. Ellen, who rarely visited them now, called to see her, when, after reproaching her for not calling oftener, she suddenly astonished her by bursting into tears and sobbing out—"Oh, Ellen, I am a miserable woman; I have had such a frightful dream; I thought the end of the world was come, and I was on the left hand of the Judge. What shall I do?" Ellen tried to comfort her as well as she could, and left her, promising to repeat the visit speedily. In a week or two Ellen went to congratulate her on the birth of her little girl, but, instead of finding her rejoicing with a mother's gladness over her little one, she was grieved to behold her in a most unenviable mood, grumbling at her friends, scolding the nurse, and displeased with everything. Ellen went away resolved not to go near her for some time, at any rate, not until she was fully recovered. But in a few days she received a hasty message, that, if she wished to see her alive, she must go at once. Grieved, frightened, and astonished, Ellen hurried to her bed-side, to the

same room in which she had watched her beloved aunt pass away. Entering it she was greeted with a cry whose depth of anguish pierced her to the heart—"Ellen, I'm lost, lost! what will become of me?" The unhappy woman was sitting almost erect in the bed, tossing her arms wildly about, crying, "Too late, too late," in deep, sepulchral tones. At her entreaty Ellen sent for her minister, who came, and endeavoured to lead her to Him who will "save to the uttermost." She hardly appeared to hear him, and continued heaving her arms, and repeating in the same hollow, despairing tone, which gradually grew more and more indistinct, a line or two of a hymn. This scene lasted for many hours, and as the sun, which had shone into the same window and gilded the same apartment, sank into the west, the murmurings died away, the waving arm sank, the rolling eye became fixed, and the spirit fled, all trembling, naked, and unprepared as it was, to that God who has said, "Because I called and ye refused, I also will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh."

Isaac continues, in spite of his mother's prayers, and the warning of his wife's unhappy end, walking in the road that leads to destruction; but we must hope and believe that those prayers will yet be answered in his conversion.

Mother! in which path are you treading? Remember, "He that, being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

Z. Z. A.

FOUR SISTERS IN HEAVEN.—No. 2.

JEMIMA, the third of the sisters who passed away from earth, was not remarkable in her early infancy for anything but her little stout and rosy figure, her fair and silky hair, and her large black eyes, so gentle and expressive. At the age of four years, when on a visit with a friend, all about her were struck with her quietness and gentleness. About six months after, she had an illness, which brought her nearly to the grave, when she was restored to her parents as by a miracle. For many days she had been unconscious, and one day she was so ill that they several

times thought her dead. A Christian friend who was at the house prayed in the morning, at family worship, that God would be pleased to restore the child. It was impossible for the parents to join with him in heart, for already they looked upon her as passing away from this world. During the day, the medical man, having given up all hope, asked Mrs. D—— if she would like him to call in some of his colleagues for a consultation, but she refused, saying that she preferred to leave herself and her child in the hands of God, and to 'submit to His will whatever it might be. In the evening, in the house of God, the minister prayed for the child's restoration with so much fervour and faith that her friends attributed her preservation to this prayer. As her father was returning home from the service, some one ran to tell him she was dead. On entering the house, he found to the contrary, that, just while fervent prayer was being offered on her behalf, she had recovered consciousness. The doctor had ordered in the morning that a little milk should be added to one of her drinks, and the surprise of those watching the child was very great, when, consulting about something to moisten her parched lips, they heard her pronounce, very distinctly, "some milk." The next day, the doctor, not expecting to see her again, inquired secretly, if she were still living, and was surprised to find her sensibly better, which he attributed to a large blister he had ordered to be applied the night before. From that time she began to improve, but was very weak. For some months she could not walk, and continued so thin, pale, and poorly, that many strangers who saw her did not think she could recover. When she first attempted to walk again, she was obliged to hold by the tables or chairs. Although she suffered so much from weakness, instead of complaining or crying, she showed much patience and gratitude to those who took care of her, and especially towards the doctor, for whom she ever afterwards had great affection and a kind of veneration. At the close of her illness, on seeing her again take her place in the family, Miss B——, a lady who lived for some years with them, wrote in her journal: "May she be spared to us for the glory of God, and not for our own personal satisfaction; and may we be prepared to give her up, should the Lord demand her from us." Although Jemima remained more or less delicate until she was six years

old, her parents and Miss B—— did not waste a time so precious. As her strength permitted, she was occupied in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and in all sorts of handiwork, in which she made such rapid progress that she astonished many who saw her. Especially they did not forget the one thing needful. They remembered that, in common with all, Jemima was born with a heart rebellious against God, at enmity with His word, inclined to evil; and they constantly directed her to the Saviour as the only source of good, and the only author of our salvation. As soon as she was able to understand, her friends would often ask her what we must do to get to heaven. "Love God, and believe in Jesus Christ," she would quickly answer. "And must we not also love the Lord Jesus?" "Yes." "And why?" "Because He died upon the cross for us to obtain pardon of our sins." This may appear to be a lesson learnt by heart; however, it pleased the Lord to use such means to draw the heart of this dear child to Himself, and to impress upon it the great truths of the Gospel, for these lessons were united with earnest prayer for her and with her. Jemima was accustomed to pray for herself, too; I could cite many of her own expressions. One day she said, "I thank Thee, O God, for having kept me during this night; watch over me during the day. May I be very gentle, very obedient to mamma and Miss B——. May I not lie, and may I be no more obstinate, as I was yesterday. Grant this, for the sake of Jesus Christ my Saviour. Amen." Jemima's natural disposition, far from being better than other children, often gave her parents great uneasiness. When she was quite young, she got the habit of crying long and violently whenever she was crossed, which became quite an affliction to her. Many means were employed to correct this habit, but without success, when, one day, after one of these paroxysms, Miss B—— took her upon her lap, and said to her with kindness, "Those were the cries of a naughty child which I heard just now, my dear Jemima. Do you know that some people die from anger? And think a little what would become of you if God took you away in such a state?" From that time she never had such violent and long cries. It was evident she struggled against this bad habit whenever she felt inclined to give way to it. Like other children, she would

sometimes disobey, be obstinate, or answer in an improper manner those who instructed her, but her sorrow and regret was very evident as soon as she recollected herself; she had no rest until she had obtained pardon, and was always ready when she had it to kneel down and ask pardon of God. One day Miss B——, seeing her come out of her room, asked her what she had done. Jemima hesitated, blushed, then she said, "I have not done anything wrong, I think. I think you will not be sorry when I tell you I have asked God to forgive me for having disobeyed you."

LEONORA THURSTAN, HER MARRIAGE, LIFE, AND DEATH.—I.

"Bell! thou soundest merrily
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie!"

"WHAT a lovely morning!" said Leonora Thurstan as she opened the lattice window of her chamber on a beautiful morning in the month of April. As she watched the sun slowly rising in splendour, the mist which had obscured the landscape stealing away like a dark spirit from the earth, the lark singing in the sky, and felt the refreshing influence of the morning breeze, she again exclaimed, "What a lovely morning!" Never in her life had Leonora risen on such an eventful day as this was to be. Do you ask what was to happen to her? She was to be married! She had been engaged for two years to Clement Nightingale, a farmer's son who lived five miles off. He was a moderately tall young man, with light-brown hair and a pleasant genial countenance. He had received a good education, and was known all around for his modest, unaffected piety. His prospects in life were neither very great nor very pleasing to a girl who looked simply on worldly possessions as the measure of a husband's worth. His father had put him into a farm of two hundred acres, held on a lease, and had provided him with all the cattle and implements required for working it. His friends hoped that his knowledge of farming, business habits, and good character, would enable him to succeed in life, although the beginning was but small. Of course Leonora had the most unbounded confidence in Clement's capabilities, and she trusted

that Providence would favour his efforts to support himself and his bride elect. Her appearance was decidedly prepossessing, she was of medium height and well-formed, her features regular, her complexion fair and soft, her eyes dark and sparkling, her hair jet black, neatly braided. Many of the farmers' sons near the village of Iffley had admired her, and many tried to win her favour, but none were privileged to accompany her on her shopping visits to Oxford, or to see her home from the sanctuary on Sunday, but Clement Nightingale. The well-trained girl saw more sterling worth in him than in others who made a greater display of their talents and acquirements, and this was the principal reason why she gave him her heart. We left Leonora looking out of her chamber window ; let us return to see how she prepares herself for the great event of the day. Of course she paid a due regard to her toilet and attire, what maiden would not? but, having done so, she sat down in an arm-chair absorbed in reflection. After thinking for a short time, she utters with deep emotion, " My Father, the step I am about to take is the most important in my life; I have asked Thy guidance and help in the past, and now again I ask Thee to be with me to-day, and may I ever show to Clement and all whom I shall meet that I desire to obey Thee in every relationship of life ! " A gentle tap was heard at the door, and Mabel Harold, one of the bridesmaids, entered. " Leonora," she asked, " are you almost ready ? It is nearly eight o'clock. Have you not heard the bells pealing for some time ? " " I have," replied Leonora, " I shall be ready in a few minutes." Half an hour later and Leonora Thurstan and Clement Nightingale stood at the altar of the pretty little Norman church at Iffley. The church was nearly filled with their friends, many of whom said they thought Clement ought to be happy. A few hours afterwards the happy pair started for London to spend the honeymoon.

II.

" O world ! so few the years we live ;
Would that the life that thou dost give
Were life indeed ! "

FIFTEEN years have passed away since the marriage, above-mentioned, took place in Iffley church. During that time

Leonora Nightingale has become a matron of nearly forty, and the mother of five children. The eldest, Clement, is a noble boy of fourteen; the second, Leonora, a pretty, intelligent girl of twelve; the third, Edith, aged ten, is very much like her sister; the fourth, Ralph, is a mischievous boy of seven; and last, comes little Henry, the "baby brother," aged four. Time has developed the graces of womanhood in the mother of this family, and their father is now become a well-built man in middle age. His honest, manly face is known, and his character is respected for many miles around the ancient city of Oxford. He is known as a man who is diligent in business, whose word is taken in the market, who is kind to his dependents, who is bringing up his children well, by precept and example, and who is regular in his attendance at the house of God. In all these relationships of life Leonora has been his helper; in sorrow, and in joy, she has been the sympathizing and loving wife. Clement has indeed proved the truth of the proverb, that "A good wife is above all price." On the Sabbath morning and afternoon they are seen in their places in the sanctuary; but, as they live about three miles distant, they cannot go in the evening, so they have "a church in the family." It is the month of January, and somewhat cold; a large fire blazes upon the hearth of a comfortably-furnished room. The candles are lighted, and the family sit around the table. Each one has a Bible, excepting little Henry, who is sitting on his mother's lap, looking at the pictures of Samuel and Eli in the large family Bible. Clement has just finished reading the story of Samuel's dedication to the Lord. "Henry," says the mother, "you see God loves good children; if you wish Him to love you, you must be good. But it is time for you to go to bed now; your papa will pray before the servant takes you upstairs." Prayer is offered, kisses are exchanged, and Clement and Leonora Nightingale sit alone before the fire, talking of their children's prospects in this life, and that which is to come.

III.

"Bell! thou soundest mournfully;
Tellest thou the bitter
Parting hath gone by?"

"I FEAR there is no hope of your mother's recovery," said Dr.

Ellis to Clement Nightingale, as they drove swiftly one evening from Oxford to Elm-tree Farm; "all that human skill can do has been done, and now I think we must leave the case to a higher power." "I fear you speak too truly, doctor," replied Clement, now a fine young man of twenty-nine. On arriving at the farm, they were met by Ralph, who, with a very serious countenance, said, "I am very glad you are come, Dr. Ellis, but I fear you can do no good, for my mother is worse." The three ascended to the chamber where the husband and children were gathered around the bed of the dying wife and mother. All in that room were filled with unmingled sorrow, but one, and that one was the dying Christian. She felt much grief at parting with her loved husband and children, but it was tempered with joy; for she hoped to meet them all in the land of holiness and bliss above. Her husband was a Christian before they were married, and her children had, by God's mercy, become Christians, through her example and prayers. As they walked with God on earth, she was justified in hoping to meet them in heaven. "Let me kiss you all now," she said, "for I feel that I shall not live long now." Each of them received from her a loving kiss, and then she lay back upon the pillows, looking much exhausted but serene and happy. Before the morning dawned her spirit had fled to the God who gave it. The bereaved husband sat alone in the chamber of death, and the children, now grown up to manhood and womanhood, were sobbing mournfully in the room below. The knell of Iffley church sounded sadly over the fields on a bright April morning, thirty years after the bells of the same church had pealed so merrily on a similar morning when Leonora Thurstan became the wife of Clement Nightingale. Then they told of the happy Christian bride, now the knell told of the departed Christian wife and mother. But, while the bell tolled on earth, angels were welcoming the sainted spirit before the throne of God in heaven.

R. A. H.

THE CRY OF THE WIDOW.

HEAVENLY Father, hear the crying of a suppliant soul to Thee,
Listen to the mournful sighing of my inward agony;
For my heart is well nigh breaking,—anguish'd, widowed, and alone,—
Every nerve with woe is aching, every earthly joy is gone.

But *Thou didst it*, gracious Father, therefore let me not repine,
Never murmur, but the rather thank Thee for this stroke of Thine.
Bravely may I face the sorrow Thou hast sent me for my good,
Trusting Thee for each to-morrow, as Thy loving children should.

Though my way seems dark and dreary, let me still in Thee confide,
Though I may be faint and weary, let me feel Thee near my side;
Desolate I am, I must be, yet on Thee I cast my care,
Thou wilt help me if I trust Thee, Thou wilt hear my earnest prayer.
Solace me with thoughts of heaven, fit me for that home above,
Where no tender ties are riven, where alone is perfect love.

CONWAY FENN.

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE.—No. 2.

FLORENCE soon became domesticated in her new abode. She found kind friends in Mr. and Mrs. Capell, and settled down as one of their household. Very much she missed her mother, and often a sad feeling of loneliness would creep over her, but she struggled against it, and strove to be happy in her new sphere. The children were soon won to love her, and their affectionate care was very sweet to the orphan girl, and she prayed earnestly that God would make her a blessing to them. Her mother's charge respecting Edward was ever fresh in her mind, but how to fulfil it was a source of much anxiety to her; she wrote to him, urging him, in the name of their departed one, to consecrate his life and powers to the Saviour whom she had loved so well, but, in his reply, only a passing allusion was made to the appeal. She seldom saw him, though, had he chosen, his Sundays might have been always spent at Rosedale with her, and Florence often wondered why he never came. In one of her letters she ventured to mention it, and, in reply, came an epistle so bitter, so sarcastic in its tone, that her heart was sadly pained; in it he hinted at blighted prospects and ruined hopes; but Florence could not understand anything definitely; she could only leave it as she had left other troubles—in the hands of a covenant-keeping God.

A morning or two after the receipt of this letter, Florence

went to Dallingstone, the adjoining town, to execute some commissions for Mrs. Capell. It was a bright, beautiful morning; her path led through a pleasant valley, and the brightness of the day made her heart feel glad; for the time she forgot all care, and a feeling of peace came over her; her faith brightened, and she went on her way rejoicing. She completed her purchases, and was retracing her steps, when a well-known voice accosted her: "How are you, Florence? I am so glad to see you!" She looked up with pleased surprise into her brother's face; then the bright eyes filled with tears, and she asked, "How could you write to me so, Edward?" He forced a laugh, and replied, "O, because I felt just in the mood for it; you must forgive me, dear; I am growing very wicked—worse than ever; I care for nobody, and nobody cares for me." He spoke in a light, mocking tone, and Florence said, "It is wrong to indulge in such thoughts, Edward; but tell me what has altered you so; has anything happened of which I am in ignorance." His lips curled, and his voice grew haughty in his answer—"Simply this: instead of being raised at Messrs. Carlton's, I am to take an inferior position, if I remain, which I can do if I choose, they kindly told me, at a reduced rate of salary, as they are commencing a new system, which means introducing nephews of Mr. Palmer, the manager, into all the lucrative positions in the house, while we may take the lower ones; that's nice, isn't it, Florence? and Palmer is a Christian professor—an honourable way of proceeding, certainly," he added, ironically, "but I shall leave; the Sheldons will take as many of us as like to apply, and, if they are 'men of the world,' they cannot act more shabbily than Palmer has done." An imploring look was on the sister's face as she raised it to his in her earnestness, saying, "O, Edward, do nothing rashly; try to bear this trial, and by-and-by a way will open for you. I have heard that this establishment of Sheldon and Co. is a very gay one; don't go, Edward; worldly advantage may accrue, perhaps, by so doing, but you will be thrown into evil society." Here she noted a slight smile on his lips, and an irresistible impulse urged her to ask, "How do you spend your Sabbaths now, Edward?" He turned to her half fiercely: "Why do you ask that question, Florence?" Her lips

quivered, but her voice was calm as she answered, firmly, "Because I have feared lately that you may have forgotten our dying mother's words—her injunctions to 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' O Edward, there are only two of us left now; I may not see you again for months, and I beseech you, if you have begun to violate that precept, made doubly sacred by a dying mother's lips, stop and think; sooner than risk your soul, give up everything, for 'what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'" She ceased, and for a few moments neither spoke; they walked on in silence till they came in sight of the farm-house; then Edward stopped abruptly, affectionately bade her "Good-bye!" and hurried back to the town. Florence gained the quietude of her own room, and poured out her burdened heart in earnest prayer to Him who ever heareth His children's cry, even though for a time He answereth not; and then she arose and calmly resumed her every-day duties, leaving her loved-one with God.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.—No. 2.

IN the course of the next day I found myself to all intents and purposes, as much part and parcel of the family as if I had been born and brought up among them. I found I had come in a critical time, when secrets were plentiful. It being New Year's week, all the little hoarded resources of the children, both of money and ingenuity, were in brisk requisition, getting up New Year's presents for each other, and for father and mother. The boys had their little tin savings' banks, where all the stray pennies of the year had been hoarded, all that had been got by piling wood or weeding in the garden, mingled with some fortunate pieces of money which had come from some liberal guest or friend. All now were poured out daily on tables, chairs, or stools, and counted over with wonderful earnestness. My friend, though in easy circumstances, never allowed his children spending money, except such as they fairly earned by some exertions of their own. "Let them do something," he would say, "to make

it fairly theirs, and their generosity will then have some significance—it is very easy for children to be generous with their parent's money." Great was the comparing of resources and estimates of property at this time. Tom and Ned, who were old enough to do many things, had accumulated several shillings each, and walked about with their hands in their pockets, and talked largely of purchases. A gentle air of bustle and mystery pervaded the whole circle. I was entrusted with so many secrets that I could scarcely make an observation, or take a turn about the room, without being implored to "remember;" "not to tell;" not to let papa know this, or mamma, that. There were close councils held behind doors or in corners, and suddenly broken off when some particular member of the family appeared. But little Ally, from her privileged character, became a very spoilsport in the proceedings. Her small fingers were always pulling open parcels prematurely, or lifting pocket-handkerchiefs, ingeniously thrown over mysterious articles, and thus disconcerting the very profoundest surprises that ever were planned; and, were it not that she was still within the bounds of the kingly state of babyhood, and therefore could be held to do no wrong, she would certainly have fallen into general disgrace; but then it was "Ally," and that was apology for all things, and the exploit was related in half whispers as so funny, so cunning, that Miss Curlypate was in nowise disconcerted at the head shakes and "naughty Ally's" that visited her offences. "What dis?" said she, one morning, as she was rummaging over some packages indiscreetly left on the sofa. "Oh Emma! see Ally!" exclaimed Eliza, darting forward; but too late, for the flaxen curls and blue eyes of a wax doll had already appeared. "Now she'll know all about it," said Eliza, despairingly. Ally looked in astonishment as Dolly's visage promptly disappeared from her view, and then turned to pursue her business in another quarter of the room, where, spying something glittering under the sofa, she ran back, pulled out and held up to public view, a crochet bag, sparkling with innumerable steel fringes. "Oh what be dis?" she exclaimed again. Miss Emma sprang to the rescue, while all the other children, with a burst of exclamation, turned their eyes on mamma. Mamma very prudently did not turn her head, and

appeared to be lost in reflection, though she must have been quite deaf not to have heard the loud whispers—"It's mamma's bag; only think, Tom. Ally pulled out mamma's bag and held it right up before her. Don't you think she'll find out?" But the crowning mystery of all the things that were to astonish papa and mamma most, were certain projected book-marks, that little Ally was going to be made to work for them. This bold scheme was projected by Miss Emma, and she had armed herself with a paper of sugar-plums to be used as additions to moral influence, in case the discouragements of the undertaking should prove too much for Ally's patience. As to Ally, her whole little soul was absorbed in it. Seated on Emma's knee, with the needle between her little fat fingers, and holding the card-board very tight, as if she was afraid it would run away from her, she very gravely and carefully stuck the needle in every place but the right, pricked her pretty fingers, ate sugar-plums, stopping now to pat Rover, and now to stroke pussy, letting fall her thimble, and bustling down to pick it up, perhaps taking a race round the room with Rover, during which time sister Emma added a stitch or two to the work.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE; OR, SILENT LESSONS.

ONE day, shortly after a very severe illness, I was wandering among the many rustic and romantic beauties of the country. My fancy led me now in a shady grove, and again I would climb some neighbouring eminence, admiring and enjoying as only they can who have been for a season deprived of the many things in nature which tend to ennoble and elevate the mind. But, remembering my doctor's advice, I rested now beside a sweetly murmuring stream, all things around seemed harmonious, the discordant voice of rebellion against God seemed never to have been heard there, so peaceful was everything around. I had watched with attention the oft-springing trout as it for a moment flashed its bright spots in the young summer's sun; again, the note of a parent bird in an adjoining bush would thrill me with its strains. Thus had I been reclining for some time, when a sound attracted my attention that seemed new to me, so familiar had I grown with the voices immediately around.

It was the rich notes of a voice so sweet and tender that I could scarcely fancy they came from one of human mould. As the sounds became more distinct, I recognised an old remembered hymn which told the most pathetic tale that ear could listen to, how "Jesus came down among men." And now towards me, from the shadows of an overhanging foliage, a little girl advanced. She was attired in a simple dress, but scrupulously neat and clean. On her arm was a basket, and, as she drew near, I noticed that she had strewn in it wild flowers of every hue. She ceased singing as she advanced, and would have avoided me, but, being interested in her and her calling, I requested her to bring her basket that I might look at her flowers. She complied, and I soon began a conversation with her which led me to elicit this short history, which I give, as near as I can, in her own words:—"What I remember of my life will, for the most part, be easily told. My dear mother was always kind and loving, but my father was a sad drunkard. He would sometimes work well, and then my mother's face would brighten up as if she thought there were better days to come, but there was always some one worse than himself to entice him again to the public-house, and then, on his coming home, myself and my little brother had to hurry off to bed. Oh, how often have I cried myself to sleep after listening to the cruel words and blows that poor mother received, and then in the morning there was no work, no bread, for, though father was a good workman, the farmers about would not hire him for fear they should not get their work done. So mother had to slave all day and often most of the night to get food for Johnny and me, while father would lie in bed, or run up a score at the Red Lion, which he always did as long as they would trust; and when he had been refused drink, he would come home worse than ever, and often I felt the weight of his hand before I could get away with Johnny to our little bed. My dear mother bore all without complaint, and would often steal quietly into my room, fearing to wake me, and, having kissed me, oh, so lovingly, would kneel down by my bedside and pray; yes, Sir, she would pray for father, she would ask God to change his heart and make him good, and then she would pray for her little girl and for

Johnny, especially that he might not become what his father was—a drunkard. So things went on, from worse to worse if possible, till again the landlord of the Red Lion refused to let my father have any more drink until he could pay for it. This compelled him to seek work. Mr. Root, a farmer in the village, and a kind and Christian man, was just then felling timber on his farm, he, knowing dear mother, and wishing to help her if possible, hired father with others to do the work for him. For more than a week he remained sober, partly, 'tis true, for want of money. How well do I remember with what care mother would make everything comfortable against his return, the room was well swept, the fire cheerful, and the supper prepared and arranged as invitingly as possible, again did my mother's face brighten, and her prayers at my bedside were mingled with thanksgivings; and she really believed things were indeed mending. But never shall I forget the morning after father had received his week's wages; he had left home at about seven o'clock to go to the farm, at nine he was brought into our house nearly dead. He had not recovered from the effects of deep drinking the night before, and incautiously got in the way of a falling tree, which struck him to the ground senseless. The parish doctor was sent for and soon came, and, before leaving, he told mother that father was badly hurt inside, and that he feared more than one of his ribs were broken. My mother tended his bedside with silent grief that day and the livelong night; so tenderly she watched while father remained unconscious. He lingered a long time between life and death, and for days got no better, but at last he knew those near him, and then mother knelt down by his side and thanked God for his returning reason, and prayed for his recovery. Father had never heard the voice of prayer since he was a boy in his father's house, when my dear grandmother used to teach him 'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,' and 'Our Father,' and now he looked and listened as one just awoke out of a long sleep; then he became restless, and groaned heavily, which called mother from her knees to his relief. Gently she smoothed his pillow and attended to his bruises, then giving him his medicine left him for a time to sleep while I watched. I soon saw that father was not sleeping, and presently he called me to him, and said,

'Did you ever hear her do that before?' 'Do what, father?' I asked. 'What she did on her knees,' he replied. 'Oh yes, often when you have been asleep in bed she has come to my bedside and prayed for you, father, and for me, and for Johnny, too.' He did not speak to me again, but turned over and appeared to go to sleep. Next day he was very restless, and asked to be read to; the good doctor was there and offered to read; he chose one of the passages from the Testament which he carried with him, which tells how Christ died on Calvary for sinners that they might be reconciled to God. Father did not interrupt him, though he seemed to get more uneasy; after the doctor had done reading he began to talk to mother and me about Jesus Christ, how kind and forgiving He is, and how He had promised to take all who love Him to heaven when they die. I know now, for he has told me since, that he did this to explain it to father, only he did not know whether he would take it kindly if he had done it in any other way. Father grew better very slowly, and every day would ask to be read to. I noticed at this time that he was no longer restless, but would lie so quiet, with his eyes closed and sometimes moist, and listen to what was read to him. One day he called mother to him; he told her of the trouble he had been in ever since he first heard her pray, and how all his wicked life had occurred to him, and condemned him; how, at first, he had tried to get away from such thoughts, but, having them continually before him, he had at last prayed, 'Lord, save me or I perish,' and that now, through grace, he could say, 'Thou, Christ, art my all in all.' Oh, our's was a happy home after that; I learned of Jesus' love, and he did not refuse to listen to the prayer of a little girl as I then was. Father used to work well when he got strong again, and all was so happy when he used to come home in the evening and take the Bible the good old doctor had given him, and read aloud to us; then he would kneel down, and commend us to the care of our Father who is in heaven. We used to attend regularly at the house of God, and the minister would often come to see us. Yes, these were happy days, and so things went on for nearly two years, but I am an orphan now. The fever that was so bad in the village last summer took away both my parents within a week; and now I come out into the fields and gather

flowers in the summer as you see I have done to-day, and the ladies buy them of me. In the winter, they, for the most part, employ me in their houses, when they want help. I am fourteen years old, and Johnny is eight. I often think of my poor dead mother, and shall always be grateful to God that she taught me to love the Saviour, Jesus Christ."

F. J. S.

BREAD AND MILK.

THE incident I am about to relate I received from the lips of the principal actor, when he was a venerable and most interesting gentleman. It is a story of his wayward boyhood which he loved to tell, because it reflected honour on a mother whom he delighted to honour. One morning Johnny (for that was his real name) came to the breakfast table and boldly said he would not eat bread and milk that morning. "Very well, Johnny," answered his mother, quietly and without raising her voice, "I'll set it on this high shelf; you can run off to school." This run consisted of a long piece of road, and then a long tramp through a wood, which gave Johnny ample time to call up all his spirit and to strengthen his determination not to give in. Accordingly, on his return he was all ready to assert the dignity of boyhood, and when he drew up to the table, and saw the bowl of bread and milk set before him, he felt nerved to any desperate course, and resolved to die rather than eat it. "Very well, Johnny," was the mother's calm remark, "I'll set it on the high shelf until you want it;" and a decided wave of the hand sent him from the table, and in due time he was bidden by an authority he could not resist to run off to school. That run was not as spirited as the morning one had been; he felt rather sinking, and had no relish for his usual sport of pretending to be chased by a bear, climbing, in fancied terror, a tree, running out on its horizontal branches, and dropping to the ground only to gain another tree and accomplish the same feat of dexterity. On the contrary, he felt a little like giving up, as he knew his mother never would, and admitted to himself that he should be glad of that bowl of bread and milk; and, when he came slowly home at night, and the bowl was lifted down from the high shelf, without a word of

threatening or reproach,—he pretty well understood the force of calm and persistent authority, feeling well assured that he would not get anything else until he had eaten that oft presented and oft refused bread and milk,—he just took it as quietly as it was offered, and ate it. After that, he said, he never set his will in defiance of his mother's. I saw the tears of fond and appreciative love gather in his eyes, as he said: "My mother was a woman of good judgment, and I love to think now how she made me obey her."

HARRY'S SERMON.

"EDDIE," said Harry, "let's go to church, and I'll be the minister, and preach you a sermon." "Well," said Eddie, "and I'll be the people." So Harry led him away, and they went upstairs together. He set an old fire-screen in front of him by way of pulpit, and thus began:—"My text is a very short and easy one: 'Be kind.' There are some little texts in the Bible on purpose for little children, and this is one of them. These are the heads of my sermon:

"Firstly. Be kind to papa, and don't make a noise when he has a headache. I don't believe you know what a headache is, but I do. I had one once, and I didn't want to hear any one speak a word."

"Secondly. Be kind to mamma, and don't make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome to say, 'It is time for you to go to bed,' half-a-dozen times over."

"Thirdly. Be kind to baby." "You have left out 'Be kind to Harry,'" interrupted Eddie. "Yes!" said Harry, "I didn't mean to mention my own name in my sermon. I was saying, Be kind to little Minnie, and let her have your red soldier to play with when she wants it."

"Fourthly. Be kind to Jane, and don't scream and kick when she washes and dresses you." Here Eddie looked a little ashamed, and said, "But she pulled my hair with the comb." "People mustn't talk in meeting," said Harry.

"Fifthly. Be kind to kitty. Do what will make her purr, and don't do what will make her cry."

"Isn't the sermon most done?" asked Eddie. "I want to sing;" and, without waiting for Harry to finish his discourse or

give out a hymn, he began to sing; and so Harry had to stop. But it was a very good sermon. Don't you think so?

FRAGMENT FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

"I WISH I WAS IN HEAVEN."

LITTLE Henry, who is just five years old, had subjected himself to his mother's displeasure for some little fault during the day, and, after he had retired to bed, she went to him quietly to remind him of what had passed, hoping to make some salutary impression on his mind; she found that he was considering the matter, and had evidently been weighing his chances for the future life. As the mother entered the room, Henry said to her, "I wish I was in heaven." "Why so, my dear boy?" asked his mother. "Because then I should know that I should go to heaven; but now I don't." How natural and simple this was for a thoughtful, candid boy!

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Mary and her Mother. The Bible Story-Book. By Rev. B. H. DRAPER. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

These two little volumes are both full of Bible Stories, told in a most interesting, yet simple style; they are both copiously illustrated, and cannot fail to be great favourites in the nursery.

Childhood in India. By the Wife of an Officer, late of H. M. Service. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

We are glad to see this thrilling tale brought out in a cheaper form, as many little ones may now have the pleasure of possessing it, to whom it will be a treasure.

The Story of Little Alfred. By D. J. E. London: S. W. Partridge, Paternoster-row.

A pleasingly written life of a dear little boy. Mothers as well as children may learn lessons from it.

The Story of Jesus, in verse. By EDWIN HODDER. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

It is a well-known and acknowledged fact that, when people live to an old age, they remember better what they learnt when children, in rhyme, than in prose; therefore, we think mothers will hail this volume with pleasure, as a most valuable help to them. All the events in the life of Christ are interestingly told in simple verse.

Life: what will you do with it? An Address to Young Men. By Rev. WILLIAM GUEST. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

A little book which deserves a very wide circulation. Mothers would do well to put it into the hands of their sons.

Merry and Wise. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

THE BENEFIT OF EDUCATION.

WHEN we reflect upon the great importance of education, it is inconceivable how any parents can suffer their children to grow up comparatively uncared for and untutored, while so many excellent means of instruction are so easily to be obtained. It is true that there are parents to whom the spiritual and temporal welfare of their children is of no importance—to them this little story will have no interest; but there are some hard-working and loving parents who would fain see their children grow up well-instructed and godly, but who have as yet neglected the means of their doing so. Let them beware how they abuse the precious gifts God has put within their reach, and allow the innocent minds of their young children to become hopelessly corrupted by sinful habits and bad companions. In order to show how great is the advantage gained by a child who has been early sent to school, I will relate a little incident of which I can vouch for the truth, and the subjects of which have only lately come under my notice for the second time. Some years ago, I met two little boys in the street who asked me for charity, and were so miserable and wretched in their appearance that, contrary to my usual practice with street beggars, I bestowed a trifle on each. On inquiring into their circumstances, I found that the pitiful story they had at first told me was true. It was the old tale of want, misery, and crime: the father a drunkard, the mother, a hopeless invalid, with four young children to support, besides the two I had seen. The mother gladly gave her consent to allow the two eldest boys to be placed at a school for such poor destitute ones, near London; and having seen them safely deposited in their new home, I left them to the care of kind teachers, who knew well how to reform and cultivate the degraded minds of poor London children. Some months afterwards, I thought again of my little *protégés*, and went to the school where I had placed them. The teacher smiled when I inquired after the little boys, whom I described as being ill-looking and dirty in appearance, and summoned, to my great surprise, two bright-looking boys who spoke to me cheerfully and seemed most happy

and contented in their home. In due time, the youngest, having shown a remarkable aptitude for music, was sent out as a band-boy in a vessel bound for India. The eldest, I sent out to a friend in Australia, from whom I received, from time to time, excellent accounts of the boy. I had almost forgotten my young friends, when, one evening, last summer, I was told a *gentleman* waited to see me. What was my astonishment, on requesting him to be shown in, to behold a handsome, well-dressed, young man, who declared himself to be George Brown, the younger of my former acquaintances. After giving me an account of his successful career as a colonist, and expressing his gratitude for the help I had given him, he rose, saying, "I can never, Sir, repay you the tenth part of what I owe, but in money, at least, I will no longer be your debtor," and, placing a cheque for ten pounds on the table, he left the room before I could stop him. My astonishment was great, but my thankfulness to God was still greater, that He had suffered me to be the humble instrument of so much good to these poor friendless boys. Parents, does not this little tale speak for itself? If you would secure your children's welfare in this world and that which is to come, delay no longer to supply them with the means of instruction which will cost you so little and will be of such incalculable benefit to them.

M. T

THE NEIGHBOURS.

"ELM-TREE Lane" is the most pleasant walk that I have. It is a long and not very wide lane, with thick, quick-set hedges on both sides of it. At a short distance from each hedge there are two pathways of short grass, among which daisies and cowslips are interspersed: in the spring large numbers of primroses grow upon the high hedge-banks. The tall elm-trees so overshadow the lane in some parts that even at noon, when the sun is shining brightly, it seems but twilight. You can almost fancy you are walking in the dim light through the aisle of an old cathedral, and that the birds which sing so sweetly are choristers whose voices echo along the vaulted roof. In the middle of "Elm-tree

Lane" stands the neat little cottage of George Thompson, surrounded by a large garden. The cottage is built of red bricks, and the roof is thatched; although it is old, and somewhat out of repair, yet, on account of everything being clean and orderly, it looks very cheerful. In front of the cottage there is a small bed of sweet-Williams, pinks, and gilliflowers, with two or three nice rose-trees, and round the edge there is a border of box. At the cottage door there are some crimson and yellow hollyhocks, and the front of the cottage is nearly covered with a large vine. On either side of the doorstep there is a hive of bees, and close by the door generally hangs a large wicker cage, containing a good singing thrush. George Thompson is of middle stature, and rather stout build; he has an open, honest face, and a genial, contented expression of countenance. His age is about thirty-five; he is head-carter to Squire Orwin, and is known at home as a kind husband and father; among his fellow-workmen, as an industrious, good-tempered companion; to his master, as a trustworthy servant; and to the minister, as a regular attendant at public worship. Ellen Thompson, his wife, is a neat, tidy little person, about his own age, whose cheerful countenance and modest, respectful manners, indicate that she possesses those qualities which make a home happy. She was trained in a Sabbath-school, and had the advantage of a mother's example at home, who, although poor, was a good woman. Ellen has endeavoured to act upon those principles, and imitate that example which she was blessed with in early life, ever since she became the wife of George Thompson, and she has found that her experience corresponds with the ancient saying, that "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Her husband was brought up in the same Sabbath-school with herself, and as they grew to manhood and womanhood their childish friendship ripened into affection. When they had attained the age of twenty-five, having saved some money, they were married. Many wishes for their future happiness were expressed by their former teachers and companions. Ellen's mistress gave her several useful articles suitable for a young woman beginning to keep her own house, and Squire Orwin, having given George permission to live in the cottage we

have described, presented him with a silver watch, engraved with his name, as a mark of approbation for his good conduct during ten years of service. It will be seen that at the time when this sketch is written they have been married ten years. Ellen is now the happy mother of four children, who promise to be a comfort to their parents. George, the eldest, is an intelligent boy of nine; he reads and writes well; Ellen is a pretty little girl, light brown hair and eyes, who also reads nicely; Henry is a ruddy-faced, flaxen-haired boy of five, whose chief delight is to play with a large, black Newfoundland puppy; and Emma is a blue-eyed little girl of three, whose golden hair is her mother's pride,—her greatest delight is to nurse a white kitten, and a large wax doll, that has lost both its eyes. They all attend the village school regularly, both on week-days and Sundays. Their teachers always notice that, though their clothes are not expensive, they are neat and clean. When they are at home, their mother tries to instil into their minds the same lessons which she learnt when she was a Sabbath scholar. She often says to them: "You ought to be much better acquainted with the Bible than I was at your age, because you have such nice books and pretty pictures." From the time they have been able to understand the meaning of the act, she has taught them each to pray morning and night, and often, after she has put them all to bed, she kneels at the throne of grace to ask "Our Father" in heaven to enable her to bring them up in His fear and love. In managing her children, she combines firmness of manner with gentleness, and by this they have perfect confidence in her love to them, while they know that they must obey her wishes. Over the mantel-shelf of the cottage kitchen there hangs a sampler, framed and glazed: it is inscribed with this motto—"Honesty, truth, and industry, with God's blessing, will ensure success." Ellen sometimes points this out to her eldest boy, saying, "George, by acting on that motto your father has succeeded in life, and, if you wish to live respected, you must do the same. You must seek to please God in everything which you do." One summer afternoon, as Ellen was sitting near the window at work, her neighbour, Julia Saunders, came hurriedly up the little gravel walk, which leads from the road to the cottage door.

"Ellen," she cried, as soon as she got inside the door-way, "Ellen, come to our house directly, if you can. My Henry has fallen down, and broken his leg. He indulged too freely at the "King's Arms" this afternoon, and, as he came home, he fell down the saw-pit at the end of the lane, and broke his leg." "This is very unfortunate," sympathizingly replied Ellen, "and especially when he was out of work, too. What will you do?" Here Julia sobbed violently, and, as the tears ran down her cheeks, she said, "I do not know, for the Squire has given orders to the bailiff not to employ him again, because of his irregular habits. We have but little clothes, and are in debt. Oh! Henry, Henry, that ever you should have brought me to this!"

"Julia," said Ellen, trying to console her distressed neighbour, "do not give way to grief like this. God will help you through all if you trust Him, and, when your husband is well again, your affairs may take a turn for the better." "Oh, that they may!" more cheerfully replied Julia, as a ray of hope entered her sorrowing soul. Ellen now went with her to her cottage, which was about two hundred yards off. It was almost as good a cottage and as well situated as George's, but neglect and carelessness made it a sad scene of disorder. The garden was uncultivated and full of weeds, the cottage was dirty and untidy, and the children were in no better condition. On the kitchen floor lay Henry Saunders, groaning in agony. One of the men who brought him home was leaning over him, trying to assure him that he would soon be well, the other was gone to fetch the doctor from the village. We will not linger over the account of Henry's recovery, nor the details of all the acts of kindness performed by Ellen for her schoolfellow Julia and her husband, during the three months he was confined to his home. Let it suffice to say, that both herself and George fully discharged their duty to their neighbours. But we must add a few words of explanation, respecting the early history of Henry and Julia. She was a class-mate of Ellen's at the Sabbath-school; she was rather too fond of dress, and her teacher sometimes gently remonstrated with her about it, but she always replied that "she saw no harm in it." When she was about twenty-three, she married Henry Saunders, a gay young fellow, who was a game-

keeper to Squire Orwin. Shortly after their marriage, he became still more improvident in his habits, and kept company with several men who frequented the "King's Arms." For some time he was allowed to remain in the Squire's service by sufferance, but, at last, as he could be tolerated no longer, he was discharged in the way related above. When he recovered from his injury he was re-engaged in consideration of the necessities of his wife and children, and his own promises of amendment. But how was this happy result brought about? Through Ellen's intercession with the wife of Squire Orwin. Through her influence, too, Julia's cottage is now neat and tidy, the garden cultivated, the children go to school, and she and her husband daily lead happier lives. Whenever Ellen calls, she seems to leave behind her a ray of light to illumine the cottage of Henry Saunders. Mothers! which of the pictures bears the greatest resemblance to your homes?

R. A. H.

FOUR SISTERS IN HEAVEN.—No. III.

ONE day **Jemima** went with her mother and a friend to visit a very poor family, where there was a little boy so ill that his pains made him cry out. "How is it," asked **Jemima**, with tears in her eyes, "that God has made some poor, while He is so good?" Her mother told her that **Jesus** had said, "The poor ye have always with you," and that it was no doubt to give the rich the opportunity of exercising their benevolence towards them. Another time it was remarked to her, that it is not always permitted to us ignorant creatures to ask why God has done such or such a thing. Hidden things are for God, but revealed things are for us and our children. **Jemima** remembered this so well, that many times after she made the same remark to her little brother when he asked some question about the ways of God. "We are not always allowed to ask why God does things, are we mamma? when we are near Him, then we shall be able to ask Him questions, then He will answer us." Besides the daily reading of the sacred Scriptures, which **Jemima** engaged in at morning and evening worship, and upon which her papa asked

her and her brothers and sisters questions, and gave them explanations, every occasion was taken advantage of to impart some useful lesson.

Did she go into a passion with a brother or sister ; was she impertinent to her superiors or harsh to those beneath her ; or was she negligent or idle, immediately she was recommended to make efforts to conquer these faults ; but she was told, at the same time, that she could not do it herself, and that all her efforts would avail nothing without the help of God, and, in order to obtain this, she must seek it. This the child never failed to do, either at once or when she retired at night. If she had sometimes a little grief at seeing her companions dressed in a style surpassing her own, a word or two would soon dispel the cloud. One Easter Sunday, two of her young friends, much more elaborately dressed than she was, came to call for her : they surveyed her from head to foot, and, after having regarded themselves complaisantly, they again scanned her with disdain, and said, "What a dress, and for such hot weather ; and that straw hat trimmed with violet velvet, and you are going out like that !" The poor child's feelings were choking her, and tears came to her eyes. Her mother had heard what was said, and drew Jemima aside a moment, and said to her, "You know, my dear child, that God does not look at dress, but at the heart. It is much better to know and love the Lord, than to have the most beautiful dress : is it not, my little Jemima ?" "Oh yes," she answered, and she soon recovered her usual gaiety. If she complained of having too much to do, and not enough time for amusement, she was told how much better it is for a child to get early the habit of work, for Paul says, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." Had Jemima a discontented spirit, her friends would remind her of the many poor children obliged to work from a very early age to gain their daily bread and with what privations after all—short of clothes, of coverings to shelter them from the cold when sleeping, having scarcely enough coarse food to satisfy them, and what is most sad, they are deprived of instruction, and, consequently, of that which makes us "wise unto salvation," having no one to teach them to read or to read to them the Word of God : at these recitals Jemima's eyes would fill with tears, and pity and

kindness were depicted on her face. Thus every circumstance was made useful to teach her some important lesson, and never did the dear child shew any rebellion against the ways of God. She grew in stature, in beauty and strength. She advanced also in her studies, although she was not remarkably quick, but, to make amends, she had great application, and perseverance. When she was playing with her brothers and sisters, and they were called to study, it was she who was first at work, and worked the hardest. You see, dear children who read this little history, what can be done by effort, accompanied with prayer, and there is encouragement for parents to persevere in prayer for their children. Has not the Saviour said, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give His Holy Spirit to those who ask Him." Perhaps some of my young friends may say, we are not placed in such favourable circumstances as Jemima was. You have a father or mother, brother or sister, relations or friends, who give you good counsel, who entreat you to be wise and obedient, or, in some other way, exhort you to good; or, if you have none of these, you have the Word of God, which says, "My son, my daughter, give me thine heart." "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth;" and the Saviour says to you as well as He did to Jemima, "Seek and ye shall find;" and now, as when He was on earth, He says, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not." Jemima wished to go to the Saviour—she often asked when He would come and fetch her to heaven. She had a great desire to see Him. One day in the midst of her work, she exclaimed, "Tell me, dear Miss B., when Jesus comes again, will He be just as He was when He was on earth? Will He have the same figure? How I should like to see Him! Oh how good we shall be when we are near Him! We shall sing His praises always." At another time, she asked, if in heaven she would have all she wished—dolls, toys, and white dresses? "We shall have, my dear child, all that will be necessary to make us perfectly happy," Miss B. replied. Then she said, "Oh how I should like it if Jesus would come to fetch me!" "But if He came, how are you sure you would be ready to follow Him, must He not first change your heart?" In the evening, at the end of

her prayer, she said, "Oh God, give me a new heart, that I may learn to love Thee, and that I may be one day in heaven to re-join my two sisters, to be always happy near Thee. I ask it for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen."

HOME.

"I'm going home to-morrow, how glad I am!" The speaker, a pale young woman, sat by a gas-lamp busily plying her needle, and as she told herself the pleasing news, a vision of a pretty little cottage surrounded by meadows arose before her, and she fancied she heard once more the loud tones of her father's voice bidding her welcome, and a loving mother's gentler tones blending with his, and then the merry shout of her little brothers as they welcomed sissy home. "To be sure," she thought, "we shall have no sumptuous feast and gather our neighbours around our board, but won't father be pleased; I know he will say,—'Stay at home, lass, there's no place like it;' ah! I have proved the truth of that, and will never leave it again to come to these crowded work-rooms. How often through these long weary months have I sighed for just one glimpse of our pretty little cottage with its ivy-covered porch! How happy I used to be, when sitting by mother's side, singing the pretty hymns she taught us; but when I got old enough to be of use to her, then I began to love fine ways, and murmured against my heavenly Father for placing me in such humble circumstances. How earnestly father prayed that night before I came away that his child might be preserved in virtue's path, and brought home safely to them again, and mother wept some bitter tears that night over her daughter's self-will. I have been very wicked; but I see my folly now, and know that fine clothes are not essential to true happiness. Who could look nicer than mother does in her always clean cotton dress? and Tommy and Sammy always look prettier than any of the dressed-up city children that come here. I am so glad I am going home."

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"We are all going home to-morrow, are you not glad?" asked

a pretty, rosy-cheeked young maiden of her companion. "Why, I declare it is too bad of you!" she added, "you look as glum as if you expected to attend a funeral to-morrow, whilst I am so delighted, that I'm certain not to sleep to-night, for thinking of to-morrow's pleasures. Why are you not glad?" "Mine is not such a happy home as yours, Amy," replied the young girl, sadly, "here at school we are all so happy. Miss Leslie is so good that we cannot help being good too, but at home everything is so different. My brothers are either teasing us girls, or else fighting each other: there seems nothing but quarrelling from morning till night; and then mamma gets in such a passion, and encourages whoever happens to be her favourite just then, and punishes the others, without any reference to right or wrong. In the evenings mamma has her friends come, then there is dancing and singing half the night; the next day mamma has a bad headache, the result of the evening's dissipation; she scolds all day, and declares that children are only sent to plague one's life out, and laments that our holidays are not nearly over. Can you wonder that I do not wish to go home?"

* * * * *

"I have no home. I wonder how it is that some people have so much of this world's riches, whilst I have to work so hard to get barely sufficient to keep life in me. I wonder what's the use of living: nothing but stitch, stitch, from morning till night, and yet I am told I ought to be thankful that I can get the work to do. I'm tired of life, and yet cannot die." A flood of emotion swept over the pale sad face as she buried her throbbing brow in her hands and murmured, "Oh, mother, if you could only know how your child does feel, but you cannot, or it would be no heaven to you. I have never been happy since you have gone. Oh, mother, you were so good, and, though you had to fight the battle of poverty with weak frame and aching heart, yet never a desponding word escaped your lips. I fancy I hear once more the gentle tones that would encourage me with 'Trust in God, and He will bring us safely through. Jesus knew what it was to want a place to lay his head. He feels for us, child—what if we do have to work hard and live so poor, it will seem a very little thing to us

when we reach the heavenly Canaan ; many of the high born and wealthy have no inheritance there. All is joy and peace there, no weary footsteps are ever heard in the golden streets of the jasper city, but all is happiness and endless bliss.' And I may have that home if I will ; how could I be so wicked and rebellious ! I will go to Jesus and ask Him to forgive me. He has promised to bear all our burdens if we cast them on Him, and then I shall have a home in heaven ; like mother, I shall be able to look above this toilsome, weary life to the one above so beautiful and happy."

M. A. P.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.—NO. III.

It was as much as little Ally could do to keep from papa and mamma the wonderful secret of her work. Every evening she would bustle about her father with an air of such great mystery, and seek to excite his curiosity by most skilful hints, such as "I know something ! but I s'ant tell you." "Not tell me ! oh, Ally ! why not ?" "Oh, its about—a New 'Ears pes—" "Ally, Ally," resounds from several voices, "don't you tell." "No, I s'ant, but you are going to have a New 'Ears pesant, and so is mamma, and you can't dess what it is." "Can't I ?" "No, and I s'ant tell you !" "Now Ally," said papa, pretending to look aggrieved. "Well it's going to be—somefin worked." "Ally be careful," said Emma. "Yes, I'll be very tareful ; it's somefin—*weall* pretty—somefin to put in a book. You'll find out about it by-and-by." "I think I'm in a fair way to," said the father. The conversation now digressed on to other subjects, and the nurse came in to take Ally to bed, who, as she kissed her father in the fulness of her heart, added a fresh burst of information. "Papa," said she in an earnest whisper, "that fin is about so long," measuring on her fat little arm. "A *fin*, Ally ? why you are not going to give me a fish, are you ?" "I mean, that *thing*," said Ally, speaking the word with great effort, and getting quite red in the face. "Oh, that *thing*, I beg pardon, my lady ; that puts another face on the communication," said the father,

stroking her head fondly, as he bade her good night. "The child can talk plainer than she does," said the father, "but we are all so delighted with her little Hottentot dialect, that I don't know but she will keep it up till she is twenty."

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It now wanted only three days of the New Year when a sudden shadow fell on the dwelling lately so busy and joyous—a shadow from the grave, and it fell on the flower of the garden, the loved and loving Ally. She was stricken down at once in the flush of her innocent enjoyment by a fever, which, from the first, was ushered in with symptoms the most fearful. All the bustle of preparation ceased; the presents were forgotten or lay about unfinished, as if no one now had a heart to put their hand to anything, while, up in her little crib, lay the beloved one, tossing and burning with fever, and without power to recognize any of the loved ones who bent over her. The doctor came twice a day, with a heavy step, and a face in which anxious care was too plainly written, and while he was there, each member of the circle hung with anxious imploring faces about him as if to entreat him to save their darling; but still the deadly disease held on its relentless course, in spite of all that could be done. "I thought myself prepared to meet God's will in any form it might come," said Winthrop to me, "but this one thing I had forgotten. It never entered into my head that my little Ally could die." The evening before the New Year, the disease seemed to be progressing more rapidly than ever, and, when the doctor came for his evening call, he found all the family gathered in mournful stillness around the little crib.

"I suppose," said the father, with an effort to speak calmly, "that this may be her last night with us." The doctor made no answer, and the whole circle of brothers and sisters broke out into bitter weeping. "It is just possible that she may live till to-morrow," he said. "To-morrow—her birthday!" said the mother; "Oh, Ally, Ally!" Wearily passed the watches of that night. Each brother and sister kissed the pale little cheek to bid farewell, and went to their rooms to sob themselves to sleep; and the father, and mother, and doctor, alone watched around the bed. Oh! what a watch is that which despairing love keeps, waiting

for death ! Poor Rover, the companion of Ally's gayer hours, resolutely refused to be excluded from the sick chamber. Stretched under the little crib, he watched with unsleeping eyes every motion of the watchers, and, as often as they rose to administer medicine, or change the pillow, or bathe the head, he would rise also, and look anxiously over the side of the crib, as if he understood all that was passing. About an hour past midnight the child began to change—her moans became fainter and fainter—her restless movements ceased, and a deep and heavy sleep settled upon her. The parents looked wistfully at the doctor. "It is the last change," he said ; "she will probably pass away before the daybreak." Heavier and deeper grew that sleep, and, to the eye of the anxious watchers, the little face grew paler and paler, yet by degrees the breathing became regular and easy, and a gentle moisture began to diffuse itself over the whole surface. A new hope began to dawn on the hearts of the parents, as they pointed out these symptoms to the doctor. "All things are possible with God," said he, in answer to the inquiring looks he met, and it may be that she will yet live. An hour more passed, and the rosy glow of the New Year's morning began to blush over the snowy whiteness of the landscape. A straight and glittering beam from the East shot into the still chamber. It fell on the golden hair and pale brow of the child, lighting it up as if an angel had smiled on it, and slowly the large blue eyes unclosed and gazed dreamily around. "Ally, Ally," said the father, bending over her, trembling with excitement. "You are going to have a New 'Ears pesant," whispered the little one, faintly smiling. "I believe from my heart that you are, Sir !" said the doctor, who stood with his fingers on her pulse ; "she has passed the crisis of the disease, and we may hope." A few hours turned this hope to glad certainty, for, with the elasticity of infant life, the signs of returning vigour began to multiply, and in the evening the little one was lying in her father's arms, answering, with the languid smiles, to the overflowing proofs of tenderness which every member of the family was showering upon her. "See, my children," said the father gently, "*this dear one is our New Year's present.* What can we render to God in return ?"

TRY TO MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.

WHEN I was taking a walk one day, I met a number of men going home from their work. I could not help thinking what different homes they would have to go to. One man looked so nice; he was carrying a little child in his arms, whilst another, older, was holding his hand, and trying to keep up with him, chattering away all the time. They had evidently gone to meet father, and they looked so clean and tidy that I was sure they must have a careful mother, and, I hope, a happy home. I wished I could whisper a bit of advice into the ears of all wives. Would you like to know what it is? well, it is this. Have a clean, bright fireside and a smiling face to greet your husband when he comes back tired from work, and you will not have him leaving you for the public-house. You see there are *two* things named: it is all very well to have a tidy house and a nice bright fireside, but that is not enough, unless you have a smiling face too, and I know sometimes it is very hard work to look cheerful. Shall I tell you of one who tried the experiment, and found it to succeed in the end?

Ellen Gray left a good situation to marry a widower, with a family of five children. She was anxious to have a home of her own, and perhaps she had not been particular enough in making inquiries about John R. Be that as it may, she had not been married many weeks before she found that her new home promised to be anything but a happy one. The children had been allowed to run almost wild, and their clothes were in a sad state, the first thing Ellen had to do was to buy them some clothes out of her own savings. But this was not all—the worst remains to be told. Instead of finding her husband an industrious hard-working man, as she had been led to expect, she was indeed sorry to find he was a drunkard. It was too late to go back. At first she thought of again taking a situation, rather than having so much to contend with; but that she felt would be quite a wrong step, so she resolved to try to do her duty and to train the children aright. You can imagine her position was no enviable one, but she persevered in spite of all, and I think if you knew as much about this family as I do you would say she must now feel rewarded for all

her care. Not only have all the children grown up steady, useful members of society, but her husband has been quite reformed for many years, and, instead of frequenting the public-house he sits in his own nice comfortable room, reading aloud to his wife when her day's work is ended; in every way in his power he seems anxious to show how he values a good wife and a happy home. Few women have had more to contend with than Ellen. When you are inclined to think too much of your troubles remember her, and like her always try to make home attractive by having a bright clean fireside, and a pleasant welcome for your husband and children.

KATE.

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE.—No. III.

Months passed away, and by the window of Messrs. Sheldon's counting-house stood Edward Lyle; the week's work, for it was Saturday night, was over, yet still he lingered, apparently lost in thought. Memory was busy with the past, and he seemed to be able to recall scenes of early childhood, when a mother's hand had led him to the house of prayer, and a mother's voice had taught him to lisp his childish petitions; then on to her dying hour, when she had repeated the command to "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." O how he had forgotten his resolve on the day of that mother's burial; he had become reckless, and entered upon a situation where manifold snares beset him, entered upon it willingly, even though he knew some hours of that blessed day would be devoted to the perusal of business letters. He had slighted the warnings of his gentle sister, and rushed madly on in his own way, little dreaming that it might lead to the gates of death. Now for a little while better feelings had come over him, and longings after a higher, holier life had stolen in; but Edward was weak, his great failing was indecision of character, and he had not yet found it out, nor yet had he learnt in whom to trust for strength, so he felt miserable, and stood looking up at the bit of blue sky above, half-wondering if his mother could see him just as he was. His

reverie was interrupted by a loud voice calling his name, adding, "I have been watching your face from outside for more than half-an-hour, and I declare I never saw one so woe-begone in my life. What's the grief, Lyle?" Edward turned round, all his thought and serious feeling banished by that bantering tone; and, with a light laugh, turned the subject, and in a few minutes the two young men were walking off together. Alfred Craig, the new comer, was a strong-built handsome young man, or at least might have been, if his features had not been so marred by the look of haughty pride and sneering sarcasm, which shone forth in every glance of the dark eyes, and showed itself in the curb of the chiselled lips. As it was, the impression his face left upon the mind was one far from agreeable. Something of this might be traced back to his early training, the only son of a foolishly fond mother, who was withal a vain, worldly woman; he had grown up from childhood in an atmosphere prejudicial to the growth of any high or noble aspirations, and had passed into manhood, and gone forth to mingle in the busy scenes of life, without the influence of right training, without the safeguard of a mother's prayers. Little wonder that Alfred Craig should be proud, worldly, and sceptical. He was a most dangerous companion for Edward Lyle, for he was at once clever and fascinating, and the very element which Edward lacked, decision of character, Alfred possessed to the full, but it was bent in the direction of wrong-doing, and so made his influence more highly prejudicial. That Saturday evening the two young men spent together, separating at a late hour, when, dispirited, prayerless, and miserable, Edward retired to rest. The sun was shining in at his window when he awoke in the morning, and the bells were all ringing for Divine service. He rose, hastily dressed himself, and descended to breakfast, which he found waiting for him. "Mrs. Graham, why did you let me lie so long this morning? Why did you not call me?" he asked of his landlady when she came in to fetch his tray, and added, "I should not wonder if I lose my situation in consequence, for I promised to be there earlier this morning, and now the letters will be in and gone before I reach the office." Mrs. Graham set the kettle down on the hob, and, wiping her hands on her apron,

turned round to Edward as she said, while a serious look rested on her motherly face, "I am an old woman, you know, Mr. Lyle, and you will excuse my plain speaking, but I think the loss of your situation would be the best thing that could happen to you." "That is not an answer to my question," Edward rejoined, smilingly. The old lady did not smile in return, but gravely replied, "I would have called you this morning if I had thought any good would come of it, Mr. Lyle, but I knew you would be off to the office to break God's holy day, and run your own soul farther into sin, so I thought it best to leave you alone." "Thank you," said Edward, drily, as he pushed back his chair, and rose to depart. In a few minutes he reached the office, where Craig, and another of the clerks, were waiting for him. "How late you are," said Alfred, "and here are such lots of letters to be answered; and, to crown all, Cardeux declares he will neither read nor answer letters on a Sunday. What do you think of that?" Edward turned to the young man in question, who had only been with them a week, and consequently had been in ignorance of the Sunday work until Alfred Craig had met him on his way to God's house, and summoned him to the office. At first he demurred; then, greatly wondering what could be wanted of him, he had repaired thither; but, on learning the work required of him, he at once firmly announced his decision not to comply. In answer to Edward's inquiring look, he replied quietly, "I cannot, Mr. Lyle; I cannot expect God's blessing to rest upon me if I break His command." "What command, I pray?" put in Craig, mockingly. Arthur Cardeux was not daunted by the mocking tone, or by the sneering smile which played on the speaker's face, and he replied, looking full at him, "'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy,' that is the command I refer to." "Indeed!" was the reply, and Alfred Craig burst into a loud laugh, adding, "I am going; you two will have to see to the letters after all, or else lose your berths, I can tell you;" and, casting a look of scorn at Edward, who sat burying his face in his hands, trying to calm the tumult of feeling aroused by the well-remembered words Cardeux had quoted, Alfred Craig went out; and the two young men were left together.

JOB TIMPSON ; OR, A WORTHY EXAMPLE.

HERE I am standing on the summit of Lichfield Hill, looking down on the valley below. Although Father Time has worked many changes since I was here last, yet the mill, with its large wheel dipping in the water, still stands on the right, and the church, with its spire pointing upwards, to the left. Well, the day will come when these, like their builders, will have passed away. Often have I stood on this spot, and looked abroad on the same scene ; in childhood, in youth, and in manhood ; in winter, when the trees have been stripped of their beauty, and the rude blast has driven the snow in my face ; in spring, when the purple violet and the yellow primrose have decked the green banks ; in summer, when the sun has thrown his rays in rich profusion over hill and dale, and the cornfields have looked already white for harvest ; and in autumn, when the garnerers have been opened to receive the precious grain. Not half a mile distant from this place, away up the road to the south, lived Job Timpson, the carpenter and his family, whose holy lives and consistent worth threw a benign influence on all who knew them. Without noise or ostentation, they moved about, making a deep impression on all who came in contact with them. Could we have taken a peep on the Sabbath evening into the snug little room with its polished chairs, bright fire-irons, and neat bookcase, surely we should have witnessed a scene which would have delighted our spirits, and led us to exclaim—"Blessed are they who know the joyful sound." The tea being over, each took a seat round the table, having the oft-neglected, but precious Word of God before them, from which they read in turn, whilst each was encouraged to ask questions on different points, or give their free and candid opinion in reference to the subject before them. The heart of Old Anthony has often been cheered by listening to this holy and interesting family service. After the reading came an anthem of praise, followed by a devout and earnest prayer that the blessing of the Most High might rest upon the seed sown, and that all needful grace might be given for the remaining service of the day, so that in after life it might be evident that the word was not

in vain in the Lord. Timpson has long since been gathered to his fathers. His beloved widow and children, save one, are now removed to a distance; but the influence of their conduct and worth still remains, and will whilst the name of Timpson is remembered.

“Go ye, and do likewise.”

OLD ANTHONY.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

“IT IS MY MOTHER.”

As the children belonging to a class in a Sabbath-school were reading one afternoon, the teacher had occasion to speak to them of the depravity of human nature, and afterwards asked them if they could remember the name of one person that lived on earth who was always good. A dear little girl, about eight years of age, immediately said, in the full simplicity of her heart—“I know who you mean; *it is my mother!*” The teacher told the child that Jesus Christ was the adorable person meant; but she was happy to hear that the dear child had so good a mother, and that she valued her so highly. The little one replied again—“Oh, she is good. I think she was always good.”

A CHILD'S IDEA OF THE OMNIPRESENCE OF JESUS.

A SHORT time since, a little girl of four years of age went to bid her father “good night;” she said to him, “Jesus is here, ain’t he, father?” He replied, “Yes.” “And Jesus is downstairs?” Again she was answered in the affirmative. “And Jesus is in the street?” “Yes.” She then said, “But He don’t dodge about.” It will be at once perceived that, while, with respect to her parents, to be upstairs, downstairs, and in the street, within a short space of time, would render it necessary for them to move about quickly, or, as she termed it, “dodge about,” her idea of the presence and power of Jesus was something grander than that of her parents’ presence and power.

STARLIGHT.

My little ones come to the window to-night,
 And watch the stars shining so gloriously bright;
 How they sparkle like gems in the dark blue sky,
 Come here and see them, so very high;
 But above the moon and the starry zone,
 Up there is our own little baby gone.

Our own little baby, we loved him so well,
 We wanted to keep him amongst us to dwell.
 How fair was his face, and how bright was his eye,
 We could not believe that our baby would die;
 But the Saviour had need of him near to His throne,
 And up there is your dear little brother gone.

You saw him placed in his narrow bed;
 "Dear baby will never wake up," you said,
 And you gathered sweet roses and daisies fair,
 And placed in his coffin when he was laid there.
 And they took him away that autumnal day:
 In the cold dark grave doth our baby lay.

But, my children, look up at the stars once more;
 Dear baby is only "gone before."
 His soul does not lie 'neath the grassy sod:
 His little spirit is gone to God.
 In that beautiful home of the King of Kings,
 Our own little lamb, a bright seraph, sings;
 And *there*, when life and its trials are past,
 May parents and children all meet at last.

AGATHA.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Infant's Magazine, vol. I. London: S. W. Partridge, Paternoster-row. We think it was a very happy idea to start a magazine for the *very* little ones, and the volume before us is in every respect most appropriate for them. The reading is in large type and short words, so that they may easily be taught to read it for themselves.

The Children's Friend for 1866. S. W. Partridge, Paternoster-row. This is a most admirable picture-book for the school-room and nursery.

The Band of Hope Review for 1866.

The British Workman for 1866. S. W. Partridge, Paternoster-row. These well-known serials are tastefully done up in a cheap form. The illustrations are quite worth all the money.

Merry and Wise. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

The Band of Hope Almanac; *the British Workman Almanac*; nicely illustrated broadsheets, each containing a text for every day in the year.

THE MOTHER'S MISTAKE.

THE cold March wind swept by with a wild boisterous rush, stealing through crevices and shaking casements, seemingly determined that every one should experience its chilling influence. People hurried through the streets, hastening to get to their bright firesides; many felt not the cold, for their hearts were bounding with hopes bright and joyous, and the knowledge that dear ones watched for their return; whilst others, poor, sad, sorrow-stricken ones, with no joy in life, moved slowly along, wishing that before long the wind might moan, in its dirge-like tones, over their graves.

We will not loiter any longer by the way, but hasten at once to Ivy Cottage, so called from the ivy which completely covered it. A short distance from the cottage, peeping from among the trees, could be discerned the small but thriving town of N——. The interior of the cottage presents a cheering picture of home joy and comfort; the circle in the parlour is very small, consisting of two young women, apparently sisters, and a pretty golden-haired child of some four or five summers. A vacant chair at the tea-table and warm slippers tell plainly that some one is expected. The two sisters are talking in low, earnest tones, regardless of the child listening to their conversation, and seeming to understand everything that was said. "I wish you would not always preach to me on such gloomy subjects; I declare it is very unkind of you, Susie," said the young mother, in a tone of weariness. "If we bring up our little Eva in the way you desire she will be a sanctimonious little Methodist, then what will be the use of a pretty face and a large fortune, as you know she will have some day, if Arthur still keeps on prospering in business. No; our dream is quite different to yours, Susie, some day we shall see our child the belle of a wealthy, brilliant circle. Can you wonder, with such prospects before us, that I shrink from resigning all those pleasures, and turning a religious enthusiast? But here comes Arthur; I'll ask him what he thinks on the subject." As she spoke, a handsome, intellectual-looking young man

entered the room, and was greeted by the fair one, who had just announced his approach, in true wifely fashion. "How would you like me to be always singing, 'My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here!'" she asked, in mock serious tones. "That's what Susie is so fond of; she says if we do not bring up our child in the fear of the Lord I shall some day regret my want of wisdom—what say you, Arthur?" "That there is time enough for us to think of turning religious many years hence, when we are nearing the grave; then we will abandon ourselves to such gloomy reflections." "Yes, so I think, Arthur; religion, in my mind, is closely connected with leaving all I love, and lying in the dark, cold grave, that I cannot bear to think on the subject for one moment. How can I contemplate with any degree of composure, parting with all I love here below? Ah! no; we will put off such gloomy thoughts as long as we can, and meanwhile enjoy life and its pleasures."

* * * * *

Many envied the wealthy owner of the Grange as he rode by in his brougham, and thought of the time when its owner did not think it an act of condescension to acknowledge them by a friendly nod or a shake of the hand. There were strange rumours afloat, and happy young matrons whispered "they would not be the poor lady at the Grange for all her wealth, poor thing! she must be very wretched, when her husband so wilfully neglects her, and thinks any other woman better than she is." The fire-light flashed from chandelier to mirror, and reflected itself again in the gilt adornments of the drawing-room at the Grange. A good-looking lady, and still more beautiful-looking girl, were there. The lady sat apparently buried in profound reverie; the sad, downcast expression of her face showed that her thoughts were none of the brightest. "Then I may not go, mamma!" said the young girl, in a petulant tone. "May I inquire why you deny gratifying my innocent pleasures?" "Because you cannot go without me." "But why will you not go, mamma?" The lady's brow clouded as she answered, "Eva, when will you learn to sympathize with my grief, how can I mix with the light-hearted and gay when my heart is broken with my husband's neglect and unkindness?" But there was no sympathy in the

gaze that met her own; instead, a proud, scornful expression as she answered, "You have no proper spirit, mamma; indeed, you are very selfish to wish me to be as miserable as yourself. Oh! dear; I wish I had a mamma like Lena's; she takes her to balls nearly every night." "Well, I suppose you must go, then," said the mother, in a disappointed tone; "have your own way, as you always do:" so saying, she left the room. Long hours the sad, disappointed woman sat alone, thinking of the time when she believed all they needed to make them thoroughly happy was wealth. "But, ah me!" she murmured, "since Arthur has been so prosperous, we have never been happy. My husband neglects me, and my only child cares more for the gratification of her own will than for her mother's happiness. Oh for rest! peaceful rest!"

A FEW WORDS TO MOTHERS OF YOUNG CHILDREN, BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

My experience at present has been chiefly among little children, old enough to develop great differences of disposition, temperament and mind; but so young, that the discipline of their own lives has not yet glided into their own keeping. I know that their power of self-government, when my immediate control must cease, will greatly depend on what I do for them now, in training them to train themselves; and I am urged by a sense of my own difficulties and necessities to say a word to you. If we would have our children raise themselves above the level of their own natures we must strive to instruct them in the power of self-culture; and in speaking thus strongly, and in words which seem to point to human agency merely, let me say, I speak only of results; of the process, oh! who shall tell the heart-agony by which our own discipline is so worked out as to enable us to "bear the precious seed"? The mountain-weight of accumulated trifles which press our spirits, try our tempers, trials, and heart sorrows, which only our kind Father can know; do not all these seem to throw difficulties in the way of securing a strong sunny influence over our children? Humanly they must; divinely they will not. "To draw the soul to the Divine

fellowship is the final object of every act of God," and so we must not seek to draw our children to *ourselves*. We know that by degrees—how rapidly we cannot guess—they learn that we are fallible; and when we, who to the infant mind are all in all, fail them in tenderness or patience, the young spirit sinks in vague forlornness. God's presence, His goodness, His perfection, need to be so early and deeply rooted in the hearts of our children that our own failings towards them shall serve to deepen the sense of the Infinite Perfection of God. Thus we may negatively, as well as positively, aid their soul's discipline. Failings, faults, sins we have; and these our children will surely discover; how shall it be that even these may become a means of good to them? By hiding, evading, glossing over? No, my friends, let us be true, be transparent; not *try* to let them *see* our struggles with ourselves, but not hide them; not *try* to expose our faults, but not hesitate to confess them; so may we truly aid the little heart where the seed may be lying deep out of sight, and perhaps long to remain so, but still there; and vital. *Our* conquests must be in God's strength, theirs also must be in the same; the battle is the Lord's, and they must know the Great Commander as well as we. In the early days of my religious life, when I thought I should be called to some great Christian mission, as yet quite unknown, I went to my minister with the somewhat bustling question, "What shall I do?" He, well knowing my impatient, impulsive nature, gave me no other work than that contained in these few words—"Be good and you will do good." In this brief sentence lies the germ of all true action. From the calm, humble teaching contained in it we may learn how to manage the religious education of our children. *Direct* influence there *must* be; command, punishment, encouragement; but by degrees all these become merged in the all-powerful lesson of a holy, prayerful life. A *perfect* life it cannot be, but a life which tends towards God it must be—a life of utter dependence upon Him, a life which claims and gains His help. May He give us all true knowledge of our life-work and strength to fulfil it.

T. E. N. A.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

SCOTLAND possesses many beautiful and romantic scenes of nature, but in our opinion none surpass Dunkeld. It is situated on the eastern bank of the river Tay, in the county of Perth, about a dozen miles to the north of the ancient town of the same name. On both sides of the Tay the hills rise to a considerable height, thickly wooded with noble fir-trees, and the majestic river flows through a valley which appears to have been made by its own limpid waters. As we crossed the bridge on our way from the railway station to Dunkeld, we thought we had never seen a more delightful little town. In this retreat, far from the bustle and excitement of the busy world, Mrs. Emily Macintosh lives in a pretty little cottage. In the front is a small garden, in which are many carefully-cultivated flowers. This is surrounded by a nice hedge of box. A large myrtle-tree covers the cottage porch, and through the windows you can see several pots of fine geraniums. The neatness and order of the exterior prepares your mind to expect a corresponding appearance in the interior of the cottage, and as you enter you find your supposition correct. The rooms are comfortably furnished, everything is scrupulously clean, and the most perfect order reigns in every apartment. You see at once that a woman of thoroughly domestic habits presides over this little household. Mrs. Macintosh is of middle stature; although she has endured the changes of sixty years, she is yet a good figure, and retains somewhat of the beauty of her youth. Her hair, once as black and glossy as the raven's wing, is now quite grey; her eyes, which once sparkled like diamonds, are now full of sympathy for the sorrowing, and her complexion is now almost colourless. Still, as you gaze upon her countenance, you feel that, in spite of these indications of age, she is still beautiful. You are filled with the same feelings as when you see the leaves falling from the noble forest trees in autumn. It is beauty in decay. Mrs. Macintosh has been a widow for about twenty years, and her only living child is a fine young man of twenty-five. Her husband, Captain Macintosh, commanded a ship of three hundred tons burden, out of London. When Emily was twenty-two, he came to Dunkeld on a pleasure trip; having

been introduced to her, Frank Macintosh saw her superior worth, and hoped to gain her for his wife. He begged to be allowed to see her again when he should return from California in about eighteen months, and meanwhile to correspond with her; this favour she granted to him, with the consent of her parents. After about twenty months he returned, and they were married. For the first two years Emily went to sea with her husband, but afterwards she lived in London. She had four children, three of whom died before they reached the age of seven years. Her youngest son, James, was the only survivor, and to his training and education she now devoted herself. But when James was five years old, the greatest trouble which can befall a woman fell upon his mother—she became a widow. Who, except those who have felt its bitterness, can realize the full meaning of that word—a widow? To lose that arm whereon she relied for support, and to be bereft of that heart which sympathized with all her joys and sorrows—yes, this is hard to bear; but when the loved one dies away from home, among strangers, with no loving hand to smooth the dying pillow, and no well-known voice to whisper words of consolation to the departing spirit—it is harder still to bear. Yet it is worse to be in doubt as to a husband's fate—to have sufficient evidence of his death to extinguish hope, and yet not to know exactly how he died. This is the extremity of sorrow; such often is experienced by sailors' wives; such was the grief which agonized Emily Macintosh's heart. As the "Empress," which her husband commanded, was returning from a trading voyage along the western coast of South America, she was seen off Cape Horn a few hours before a terrific storm arose. The wind blew almost a hurricane, the waves rolled mountains high, the snow and sleet fell violently, several icebergs had been seen floating about, and the night was very dark. The "Empress" was never heard of after that night, and it is supposed that she foundered and all hands perished.

"Where is she? Like a well-trimmed bride
She left in bright array,
And light hearts with her on the tide
Embarked! but where are they?"

For some months Mrs. Macintosh hoped her husband had

been picked up by some other vessel, or that he had been washed ashore on some lonely spot, and she should once more see him on earth. But at last she felt that she hoped against hope, and now she must bow to the dispensation of Providence. Many and bitter were the tears she shed over this great trouble, but the thought of her orphan boy recalled her to her accustomed activity of life. "My purpose in life now must be his education and training," she said to herself one day. He was apparently a child of average abilities; until he was seven years old Mrs. Macintosh instructed him herself. She used especially to try to interest him with stories of great and good men, and tell him to always do that which was right and true. If he did anything which displeased her she punished him by not allowing him to look at the pictures in the Bible; nor would she tell him any more Bible stories until he promised to be a good boy. Above all she taught him to pray, and prayed with him and for him. After they reached home on Sunday from public worship she would ask him what the minister had said, and by this means James was led to pay attention to good instruction, and to understand it. From the age of seven to fifteen he went to the best school which his mother could afford. During this time she continued to instil into his mind the same principles as she had taught him in his childhood—truth, right, and duty! and she set him an example of obedience to conscience and God. Under influences such as these the boy grew up a noble youth, beloved by his tutors and companions. At fifteen he left school, and was apprenticed in a city warehouse. Here also he gained the esteem of all who knew him, on account of his open, manly bearing, his business-like habits, and his high moral and intellectual character. The firm of Foot, Stephens, & Co. saw the merit of James Macintosh, therefore they raised his position in their house. Three years ago they wanted some one to manage an important branch of their business in Glasgow; they thought James would be the most reliable man they could find, so they placed him in this position of trust, and he has not betrayed their confidence. It is more than probable that before long his name will be added to that of Foot, Stephens, & Co. Mrs. Macintosh left London to reside in Dunkeld about the time

her son went to Glasgow. Her purpose in doing so was that she might be among her relations, and near him. Once a month he comes to Dunkeld to see her on Saturday, and returns to Glasgow by the first train on Monday morning. It is with much motherly pride that she sees how he is admired by her friends, and she thanks God for having blessed her efforts to bring him up in that path of rectitude which leads to honour and influence. A neighbour of Mrs. Macintosh sometimes says she believes in whipping children when they are disobedient, quoting the words, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," to support her opinion; to which Mrs. Macintosh replies, "You can manage children better without punishment of that kind if you accustom them to obedience in early life; firmness, moderation, and a good example are the best things we can practise in dealing with them—at least, such is my experience." What do you say to this, mother?

R. A. H.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

JESSIE'S MISSION.

JESSIE's mother was dead. The funeral was over, and the last friend had closed the door behind him. The business-like landlord had already placed "To let, a sitting-room and bedroom," in large letters in the window. Jessie and her uncle were invited into the cheerful front room of Mrs. Ward, who had been a faithful unwearied friend to the dead. Oh, how many little nameless acts of kindness do the poor often perform for each other, of which no account is ever made on earth! Forgetful of the relief which death had brought her from these, the worthy woman wept as she repeated the dying counsels and trustful words of her friend. "You must let me know," she said, stroking the sunny hair of Jessie, "how the child gets along; for I promised her mother I would keep my eye on her as long as we both live. That was all I could promise to do, for I am as poor as she was herself." "Jessie will never need any help, ma'am," replied uncle Nathan, straightening himself in his chair, "I'm well able to do for my sister's child. I suppose I

ought to have done more for the mother, but somehow or other I didn't seem to realize how feeble she was till you wrote to me about it. We were brought up to love each other, and when our mother died she charged us all to see to Martha because she was the youngest and never very strong, and so we did. She gave her more learning than any of the rest of us had, and never put her to hard work. When she grew up she went to teaching school, but although she did well she never laid up anything. The other teachers around us used to do sewing over hours and earn a good deal, but she bought books and read and studied every spare minute. Then she did a great deal for poor folks, and everybody in any trouble used to call on her. She married very well, but her husband only lived two years and left her nothing. Then she had to teach again in a public school to support herself and this child. Last August I came into the city and took them home with me to spend the vacation. She looked like a shadow. All the family were dead then but we two, and I remembered the words of my mother about her. So I asked her to stay with me and not try to teach any more, but I suppose she thought my wife was not very pressing about the matter so she came back to her school. Now my wife is a very nice woman, *in her way*, ma'am, but she always says that any woman that is well enough to eat is well enough to work. My sister couldn't do hard work, so she always seemed to be right in the way of my wife. Well, she taught her school till her throat was so sore that she couldn't speak a loud word, and then she came here to live and took in sewing. They tell me that's the hardest work a delicate woman can do, and poor pay at that. I've no doubt sewing has killed her. I suppose I did wrong not to look after her; but then she did wrong too, for she knew I was master of my own house, and ought to have come to me when she got so weak. Well, well, I must do right by Jessie, and that will make up for my neglect of the mother."

"No, no, uncle Nathan, that was a great mistake. The performance of present duty can never atone for past sin." All the lonely bitter tears she shed over your neglect; all the anguish and fears for her child, which would at times press in between her soul and God—her all-conquering faith and lowly

trust when passing through the river of death—all, all are recorded on high. No more sorrow can reach her now that she dwells with our faithful elder brother. It is not enough that we pay what the world calls our honest debts. We owe a mighty debt of love to our fellow-creatures, and those especially of our own home circle and others with whom we have daily intercourse. We may forget this, but God does not, and it may be that our account is fast increasing—a long, dark list against the day of reckoning. But there were no such thoughts as these in the mind of uncle Nathan. He paid the funeral expenses from his long purse, and began packing the simple furniture and little treasures of his sister to be kept for her child. “How will you carry my flowers, uncle Nathan?” asked the little girl. “Oh, Jessie, I can’t be bothered lugging earthen pots so far. I’d sell them, but I don’t believe they would bring enough to pay for the trouble. We’ll just leave them here.” “Oh, uncle, leave my mother’s flowers in this lonesome room!” exclaimed Jessie. “Flowers don’t know anything, they won’t be lonesome. Besides, the room will soon be let to other folks, and I’ll warrant you they’ll give them house-room and water.” “Strange people have my mother’s flowers!” said the child. “They didn’t know her, and they won’t love the flowers.” “Yes they will, for I have always noticed that poor folks in cities set everything by any nicknack that is green.” And uncle Nathan smiled as he looked across the little yard at a house-leek and a geranium which were set on the sill of a washerwoman’s window. He knew that these would bring very little in the market, but he did not know how often they send sunshine into the dwellings of the poor, and joy into the hearts of their pale children. Uncle Nathan went on pounding the nails into a packing-box, and Jessie flew with a bursting heart to tell Mrs. Ward the fate of her flowers. “You know,” she said, “when I had to give my pussy away because we could not buy milk for her, my mother said I should always keep the flowers. She said that they wanted nothing to keep them alive but a drink of water, which God sends freely to everything He has made. Oh! dear, dear, I can never let strange people have my mother’s flowers.” The kind woman soothed the child with a promise that she, who

loved her mother, would take the flowers and keep them till she could send them to uncle Nathan's. A little trouble or loss of time, so precious to her, was nothing if she could but comfort the heart of the motherless child. Uncle Nathan was far from being cruel. He was what the world calls a very kind man, obliging and peaceable as a neighbour, and indulgent as a husband and father. But *toil* and *gain* had long been his motto. The delicate child had wants and longings unknown to the coarser minds of his own children. Instinct, if nothing nobler, seemed to teach him this, for he spoke in lower tones to her, and showed her some little attentions undreamed of by them. On leaving the house he wiped away her tears and strove to cheer her, saying, "Cheer up now, Jessie, for I'm going to take you to a better home than you have ever had in all your life." Then she raised her large blue eyes full of tears to his face and said, "Oh, uncle, that *cannot* be, for I have always had a beautiful home." Uncle Nathan looked back into the dull room and wondered at the child, for there was a great contrast between it and his wide, well-furnished farm-house. His heart and that of his sister were cast in different moulds, and there were depths in the nature of her sensitive child neither he nor his could fathom.

THE TATTLERS.

Who does not love the cheerful ring
Of children's merry prattling?
But lo! the change, it seems so strange
How this can turn to tattling.
"Charley has lost your pencil, Joe,
And used your paints this morning."
"And Willie missed his lessons, ma."
"Now that sir 's for informing."

Then "Joe has had one piece of cake,
And now he's got another,
And Nettie 's taking all the grapes
You said she must not, mother."
"Oh, see what mouthfuls Carrie takes!
And with her fingers too!"
Then baby Carrie learns to say
"I eats as dood as 'ou."

"Say pa, Joe loiters going to school,
And doesn't mind the teacher."
"Don't say a word," then Joe retorts,
"You'd make a splendid preacher;
You are so perfect; never wrong;
A pattern of perfection;
Oh, if we only were like you,
We'd never need correction."

"Children, for shame!" the mother cries
"How sad this watching others,
And telling every little fault
So unlike loving brothers.
Each look within your sinful hearts
And guard your every action,
And then you'll find no leisure for
This small and mean detraction.

EULA LEE.

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE.—No. IV.

For a minute or two after Craig's departure, Arthur Cardeux stood still looking at his companion, who seemed oblivious of his presence, then he went up to him, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, asked gently, "What do you intend to do about these letters?" Edward looked up and revealed a face so pale with emotion, that Arthur asked, "Are you ill?" "No!" was the reply, "but I am intensely miserable. Oh! if I had only stood as firm at the first as you have done to-day, I might have saved myself this bitter sorrow," and again he covered his face with his hands. Arthur's heart ached for his sorrow, and he said gently, "It is not too late to turn back, let this day be the beginning of a better life." Edward did not reply, but rose and walked to the window. Arthur followed him, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, asked in so gentle a voice, that it might have been a woman's, "Have you a mother, Lyle?" Edward answered by pointing at the band round the hat which he now held in his hand, for he could not trust himself to speak. Arthur grasped his hand and looked into his face with eyes full of earnest sympathy, and exclaimed, "My poor friend! how I pity you! tell me about her, was she a good mother?" "The best woman and the best mother that ever lived," answered

Edward, "but I cannot talk about her, it will drive me mad if I do, only I have resolved not to answer his letters to-day, or any other Sabbath-day, Cardeux; I will tell Mr. Sheldon so to-morrow and risk the consequences. "I am glad to hear you say that," replied Arthur, "for my own part I would rather starve than break God's Sabbath wilfully. I do not mind telling you, Lyle, that I once yielded to this same sin, it was some years ago, when I was about nineteen, before I had openly decided for Christ, and I was surrounded by those whose home-training had been different to mine, and who laughed at all my scruples, and overruled my timid objections by their taunts and sneers. I yielded, though against my conscience, and then to drown its voice, I joined in the pursuits of my worldly companions, whose society I had formerly avoided. But there were times when it would make itself heard, there were times when the thought of my distant home and my gentle mother drove me nearly to desperation. So time passed on, and my holiday drew near, yet I shrank from going home to spend it, I shrank from meeting the gaze of my mother's clear loving eye, for I instinctively felt she would perceive the alteration in me. But I went home, and, as I feared, so it was. Even on the first evening of my arrival, I caught my mother's eye resting upon me with an anxious wistful look, as if she read something in my face which she did not like. When the social evening talk was over, and I said "Good night" to all, and retired to my own room, there came a gentle tap at my door and she entered. Taking both my hands in her own I should think for full five minutes, she gazed intently into my face, then letting my hands go, she said in a tone of pitying tenderness, 'My boy, what is it?' I tried to evade the question, but in vain, for I could not remove her belief that something was troubling me; that some adverse influence was at work within; so at last I told her all, how I had fallen, how I had sinned, and how I was suffering. Truly hath it been said, 'There's a magic power in looks which baffles all control,' for I shall never forget the one which rested on my mother's face as I finished my recital, it gave me some faint idea of what Christ's look must have been to Peter; and she said, 'My poor boy! I thank God you have told me all this, go now and confess it to

Him and seek His forgiveness, and I will go and pray for you too ;' and she pressed one long, earnest kiss upon my forehead and was gone. I could not rest, though I tried to do so, but the thought of her kneeling in prayer for me would not let me sleep. After tossing about in mental agony for some time, I determined to get up and pray for myself. No words could I find but these, which as a little child my mother had taught me to lisp at her knee, 'Forgive me, for Jesus Christ's sake.' Yet God heard that prayer, and from that night I date a new life. *Why* I have told you this I do not know, but an irresistible impulse seemed upon me to give you this part of my life-history. Forgive me if I have wearied you, Lyle." Edward replied in a grateful tone. "You have not wearied me, far from it, and from my heart I thank you. I cannot tell you anything of myself to-day for I am not in the mood for talking, but at some future time I will. Only let me ask you one question ; where is your mother now ? is she——?" Arthur pointed upwards, and reverently replied, "She is safe yonder in the 'better land.' I am an orphan and alone in the world, having few acquaintances and no near kinsfolk or friends." Edward looked up, "You have been a friend to me to-day," he said gratefully. "Then let that friendship ever continue," responded Arthur, earnestly, "and we will try to help each other on in the right way, in the road that leadeth on to 'Jerusalem the Golden.'" "But I have not yet begun to walk in that way," said Edward in a low voice. Arthur looked earnestly at him as they grasped hands at parting, and in a quiet impressive tone said, "Begin from to-day then ;" so they separated, each to his lodgings. As Edward reached the door of his, Mrs. Graham met him, "Your sister has been here, sir, enquiring for you." Edward started, and asked "how long ago?" "More than an hour, sir ; Miss Lyle said she came over here to service this morning, hoping to see you. I told her you were out and asked her to sit down and wait for you, but she could not ; she seemed very disappointed, sir, and looked so ill." "You did not tell her where I was?" asked Edward in a half fearful tone. "No, sir, I guessed you wouldn't care for her to know that, so I just held my peace." Thanking Mrs. Graham for her thought, Edward turned to his own room and sought out his almost for-

gotten Bible, and once again perused some of its holy pages, this time with a prayer that God would bless it to his soul, and an earnest desire within his heart to make it his guide and counsellor for the future.

A REAL FAMILY SCENE.

A YOUNG girl kneels by the side of her bed, with her head bowed on her hands, sobbing bitterly. Hark! there is a whisper; she seems to be praying: "O Lord, I beseech Thee, take my dear baby brother to heaven before he is much older; don't let father ever treat him so unkindly as he does poor Edward. O God, do this, and enable us all to say, 'Thy will be done.'" Why does she pray this awful prayer? why does she wish her dear little brother, who is the pet and plaything of the whole household, to be taken away? This prayer comes from a true sisterly heart. The poor Edward whom she mentions is an elder brother, who was once the very image of the dear little Willie. His father loved him then as he does Willie now, and his sister would rather lose her little playfellow than see him treated as Edward is now he is grown to be a great boy. Let us look at the scene which has caused so much grief to the sister. The family were all seated at breakfast, when the father says, "Your hands are not washed half clean again, Master Ned, nor your face either." "They are as clean as I can get them." "You don't half wash; you just dip them in the water, and then rub the dirt off on the towel. You would not look half as white as you do if you gave your face a good washing in cold water every morning." "I can't help how white I look; it is no use to keep on at me about it. If I am long washing that's wrong, and if I look sharp that's wrong too." If you had got out of bed directly you were called you need not have hurried over your washing." "I was up before you, I am sure." "Hold your tongue, sir; is it any business of yours when I get up? If I got up first a pretty row you and John would make; you had better remember who you are speaking to, sir, or I will let you know who is master. This is your return to me for all I have done for you, is it, you ungrateful hound? I can tell you, if you had had some fathers

they would rather have let you die when you were ill the other day than have gone to the expense I went to for you. You had everything that I could think of done for you, and this is your thanks. Be off to school. I *hate* the sight of you about." "Now that will do, Henry," interposes the mother; "I wish the Lord had taken him the other day, and then he would have been out of your way." So Edward went off to school, his heart as heavy and miserable as it could well be. "Father hates me, and mother wishes me dead," repeats he to himself. Can we wonder so much at the sister's prayer? This is but one of the multitude of faults which this father is continually finding with his child. He has six or seven children besides Edward, but he finds out more faults and bad qualities in him than in either two of the others. It is not because he is so much worse than they either; he certainly has his faults, but his father scolds him for almost everything he says or does, and puts down an act of boyish forgetfulness or idleness as a crime. If the clean floor is dirtied, the garden trampled, or the tools are mislaid, poor Ned is always blamed; his faults are always exaggerated, while the same acts are overlooked in his brothers and sisters. This father is a professing Christian, a man considered by the world a good husband, a good father, and an honest business man. But does God think this of him? Does not that glorious being look down in anger upon a man who makes a profession of religion, and is at the same time lowering that religion in the eyes of his children; for how can they respect either their father or his religion when he behaves in this way? Fathers! mothers! does your conscience say to you as Nathan said to David, "Thou art the man?" Compare your conduct to your children with this incident. Do you love all your children equally? Is there one among your number worse than the others? Then reprove his faults gently, and try to lead him with the cords of love; look at the bright side of his character; there are good feelings in his heart if you will try to draw them out. Praise every good action he does, and encourage him in it, both by precept and example. Never tell your child that you hate the sight of him, nor that you wish him dead; it puts evil thoughts into his mind. Remember that it is what you say and do that makes the deepest and most lasting

impression upon their minds. We would on no account wish you to spoil your children; correct your children, but do it in a loving, gentle way. Don't get in a passion; if you do, you will be sure to say something for which you will be sorry afterward. Let your voice as well as your words be kind. Your sorrow for a harsh speech will not heal the wound you made in your child's heart. Be kind, but be firm also.

FOUR SISTERS IN HEAVEN.—No. IV.

It had been decided that Jemima should accompany Miss B. in a voyage on the borders of the Rhine, to fetch her dear sister Emily; now alas! it would be only to visit her grave and bring away some remembrances, the journey was only spoken of with sadness. However, the day of departure was fixed for the first of June, it was very near, when one morning as Miss B. was on the point of going out for a ride in the neighbourhood, Jemima said to her, "Is it now quite certain that we shall set out on Monday for Germany?" "We cannot be sure of anything until it comes," Miss B. replied, "but if it please God we shall start on that day." The vehicle was overturned, and Miss B. returned in the evening with a wound in the forehead and a contusion on the shoulder which obliged her to keep her bed, and to put off her voyage for some weeks. The much desired day arrived at last. The voyage lasted six weeks, during which time Jemima was so gentle and obedient, that Miss B. did not once regret having taken her with her. The travellers first stopped at Maestricht, where they remained three weeks at the house of an aunt of Miss B., where Jemima made herself beloved by all. The servants admired her for the polite and kind manner in which she spoke to them when she asked them for anything. At Maestricht, as at home, Jemima never forgot to pray nor to use every effort to become a better child. Miss B. remained some days among some other friends on the frontiers of Prussia, where Jemima could only find for companions little Germans, with whom she managed very nicely, although they could not understand each other; there were only two young ladies she could converse with who had been some time at Jemima's home and could

speak French. When they arrived at the grave of her sister, Jemima regarded it calmly, and planted some flowers on it, asking a young school-girl to take care of them. At N., Miss B. had not only the confirmation of all that we know of Emily, but she learned many more cheering facts, which while they increased the sorrow of her parents, gave them at the same time sweet consolation. Emily was regretted as she had been loved, they wept for her still, but felt quite satisfied that she was happy with the Saviour. An unknown hand had traced upon her tomb "Peace be with thee." Miss B. had some white rose-trees planted there. Yes, peace be with thee, dear Emily, and may we soon rejoin thee in the heavenly mansions. From N., Miss B. and Jemima returned home. They took with them Emily's things, and her beautiful hair, which had been preserved as a sad but precious remembrances for her parents. They found also in her trunks many little pieces of work, some were finished, others were half done or only commenced, these she had hoped to bring herself to her parents and friends, but the Lord had otherwise determined; she had been cut off in the midst of her work. Jemima, as was natural to a child of seven years and a half, amused herself on the route and at different places where they were, still she longed to see again her parents, brothers and sisters, and a little neighbour, eighteen months old, of whom she was particularly fond. She loved nothing better than little children, neither dolls nor toys of any kind, nor walks, nor parties of pleasure; nothing gave her so much happiness as the companionship of a little child, however poor or badly clothed it might be. On her return home, Jemima set to work at her studies with renewed ardour, from the time she rose until she retired to rest she wasted no time, for she remembered the injunction, "Redeeming the time." Jemima worked remarkably well for so young a child, she had knitted a green silk purse for her mamma, and some other little things she did unknown to her mother to give her an agreeable surprise. While these works were about, she enjoined on Miss B. not to allow her to sleep after six o'clock. She had great pleasure too in working for poor children; she made little garments for them, and her heart leaped for joy at thinking of the pleasure it was to give

them, and see them worn by those for whom they were intended. Often, after having finished all her duties when she thought her mamma was satisfied with her, she would ask her mamma in a coaxing voice if she could go and play a little with Emma, the little neighbour of whom mention has been made before. Her heart rejoiced when this request was granted, and she returned exactly at the time specified; if on the other hand it was thought right to refuse her, the tears would start to her eyes, but she submitted in silence. Jemima would give anything to her little friend, her dolls that she was so fond of, and her sweetmeats. One little circumstance will show that this dear child prayed not only morning and evening, but at all times and under all circumstances. One Sabbath afternoon in the winter, Jemima and her brothers and sisters were prevented from going to the house of God by the inclemency of the weather, Jemima asked if she could go in to see little Emma for an hour: the snow fell so fast that her mamma did not think it right to consent, although it was so near. About half an hour after, Emma was brought in; she would give her mother no rest until she allowed her to go in to Jemima, the servant said. Jemima exclaimed, "Oh how good God is, I have just been asking Him with all my heart to send Emma, and behold He has done it. Oh, how good He is." Miss B. was in another part of the house, Jemima ran to her, saying, "Only think, Miss B., I just asked God to send Emma, and He has given me this pleasure. Is He not good?"

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE LITTLE IMITATOR.

A MOTHER relates the following seemingly trifling incident, which forcibly illustrates the importance and power of parental example:—"As I was about to enter my nursery to look after my little ones, I observed the youngest, a boy of three years of age, looking over a book, which he had taken from a shelf, resembling the family Bible used before morning and evening prayer. Struck with the unusual solemnity of his manner I watched, unobserved, his movements. With great precision and apparent

devotion he went through the exercises of reading, singing, and then kneeling for prayer in imitation of his father's daily example, and never was a manner, voice, or gesture more perfectly copied. Trifling as was this circumstance, so deep and solemn was the impression made upon my mind that I find myself often mentally exclaiming, 'What manner of persons ought parents to be in all holy conversation and godliness?' Never till this moment had my mind dwelt upon the momentous fact, though so oft repeated, that the future character and eternal destinies of children are usually at a very early period stamped by parental example; and I now felt what an amazing influence must be exerted upon young children by the *manner* of performing family prayer."

NAMES that lie on the ground are not easily set on fire by the torch of envy, but those quickly catch it which are raised up by fame, or wave to the breeze of prosperity.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Race for Gold; or the City Merchant and his Country Brother. Edinburgh: William Oliphant & Co. London: Hamilton & Co.

A well-drawn picture of home life among men of business. We heartily recommend this little volume to the perusal of parents.

Hannah's Home. Edinburgh: Oliphant & Co. London: Hamilton and Co.

An interestingly written little history of life in a cottage home. Many a mother would be the wiser and happier for reading it, and acting upon its advice.

The Goldsmith's Widow, and other Stories. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.

Touching and instructive little tales.

Lessons on Dancing. London: E. Stock, Paternoster Row, E.C.

A little book containing some reasons why Christians should not join in the dance.

The Glass and the Desk. Nos. 7, 8, and 9. London: Sangster & Co.

We give this little work our hearty commendation. We consider it invaluable to Sabbath-school teachers.

The British Workwoman. February, 1867. London: J. Caudwell, Strand.

This little serial contains some very interesting papers.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

Merry and Wise. London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

THE MOTHER'S MISTAKE.—No. 2.

IN a darkened room a lady sat, her head bowed down, and hot tears stealing down her face into the open coffin before her. All forgotten now are the years of neglect and coldness; only remembered is that bright past, when they had loved and lived only for each other. She hears not the muffled footsteps of the guests come to attend the funeral of the once haughty owner of the Grange; all her thoughts are concentrated on the still, cold form before her. We will draw a curtain over the closing scene when the fond wife wept the last tear over him she had loved so much, and felt that with him was buried all her hope of happiness. The next strange footsteps and voices that echo through the Grange are its new owners. Arthur Lyle had died a bankrupt, and his widow and once fashionable daughter hid away from all their friends, fearing that they might despise them in their poverty.

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Again we enter Ivy Cottage, but not now is heard the joyous laugh of childhood, no little feet patter up the stairs; only a pale, sad woman sits alone lamenting that the joy is all gone from her heart—"Nothing left me but vain regrets," she murmured. "If Eva would only come back to me again, how happy I should be; it is all my own fault. I taught her to love the glare and glitter of the world, and then reproached her for doing so. Susan was here to-day: how happy she is, and I might have been like her too, if I had listened to the gentle voice that whispered to me long years ago, warning me from seeking my rest in the frivolities of life." The daylight waned, and the sorrow-stricken one still sat alone, but now her head was bowed low over an open volume in her lap. She had been reading those words which have healed many a broken heart: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Then she began to wonder if she did pray, would God listen to her? whether she ever should have rest. Hours fled by, and the weary one pleaded with Him, of whom in her days of prosperity she had seldom thought. Faith and Hope, sweet comforters, were there; before them the fierce demon Despair

had already fled, and the weary one at length found that rest she so earnestly sought. Day after day the mother watched, until the daylight waned and the shadows of evening gathered around, and each night the prayer arose, "Father, send my child to-morrow." One evening, when the wind and rain were beating violently against the windows, the cottage door opened, and a tall figure entered the room. Surely none but a mother's eye could recognize the sadly altered face and form as the once beautiful Eva, but so it was. With a cry of joy she was clasped in her mother's arms. "You will never leave me again, Eva," pleaded the mother; "we will forget the past, and be so happy in the future." They were despairing tones that answered: "I can never be happy again, mother; I have only come home to die." A few months later a funeral procession wended its way through the quiet churchyard to a corner where a grave had lately been dug; there they laid to rest the poor, frail, erring one, whose spirit had passed away from earth. And soon another grave was dug near it, and the mother and daughter lay side by side until the resurrection morn.

M. A. P.

THE COUSINS.

"Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage," I heard my father read from Jeremy Taylor a few days ago," said Winifred Cecil. "Why, Winifred, you had better marry a minister at once, and then you will be able to make his sermons for him," sarcastically replied her companion, Bertha Cecil. "Bertha, I did not wish to offend you; I only quoted those words to strengthen my assertion that marriage is the most important step in a girl's life," quietly returned her cousin. "Why should I not marry Raymond?" "Ask your own conscience that question; or at least take the advice of your friends." This conversation took place in a pretty little summer-house, in a well-kept garden of choice flowers, attached to one of the old-fashioned brick-built houses in the suburbs of Canterbury. The month of May was drawing to a close, the sun was setting amid glories of crimson and gold, and the soft spring breeze

murmured among the flowers. A delightful stillness reigned all around, and the only sound to be heard, except the song of a nightingale, was that of the voices of these two young girls. Winifred Cecil was a girl who struck you at first sight as possessing a will of her own; and yet the gentleness of her eyes and the quiet manner in which she did everything showed that although she had a strong will, it was under the guidance of a disciplined mind. She had been trained from childhood to subordinate her feelings to her conscience. Her resolution had enabled her to overcome many difficulties in the various branches of study which she had pursued. Her motto was, "Try, try again." By this habit she had acquired a large amount of useful knowledge, as well as many accomplishments. Her father had often told her that parrot-like knowledge was of little worth, and that however unpopular it might be a young lady should think. Yes, fair reader, a young lady *should think*. It might have been partly from the natural tendency of her mind and partly because of her father's oft-repeated lesson, we will not say which, that she cultivated these habits of thoughtfulness. But they became her chief characteristic as she developed into the most lovely period of female life—*young womanhood*. Although she was thoughtful, she was not a blue-stocking; she was still in many respects a child,—she had a large share of joyous youthful spirits, and her merry laugh often rang through the house and garden. Bertha was very different in appearance and character to her cousin Winifred. She was tall, well formed, and rather stately in her manners, her lips usually were firmly compressed, her black eyes shone brightly, and her long glossy ringlets fell in rich abundance upon her shoulders. You could see at a glance that she also had a will of her own, but it was a will unaccustomed to restraint; in short, she was a spoiled child. She had good mental abilities, and might be called naturally clever, but she lacked that which will often compensate for natural deficiency—discipline of mind. Being the only girl in her family, her parents allowed her to have her own way in almost everything, therefore she became a wayward child; and now she was twenty-one, she was a self-willed girl. Raymond Oliver had sought her hand in marriage about a

year previous to the time when we make her acquaintance. He was a handsome young man, and his prospects in life, as a farmer, were rather good, for he had a well-stocked farm of five hundred acres; but his character was not highly esteemed by those who knew him. Rumours were abroad that he kept bad hours, and that he had lost money on the "Derby;" and until he courted Bertha he had been seldom seen at a place of worship; now, however, he came frequently, and this, Bertha said, was a sign of his good character. Would that it had been so! Her father and mother discountenanced the engagement she had formed with him, yet they did not absolutely forbid her marriage; but those who knew them both, and judged impartially, said, "that Bertha Cecil would rue the day she became the wife of Raymond Oliver." Among those who advised her not to marry him was, as we have seen, her cousin Winifred. The cousins were still sitting in the summer-house, where the conversation at the head of this chapter took place, when a step was heard coming down the garden-walk, and a well-known voice said, "Winifred, your father told me you were here, so I have come down to keep Bertha and yourself company." "I am so glad you are come, Felix," returned Winifred, "for we have been talking about Raymond Oliver, and Bertha has just asked me why she should not marry him. You know him, and you can tell her better than I wherein her danger lies." Felix Bernard was one whose appearance bespoke confidence at once; he was rather tall, and his broad shoulders indicated the possession of considerable strength; while his light brown hair, merry eye, frank, open countenance, and broad forehead, spoke of his genial and intellectual temperament. Felix was a hop merchant, at present in partnership with his father, but expecting soon to have the business to himself. His public and private character was much respected wherever it was known; to be brief, he was a Christian. When Winifred said, "You know him, and you can tell her better than I wherein her danger lies," Felix looked very thoughtful. After a short pause, he said, "I do know him, and I should be sorry for the happiness of a sister of mine to be entrusted to his care; for if he pursues the course he is going in now, I fear he will become a wreck, and if that happens where will be his wife's

happiness?" "Felix, you take a very dark view of the matter," exclaimed Bertha; "you cannot know Raymond, or you would not talk like that; besides, I love him, and shall marry him, come what may." "Do as you please, Bertha," sadly replied Felix, "but you may live to regret your choice." About a month after this, Bertha came in one afternoon to see her cousin. "Bertha," said Winifred, "what makes you look so excited?" At first Bertha would not answer this question, but after a short time she said, "I was secretly married this morning!" "Do they know of it at home?" "No, Winny, I want you to tell my mother of it." "What is done cannot be undone, Bertha; but I am very sorry that you have been clandestinely married. Why did you do this, my dear cousin?" "Raymond overpersuaded me; he said I must be his wife, and as my father withheld his consent now, perhaps he would forgive me if I married without it; so I promised to do as he wished. Winny dear, put it in the best light you can to my mother." Winifred did so, but while Bertha's mother forgave her, her father said he never would. Within a year from this event, Winifred Cecil was given at the altar, by her father, to Felix Bernard. The union was pronounced by all to be a most suitable one, and many were the blessings invoked upon the newly-wedded pair. As Felix signed in the vestry after the ceremony was over, he justly felt that it was the happiest moment of his life.

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Ten years have elapsed since Felix brought Winifred to his home. Four children are trying to amuse a little girl in mourning, about eight years of age, who is crying bitterly. "Bertha," says Winifred, "do not cry so, we will make you happy if we can. I promised your mamma that I would take care of you when she was gone."

There is an entry in Felix Bernard's diary to this effect: "On the night of December 20th, 1868, Raymond Oliver was thrown from his gig, and killed on the spot. The jury's verdict was: 'That the deceased was thrown from his gig, through reckless driving, in a state of intoxication, and that this was the cause of his death.'" In the diary for 1864 there is another entry in the same handwriting. "March 7th, Bertha Oliver died of a broken

heart, through the trouble she had to bear on account of her husband. Her dying request to my wife was that we would take care of her little girl. God help us to bring her up well." Winifred is still the happy wife of Felix Bernard, loved by all who know her for her acts of kindness and her noble character. She is the joy of her husband and children, and the light of her household. The sad story of Bertha is already told. The lesson of "the Cousins" must be clear to all.

R. A. H.

FOUR SISTERS IN HEAVEN.—No. V.

It was evident Jemima's thoughts were continually turned towards things on high. Frequently in the midst of her work she was heard saying, "I should so like to die. When people die they go to heaven near to Jesus. Tell me, Miss B., how Jesus will take us up on high, will He take us in His arms? Oh! how I should like to see Him," she exclaimed, raising her eyes to heaven. "Do you think He will come soon?" Death or dying had no terrors for Jemima. One Sunday she went to see an old servant of her parents, now so ill that her sufferings had made her almost imbecile. Some days after she was asked if she would like to go again. "Yes, very willingly," she replied. The poor woman was still worse and very near death. Jemima on leaving her only remarked, "Mélaine will soon be near to God." Some short time after Miss B. proposed to go to spend three months with an elder sister at Saintonge. Mrs. D., who was much engaged with her household affairs, was at a loss to know how Jemima could continue her lessons; she wished her also to begin to learn music, which was very difficult in a village. The proposition was made at once to send her to an uncle at Lisle, who had two nice girls about her own age, already advanced in music. Miss B. would have to pass Normandy, and expecting to see there two sisters of Mrs. D., she begged the latter to accompany her as she had not seen them for many years. "And then," said the two friends, "could we not take Jemima with us?" "Why could we not leave her for a couple of months with her aunts, I would bring her back with me on my return," said Miss B. Mrs. D. could only remain from home

a month. This project was submitted to Mr. D. After having weighed the matter, her occupations, the good of her dear child, the inconvenience of the absence of some weeks, the pleasure of seeing two beloved sisters, and becoming acquainted with their respective families, Mrs. D., with the consent of her husband, decided to set out. It was announced to Jemima that she was to go, at which she was exceedingly delighted. She promised to be very good, and from that time she asked the Lord every day with a fresh ardour to keep her mamma, Miss B., and herself from all accidents. On the morning of their departure Jemima was up early in order to be ready, she bid her little friend Emma good-bye and promised her a doll on her return, then she started with her mamma and Miss B.; she walked along with a light heart until she had to bid good-bye to her papa and little brother, who had accompanied them to some distance, then her eyes filled with tears as they separated. She turned several times, as long as she could see the spot, and said, "Papa is still in the same place." The travellers arrived the first day at Amiens; the ladies wished to find some friends, which they had a difficulty in doing as they had, unknown to them, changed their residence. They walked for two or three hours in the excessive heat in the town and its suburbs. The child, always patient, only said once or twice, "How hot I am! I am so tired, shall we not soon get to Mrs. R.'s house?" At Dieppe, where they stopped for one day, Jemima admired the immense ocean, and, notwithstanding the rain and a troublesome wind, she walked on the sands for some time to pick up some pebbles or shells for her little brother. Before going to her sisters, Mrs. D. and Miss B. went to pass some days in the country, a few miles from Dieppe, with a widow who had five little children. As may be imagined, Jemima here found amusement suited to her taste. Our voyagers at last set out for Nointôt, the place of their destination. Mrs. D.'s sisters and their respective families met them at the station. One of the sisters had two children, a son about twelve and a daughter about ten years of age. Mrs. D. found these children very gentle and amiable, and the girl advanced in music; and having learned that she had received all her instructions from her mother, Mrs. D. wished

to leave Jemima with her sister during the two months' absence of Miss B., and arrangements were made for this purpose. Jemima fell in with this proposal with great pleasure, and was very happy and cheerful at the prospect. The evening before her mamma's departure was spent at a friend's house. There were a great many children assembled there, they amused themselves with many games, in which Jemima took an active part; although occasionally she looked sad and thoughtful. Her mother remarked it especially at the close of the evening when some ladies were singing; her countenance assumed a sad expression, and sighs were continually heaving her breast. On putting on her things to leave she said to a young lady who helped her, "I must not fail to well embrace my dear mamma to-night for she is going away." "But you will soon see her again," Miss M. replied. "Oh, no!" she said, "mamma is going to Dour and I shall die here." When Jemima went to bed after having prayed, she said several times, "Oh, if I had known!" "Oh, if I had known!" "What, my dear child?" "I should have chosen to go home." On rising the next morning her first words were, "If I had known! I should have chosen to go with you!" "But, my child," her mamma said, "two months will soon pass away, then Miss B. will come to fetch you; you will have learned a little music, and you will be very happy here with your dear aunt and cousins!" "Oh yes!" she said, in a calm and resigned tone. She saw her mamma and Miss B. to the carriage, a tear escaped her as she parted from them; when the vehicle started she made some steps towards following it. Did the dear child know she would never see again those who were so dear to her heart? The two friends, quite happy about Jemima, separated at Paris; the one to go to the south-west of France, and the other to return to Belgium, where her family anxiously awaited her.

"I WANT TO GO HOME."

How often in the course of our journey through life do we hear this desire expressed, and by persons of all ages and of all classes; from the little child whose walk perchance has been too long, to the old man whose hoary head has seen many years of

earth's sorrows, and who desires to be for ever at rest ; for this desire does not confine itself exclusively to this life, but soars towards that which is to come. Look at that young man, once so strong but who is now evidently not far from his rest ; he lies on that sofa near the open window, through which is gently wafted the scent of the newly-mown hay. It was no bodily ailment that induced consumption to take possession of his frame ; it is a sickness of the spirit that prostrates him for the one he loved more than all on earth beside, and with whom but a short time ago he entered the house of God in company : she has been called by the Divine Master, and now awaits his arrival also. He is anxiously listening for that call, and oftentimes the sigh escapes his lips, " I want to go home." The wife who has just lost him who was her comfort, support, and joy, though in the day-time the bustle of life may in a great measure preclude such thoughts, yet at the quiet eventide when all her work is done, feels a loneliness and looks up by faith to heaven and prays, " Father, I want to go home."

So it is with the aged for whom the world has lost all its attractions. They have been young, and enjoyed the pleasures of youth ; they have participated in the joys of manhood, and now they have arrived at old age, and perhaps are slighted by those who should have been their joy ; for many years they have enjoyed life's happiness and endured life's troubles, they have passed alternately over the smooth and thorny path. Friends whom they needed most have fallen at their side, and all that their hopes most fondly leaned upon has been suddenly snatched away ; trouble has succeeded to trouble, the refiner's fire has grown more fierce, and is it a wonder then that being so weary they tearfully address their petition to the throne of their Maker, and cry in exceeding bitterness of spirit, " Father, take us home ! " But is it not a joyful prospect to know that we have a home in store for us when life's battle is fought and our voyage is concluded ? We cannot but pity the poor infidel who professes to believe that when the breath has left the body it is all over—nothing follows but dissolution ; and we thank God for the hope of the Christian, who is informed that when the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, we have a building of God eternal in

the heavens. We have only cheerfully to bide our time and to rest assured that the call will not be too long delayed, but that shortly we shall rise up and enter the Father's house, and meet in glory all the beloved friends who have crossed the river of death before us.

E. J. L.

TWO IN HEAVEN.

"You have two children?" said I. "I have four," was the reply, "two on earth and two in heaven."—FANNY FERN.

YES, two in childhood's gleeful hours, were called from earth away,
While yet the fairest blossoms smiled upon their love-lit way;
While they amid their morning joys scarce knew a pain or care,
But thought that wreaths of love for them would angels' hands prepare.

At morning and at eventide they knelt with hearts of love,
And gently lisped their infant prayer to find a home above;
Oh beauteous sight! can children dear a lovelier scene display,
Two cherub pilgrims hand in hand in Zion's peaceful way?

The mother sat in pensive thought and listened to their prayer,
"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," is the message angels bear—
When lo! from off the mother's cheek there rolled a scalding tear;
Perchance the harbinger to tell that parting-time was near.

'Twas evening—all was calm and still—the hour of rest had come,
Two little ones securely slept, within their happy home,
When, with a passport in his hand, the white-robed angel came,
And gently touched the sleepers fair and called them by their name.

Then soaring with them through the air, beyond the starry sky,
They reach the mansions of the blest, illumed with light on high,
When streams of fadeless glory beamed forth across their way,
And "Welcome, loved ones, welcome," the sweetest voices say.

And now from angel-minstrels is heard the heaven-learned song,
And robed in blood-washed garments, they join the singing throng;
Then the "Chief among ten thousand," upon His glorious throne,
Folds them to His bosom, and seals them as His own.

'Mid the flowers that bloom in sweetness, and the joy that never dies,
They shall pass the long glad ages in the realms of Paradise;
No sickness e'er shall reach them—no love tie can be riven,
Of thy beloved ones, mother, two now are safe in heaven.

But two still linger near thee—two on earth still claim thy care;
In the dawn of early childhood, them for after life prepare;
And in the prime of manhood, fond memory shall entwine,
And bring to their remembrance those lessons, dear, of thine.

The world hath many weepers, be it theirs to dry the tears,
And unfurl the blood-stained banners to quell the weak one's fears,
To join the child a playing, or to meet the proud man's wiles,
And to scatter in their pathway the light of joyous smiles.

And when the night is coming, and old age, life's setting sun,
Shall tell of eighty summers, with its work so nobly done,
May they be met in heaven by their angel brothers there,
And through eternal ages God's wondrous love declare !

There the tree of life in freshness no scorching sun can fade,
And many a beauteous river which the hand of God hath made ;
But best of all the welcome by the King of glory given,
Shall crown the gladsome chorus of *the family in heaven.*

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE.—No. V.

FLORENCE had returned to Rosedale weary, disappointed, and sad, a terrible fear haunting her and weighing down her usually bright spirit to the ground. She sat down with the rest to dinner, but try as she might, she could not eat a morsel. Mrs. Capell saw how it was, but with true womanly delicacy of feeling appeared not to notice, and made no remark on her abstracted manner. Directly the meal was over, however, she crossed to her side, and said kindly, " Florence dear, I know your head is aching sadly, you must remain quiet for a little while, the children shall come to me for their lesson this afternoon ; " and she passed her cool hand lightly over the girl's burning brow, and stooping down, imprinted a loving kiss thereon, as if to assure her of her ready sympathy. The dark eyes filled with tears, and Florence looked up gratefully into her friend's face as she said earnestly, " How kind you are, dear Mrs. Capell ! But, indeed, I could not rest if I were to try, and the little ones will not tire me at all." But Mrs. Capell would not be convinced; and telling the children that Miss Lyle was unwell and must not be disturbed, she gathered them around her in an adjoining room, and, as was customary on Sunday afternoons, they had a simple Bible lesson. The blessed Sabbath was never made a day of weariness and gloom to the little Capells, but was rather a day to which they looked forward as the best of all the seven. Oh would that it were so in all households ! Once, as Mrs.

Capell looked up from her children, she descried Florence retreating from the house by the garden path; she at once guessed whither she was going, and a silent prayer went up that God would comfort the motherless one in her sorrow, and whisper peace to her aching heart. Florence had confided to Mrs. Capell her anxiety about her brother, well knowing that it would be in safe keeping, and so a bond of sympathy was established between them. Though a happy wife and mother now, Mrs. Capell had known by experience what it was to be bereft of a mother's care and love in early girlhood, and what a hard thing it was to face life as an orphan, and alone in the world. Hence she could sympathize so well with the orphan girl whom God had guided to her home. Florence crossed the fields until she reached a little white gate, and entered Rosedale churchyard. It was a lovely spot, almost hidden from the passer-by by the thick foliage of the trees which surrounded it. There was no afternoon service in the little church, and all was so still and peaceful around that Florence involuntarily stood still for a moment and gazed on the many mounds before her, all spangled with buttercups and daisies, marking the graves of those who had done with this mortal life and entered upon an eternal one. Then she wended her way to the corner where her mother lay, and seating herself upon the grave covered her face with her hands, and for a little while let the pent-up emotion have its way. Vividly the past came to her memory, and again the dying charge of her mother seemed to ring in her ears; the words, "Florence, I leave him to your care, never rest until he is won to the service of Christ;" and conscience asked, "How have you fulfilled the trust committed to you by a dying mother?" The burning tears fell thick and fast as Florence murmured in agony of spirit, "I have been verily guilty, I have not prayed for him as I should have done. It has not been in my power to influence him much, for distance and circumstances have kept us apart, and raised a barrier between us, but I might have prayed for him more earnestly. I ought to have *wrestled* with God for his salvation." And as her remorse-stricken spirit acknowledged her omission and sin, there came a yearning, sad cry, from the girl's lips; "O my mother, my mother!" Although Mrs. Graham had not

told Florence where Edward was spending the holy hours of that morning, yet in her own mind she felt convinced that he was engaged in some business transaction, for he had evaded all her questions for so long in reference to his Sabbath occupations that all her worst fears were confirmed, and a load of sorrow rested on her heart. There, in that quiet corner, by that grassy mound, she kneeled down and poured out her spirit in anguished prayer, for she knew and felt that in her own strength she could not bear this trouble, that she must take it to Christ and cast it all on Him, or else utterly sink beneath its weight; and God gave to her the strength she needed, for she grew calmer, and a deep sense of comfort and peace came into her mind. As she retraced her steps across the fields she thought of some lines she had read only a few days before, and how her soul echoed back the language:—

“ We need as much the cross we bear
As air we breathe, as light we see,
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,
It binds us to our strength in Thee.”

Florence felt that God was with her and round about her, and that so all would be well. For a little time her faith shone bright, and she could believe that her mother's prayers would yet be answered, that yet her dearly-loved brother would be brought into the Saviour's fold. It seemed so beautiful to her to be able to recognize God's hand in this trial and to realize His presence amid it all, though the present was so full of care and anxiety, and the future looked so dark and drear, that a serene trust possessed the tried heart for a little while, and a quiet look rested on her face as she re-entered the garden gate in front of Rosedale farm. She felt happier than, when two hours before, she had gone forth from the house, for now she could trust her all in the hands of a loving, heavenly Father, and leave all events of her life to His guidance; and in the fulness of her trust it seemed to her impossible that she should ever again lose her faith in God's over-ruling, omnipotent power. But human nature is very weak, and will often fail when depressing thoughts come back to the heart. So Florence found out ere that day closed.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

JESSIE'S MISSION.—NO. II.

UNCLE NATHAN strove kindly to amuse Jessie on the way by accounts of all the things at home which interested him. He informed her how many tons of hay he gathered last year, and how many cords of wood he cut; also how much butter Aunt Hannah made, and how much yarn she spun. But this was not what the poor child looked forward to for enjoyment at the farm. "Do you have hens, and ducks, and geese, and rabbits, and doves, uncle?" she asked. "Oh, yes," replied the farmer, "we have poultry enough, and you shall feed them every day if you want to. But we don't keep doves nor rabbits; we never want any useless creatures around us." "I love everything that has life in it," said Jessie, "and my mother used to say that every animal or insect was of some use, or God would not have made it." "You talk just as she used to when she was a child," said Uncle Nathan. "She always looked out that we boys were kind to all the dumb creatures on the farm. She loved things that nobody else thought of loving." When uncle's waggon drew up to the back door of the farm-house on the second day of the journey, the travellers were surrounded by the whole family. The elder were overjoyed to see the horse returned, and the younger one to see his father. But Aunt Hannah was wholly taken up with her survey of the poor little stranger. She held her off at arm's length to get a better view of her, but there awaited no fond embrace, no kiss of welcome. She was a *just* woman, and therefore willing to give Jessie a home, because it was their place to see to their poor relations. God was sending them a great blessing in this child; but Aunt Hannah did not realize this, and had already set her wits to work to turn Jessie's coming to some good account. "Why, Nathan," she said, "how that child has grown since she was here! She's big enough to save me a hundred steps through the day; children never get tired running up and down stairs." After other compliments as to size and ability to work, Aunt Hannah left them, saying as she ran in, "This will never strain my milk; I hav'nt a minute to lose; so run in, child, and take off your things." Uncle Nathan's wife was a prudent,

systematic housekeeper, but where was her woman's heart when she could not spare ten minutes to take the lonely little orphan on her knee, and whisper some kind word in her ear? Ah! gentle words were among Aunt Hannah's list of useless things; to her mind work, work, gain, gain, were the whole aim and end of precious life. Books she looked upon as only amusement for the idle; even the one weekly newspaper she considered a torment, and often bewailed the money her husband paid for it, and the time her boys spent in reading it. She often reminded them that she and their father were "wearing up" fast by hard work, and that soon they would have nobody to "lay up money for them." Uncle Nathan went with his boys to God's house on Sabbath mornings, but she had tried that often enough to know that it would never do for *her* to go. Something was sure to happen if she went, either while she was gone or *some time afterward*. Ah! where Aunt Hannah's treasure was there was her heart also, and there she usually remained herself. The little orphan had built no high hopes on the kindness of this relative, so that she was agreeably disappointed to find her not positively cross; for she was indeed good-natured when all kept out of her way, and did not hinder her in her work.

"May I go out doors and see uncle plough?" asked Jessie, timidly, the morning after her arrival. "Oh yes, child," replied her aunt; "you may go anywhere you like, if you won't follow me about asking questions. I've got twenty pounds of butter to work before Jenkins is ready for market." "Oh! have you? I'm so sorry!" said Jessie, who thought this must be some great calamity, although she knew not why. She soon found her uncle, to her great joy, for she loved to see how work was done, and understand it too. She watched him till he reached the end of his long furrow, and then till he came back to her. "Well, Jessie," he asked, "would you like to own a farm?" "No, but I should like to own a little piece of one, just enough for a garden of my own. I could plant the seed, and weed the beds, and water the flowers." "Better raise *yarbs*, for the doctor will buy them of you; but we're too far from market to sell flowers. They would wither before they got there," said the practical man.

I didn't mean to sell them, but to pick them every morning

fresh to put into the rooms, and to carry to old people and the sick. Oh uncle! I see a terrible-looking old man standing away over in that field. He's covered with rags, and he's holding up both his hands; I am afraid he's either drunk or crazy." Uncle Nathan and his son laughed heartily. "That's a scare-crow, made of boards and dressed up in old clothes; when the birds come to steal my corn, they think that's *me*, and then fly off." "Do you want the birds to starve, uncle?" she asked, sadly. "Yes, or be shot, I don't care which." "*God loves the birds*," said the child. "How do you know that?" asked the farmer, leaning on his plough. "Because there is a great deal said about them in the Bible. Christ said that not one sparrow could fall to the ground without our Father. God could have sent a *man* with bread to Elijah, but he sent a *raven*, and you know we're commanded to be as 'harmless as doves.' That is part of a sweet little lesson my dear mother taught me." "Did you ever hear a child talk so, Ben?" asked Uncle Nathan. "She shall have a piece of land to raise flowers, and you must set your trap, and catch her some birds, she loves them so." "Oh no! uncle," said Jessie; "because I love them so we must let them be free. I love to hear them sing, and see them fly, but a bird in a cage always makes me sad. Please to let cousin Ben get me some seeds and flowers instead." "So he will," exclaimed Uncle Nathan, as he wiped a tear from his sun-browned cheek. Now there was a bright warm spark away down deep in this man's heart, but long years of earthly prosperity and growing selfishness had almost smothered it. Neither the sermon to which he listened weekly, nor yet the sad death of his only sister, had been the means of awakening his conscience or fanning this spark to a flame. This was Jessie's mission. The honour of bringing this strong man to the feet of Jesus was withheld from the wise and prudent, and reserved for this babe in knowledge. Scarcely a day passed in which she did not impart some holy lesson, learned at her mother's knee, to the grey-haired man and his children. Her teachings fell as gentle as the perfume from the flower, but great was the change they wrought. God's Word and the house of prayer are now highly esteemed in that family by all save Aunt Hannah. She, poor woman, worn and weary,

seems "joined to her idols,"—toil and its wages. The farmer stands bold in his place of usefulness,—a sturdy oak, with his sons like cedars round him;—she, the frail flower, who found a shadow beneath his vine, has gone, her little mission accomplished, to bloom where the sun shall no more smite by day, nor the moon by night. Her sunny head lies low beneath the clods of the valley, but her spirit rests with Him in whose esteem one humble child is "of more value than many sparrows."

THE TWO MOTHERS.

"I DECLARE, Sarah Bell," said Mrs. Howard to her niece, "I don't know how your mother can get along as she does with six children. I have only half as many, and they almost worry the life out of me. It really seems as if they grew more troublesome every day. The only happy moment I have is when they are all in bed; then I know they are not in mischief. How hard it must be for your mother to manage six!"

"Why, aunty, it never seems to be hard, though dear mamma has a great care, I know. I don't believe she thinks there are too many of us; she never tells us so if she does. I am sure we are all very happy together, and I think mamma is happy, too. I heard her say last week that the best part of the day for her was when we came home from school at night, and she could have us altogether again." "Well, her children cannot be much like mine, if she can say that; I am positively dreading to see my George open the gate. It is time for them now." A loud outcry, and the din of many childish voices, drew the speakers to the window. There was evidently a disturbance among the crowd of boys who were on their way home from the village school. Willie Howard was running as if for life, and, too much in haste to stop for trifles, sprang over the fence instead of stopping to untie the gate, which was fastened with a string. A rent in his trousers was the result, and the wrath of his tidy mother met him at the threshold. "Another job for my tired fingers, you naughty boy; you plague me almost to death! A pretty sight you are for company—but come along, and let your cousin see what work you make me. Willie was about to depre-

cate his mother's anger by telling what was, indeed, the truth, that a very quarrelsome comrade was pursuing him to make him stand and fight, while he was following his mother's repeated direction to run home and get away from him.

"Where is George?" said Mrs. Howard. The question was answered as soon as asked by his entrance. He bore the marks of a street fight, having a bruised eye, and his cap torn and soiled. But his injuries secured his mother's pity, and she petted him as the victim of his comrade's violence, while he was really the unprovoked aggressor of the fray. Before the house was quiet, the third child came in, little Lucy, who had been spending the day abroad. She was a child of rare beauty, and naturally amiable, but the mother's indiscreet training had nearly spoiled her. She was vain and exacting. Her brothers were made to yield to her humour, right or wrong, and there was neither love nor peace in the household.

Sarah Bell was as much relieved as her aunt when bed-time came. Yet it was not the happy retiring she was accustomed to at home; the children were, cross and threw off their garments in disorder. This fretted the impatient mother, and though, with the maternal instinct, she carefully covered and tucked them up in bed, no word of love, or voice of prayer soothed them to their slumbers. When their young cousin's visit was ended, Mrs. Howard accompanied her home, and spent a day or two with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Bell. They had very seldom met before, Sarah's mother having but just removed from a distant part of the country into the town adjoining the Howards. Both the ladies were widowed, their husbands having been killed by a railroad casualty while travelling together about five years previous to the date of our story. Each of these mothers was a professing Christian, too, but there, alas! all points of resemblance ceased. Mrs. Howard seemed greatly struck by the contrast between her sister-in-law's household and her own. The children of Mrs. Bell were obedient and affectionate. There seemed to be an under-current of moral power operating to check irritation, curb any approach to waywardness, and bring each member of the family into relations of harmony. "I wish I knew your mother's secret for managing children," said Sarah's aunt, as they were together on the morning after their arrival. "I don't

see what should make such a difference between hers and mine. Now Sarah was a thoughtful and observing child, though only twelve years old. She had already seen one strong point of difference between her mother's way of family training and her aunt's, so she answered the latter's appeal pleasantly, but frankly, as follows:—"Aunt, you do not put my cousins to bed as mamma does us." "What do you mean, child? Do I not tuck my children in as nicely as your mamma does hers?" "Oh, aunt, I mean—I mean, *mamma always tucks us in with a prayer.*" Mrs. Howard's conscience smote her with the difference.

E. H. N.

THE CHANGED HOME.

A town missionary gives us the following interesting account of the conversion of an infidel. He says, "I first met him in company with three others in a little ginger-beer shop. I offered him a tract, and that led to a conversation the character of which I cannot attempt to describe. I found him an infidel of the blackest dye and a blasphemer. In the course of conversation I said that eternal life or eternal death awaited us all, when he answered, 'I believe in my future existence as much as I do in the future existence of that cabbage,' pointing to one as he spoke. We talked a great deal, and at last he took a tract, promising that if he agreed with its sentiments I should leave him one every Sunday morning. Every Sabbath morning for six weeks I found him waiting for me at the shop for the tract. He then asked me to go and see his wife and children. Three weeks after that I had the unspeakable pleasure of accompanying them to the house of God, the first time since their marriage, nine years before. The minister took for his text, 'The man Christ Jesus;' the man was overpowered, the sermon was just suited for him. How can I tell of the marvellous change God has wrought in him? The lion is a lamb, the infidel is a believer; now he has begun life in earnest. The first thing he did was to put down swearing and betting in his workshop, and he seems especially as if his mission was to his old companions; he visits them and reasons with them, and God is blessing him. I could fill pages with telling of God's goodness to him. The

sound of prayer now goes up from that once prayerless home. He is forty-four years of age, and he never to his knowledge offered one prayer in those forty-four years (if we may be allowed to judge, we should say he had a prayerless mother). The Bible he never read because he disbelieved it, now it is his dearest treasure. What wonders hath God wrought!" W. S.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

"WHAT I LIVE FOR."

I live for those who love me,
 For those who know me true;
 For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit too;
 For the cause that lacks assistance,
 For the wrong that needs resistance,
 For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by gentle means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is sulky, charm him out of it by frank, good humour. If indolent, accustom him to exertion, and train him so as to perform even onerous duties with alacrity. If pride comes in to make obedience reluctant, subdue him by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Bible Pattern of a Good Woman. By Mrs. BALFOUR. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster-row.

The writer of this little volume is so well known that her work needs no comment from our pen. It will be read with great interest by wives and mothers.

Scripture Emblems. London: Pitman, Paternoster-row.

Instruction pleasingly imparted in the form of conversations.

Heavenly Wisdom; or, the Life of Annie. Birmingham: C. Caswell, Broad-street.

A little history of one whose work was early done, but who did not live in vain.

The Class and the Desk. No. 10. London: Sangster & Co., La Belle Sauvage-yard.

Merry and Wise. London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

TRY KINDNESS.

"I'm quite puzzled to know how to manage the boy, and don't believe any one is tried like I am; from morning till night there is nothing but worry for me; there's Richard, last night he came home as tipsy as possible; I did not say anything to him then because I knew he was too far gone to care what I might choose to say, so I waited patiently till this morning; then I can tell you he found that I had a tongue, and knew how to make use of it too." "What did he say?" "Oh, at first he sat looking rather astonished, then all of a sudden he fired up and said, 'You talk about me setting my son a bad example, what else are you doing I should like to know. I play the mean that marries our girl if she takes after her mother in any way. I'll let you know that you shall not lecture and scold me at your pleasure; I'll get drunk every night this week to serve you out;' and saying that, he left the room, banging the door after him; Oh, dear!" and the speaker, a tall, rosy-faced woman, applied her cotton apron to her eyes and continued her string of complaints in the same aggrieved tone. "You tell me to be patient, Mrs. Long, how is it possible? Now, this morning I was cleaning upstairs when Fred called out: 'Mother, Polly's gone bird's-nesting with the Stokes.' 'Never,' says I, 'after threatening her as I did this morning about that very same thing.' I ran over to Mrs. Stokes fully determined to let her know my mind respecting herself and children." "Dear me, oh! Mrs. Wight," says she, "you needn't flare up in that fashion. My children are all at school, and as for your Polly we have not seen her this week." You cannot think how ashamed I felt, for you know that when my temper is up I do not stop to choose my words, so it was some time before she had the chance of speaking. I hurried home, feeling sure it was for some mischievous purpose he had sent me on such an errand; and there, sure enough, the first thing that I saw when I got in, was all the drawers open, every thing scattered about the room, and every button cut off his father's Sunday clothes; what would you have done under the same circumstances but just what I did—snatch up the first thing that came to hand and throw at him; but I might have

saved myself the trouble though, for he only ran away laughing. The next thing I heard was his talking behind the hedge to some of his companions, and mimicking me (how I looked, when, in a passion. "To think I should be ridiculed by a parcel of boys!" said the angry woman, indignantly. "Have you ever tried kindness?" asked her neighbour. Conscience, that ill-used monitor, whispered the negative; the crimson on Mrs. Wight's cheek deepened. "A Kindness," she echoed, in rather a snappish tone, "I should like to see any one managing such a young tiger as that with kindness." "But you might tame where you cannot frighten; suppose you try kindness?" Mrs. Wight was noted for being one of the most industrious and thrifty of housewives; but for amiability of temper she was by no means proverbial; she knew it, too, and remarked in rather a dubious tone: "I might try it, but I don't think I could manage it, only think of me speaking kind to Richard when he comes home in the state he did last night, but, however, I'll try." "Not in your own strength, my friend," replied Mrs. Long, earnestly. "You will never succeed unless you seek help from Him who is able to help you." Mrs. Wight was always glad to talk with her Christian neighbour as long as she was silent on religious subjects; but as soon as serious matters were introduced she quickly made her escape; so after a few more common-place remarks the two women separated each to her respective duties. If you had taken a peep into Mrs. Wight's small but pretty cottage you would have exclaimed, "A man to prefer the dirty bar of the village alehouse to that pretty room seems almost impossible." The cottage inside and out was a picture of rural beauty and industry. The pretty garden was stocked with flowers, the front of the cottage entirely covered with sweet trailers, and within doors, if any of the most ardent lovers of cleanliness were to explore each corner, their search would not have been rewarded if it was a particle of dust they sought. Ah! but if you had only been there one day you would soon have solved the enigma. Mrs. Wight's shrill voice was ever pitched to its highest key; scold, scold, from morning till night, until husband and children thought of their home as nothing but a place of torment. Can you wonder that the village alehouse was

resorted to?" The latch was presently gently lifted, and the door cautiously opened; then a curly head protruded itself through the vacancy, and a pair of saucy defiant-looking black eyes peered into the room. "Where's mother?" inquired the owner of the eyes in a loud whisper. A tall, quiet-looking girl pointed towards the stairs. "Oh, upstairs is she? All right, that's capital. I want you to get me some bread and meat; I don't dare come in till father does; I hope he'll be tipsy, because then she'll scold him instead of me!" "Who are you talking to, Polly?" inquired Mrs. Wight from the top of the stairs. "No one, mother," replied the girl in a very loud tone; then in a whisper she added—"particular." Thus she quieted her conscience, thinking it was not a falsehood. Many times in the course of the day was the timid girl frightened into prevarication by her mother's shrill tones. Mrs. Wight was returning to her cleaning, when suddenly it occurred to her that she might just as well begin at once to practise the art of kindness; so in a softened tone she said, "If you see Fred, ask him to come in, I want to speak him." The pair stood listening with eyes wide open with astonishment. At length Fred said in a very contemptuous tone, "It's only a dodge; just as if I should be so stupid as to go up there to be beat, most likely with the broom-handle;" and hearing his mother descending the stairs, with a run and a bound he soon cleared the fence, much to the chagrin of his mother, who had caught a glimpse of his receding figure. "What did he run away for?" she demanded of the trembling girl. "He was afraid you would punish him, mother." "What did you tell me such a falsehood for?" asked Mrs. Wight in a very angry tone. "I don't know," stammered the girl. Mrs. Wight left the room looking very contemptuous, and muttering: "None of them take after me, both have just their father's mean spirit; however, I'll try whether I can't have some sort of a reformation." Mrs. Wight waited and watched all day for Fred, but he did not come till quite late in the evening. Then he slipped upstairs unperturbed by his mother, she was bestowing all her attentions on her husband, who sat looking with drunken stupidity at her wild flashing eyes. She retired to rest that night feeling very miserable; she had thought in the morning

how kind and forbearing she would be for the future; she had failed in her good intentions, and now disappointed and dissatisfied with herself, she wondered whether there was not some truth in Mrs. Long's statement that she would never succeed in her own strength.

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE—No. 6.

In the doorway stood Mrs. Capell looking out for Florence. As she drew nearer, her kind friend saw at once that the motherless one had found other and better comfort than she could offer, so she merely asked kindly—"Do you feel better now?" Florence looked into her face with earnest, speaking eyes, and answered significantly—"Oh yes, so much better;" adding in a low tone, "I am not bearing it alone now; I have taken it to Christ." Mrs. Capell brushed away a tear as she took the girl's hand in her own, and held it lingeringly in a warm clasp, saying—"That is right, dear Florence; He will bear it all for you; try to look away from second causes, and leave it in His hands." A bright glance was the only answer, and they passed in to tea together. Mr. and Mrs. Capell went to evening service at Dallington, while Florence stayed at home to keep house and to put the little ones to bed. When the last childish prayer had been lisped, the good-night kiss given, and they were safely tucked in, Florence took her little Bible and sat down by the window, and again the gloomy feelings of the morning came back to her. In the retrospect of the past, so many neglected opportunities stood prominently forth, so many omissions of sisterly duty, that once more Florence forgot the strong arm on which she might ever lean, and looking at her own sinfulness and weakness, she felt ready to sink in despair. The evening shadows fell thickly around, and the motherless girl still sat there with her sorrow, until the tumult of feeling became unbearable. Then she arose, and went to the bedside of the unconscious little sleepers, and as she involuntarily contrasted their innocent, careless sleep with the wild unrest of her own weary heart, she bent her head upon the pillow, and murmured wearily—"O, that I were a child again, that I might once more be guided where to go. O, that I might

exchange, this world-weariness for the trustful faith of a little child." Then memory recalled the happy days gone by, when life was all sunshine to her—when no sickening sense of sorrow had weighed down her spirit—when a mother's love had made her life so fair; and by the side of the child-face, nestling there in the quiet sleep of guarded babyhood, there fell burning tears from the eyes of the orphan girl. It was a dark hour, an hour of trial amounting to agony; for as her thoughts turned again to Edward, her only and darling brother, who from all accounts was fast sliding down hill, she bitterly reproached herself for not having been more in real earnest about his salvation, for not having made that the one aim of her life. Despair seemed about to lay his iron hand upon all the faith and trust which yet remained in her heart; but once again comfort came to her, for there came the memory of a conversation she had once had with her mother some little time previous to her death, and Florence recalled the words just as she had heard them from the lips of her now-sainted mother. "Sorrow is God's discipline, my child, and if we would but look away from second causes up to Him, who holds them all in the hollow of His hand, we should be saved much misery; for by looking to Jesus, the tired heart forgets its weariness, and low at His feet nothing can ever harm us. The storm may beat above our heads, the tempest gather round our hearts in its blackening fury, and the whirlwind of desolation may sweep our treasures from our hands; but we are safe if only looking to Him, for all our times are in His hands, and He will make all sorrow, all discipline, work for our everlasting good." By the remembrance of these words Florence was comforted, and the clouds rolled away that had kept her from seeing the Saviour, and looking again to Him she regained her quietness and trust. When Mrs. Capell reached home half an hour later, and found Florence awaiting her return, she saw no trace in the pale countenance of the mental conflict through which the spirit had passed that evening, and affectionately kissing her, she went up-stairs to remove her bonnet and shawl, feeling inwardly thankful that the old bright look had come back to her face, and glad that the weight of sorrow was, as she thought, gone. Such is life! We mingle with friends in social

intercourse, and seem very near to them, yet in reality we know little or nothing of their inner life, and our own heart-history is to others as a sealed book. Monday came, a bright, beautiful day; and in the afternoon Mrs. Capell asked Florence to go to Dallington, ostensibly to procure some trifling article, but really to give her an opportunity to visit her brother. Florence gladly consented, and reached Edward's lodging about four o'clock, and on inquiring for him, Mrs. Graham told her that she was expecting him in every minute to tea, and invited her to go in and wait. Florence did so, and her heart warmed at once to the good old lady, and as she looked upon the kind, motherly face, the girl instinctively felt that its possessor was a Christian. There are faces which seem to bear Christ's impress, and Mrs. Graham's was one of these, and that afternoon a friendship sprang up between her and Florence, which in after days proved very helpful to the latter. In a short time Edward came in. He appeared anxious and unhappy, though he strove to conceal it, and there was a worn expression in his deep blue eyes which pained Florence sadly. He greeted her affectionately, and they sat down to tea. Florence noted how silent he was, and her heart ached for him, for she could tell he was very wretched. How she longed to assure him of her sympathy, and ask him to confide in her, but his reserved manner restrained her, and the meal ended in silence.

HOW THE FAITHFUL DISCHARGE OF A PARENT'S DUTY CARRIED ITS OWN BLESSING ALONG WITH IT.

A Swiss pastor, and a very zealous servant of Christ, thus speaks of his parents—"When my father settled in life he had a fair prospect before him, though without a penny; he was remarkably clever in his trade, that of a locksmith, and enjoyed perfect health and strength. My mother brought him a little fund, and was herself a most active, energetic person, who carried order and economy to their utmost limits. They had but two children, my sister and myself, and we hardly ever knew a day's sickness; notwithstanding all these blessings, poverty

stared us more than once in the face, for alas! drink, the bane of our beautiful country, was again at work. My father was too easily led; he made one or two rash and unlucky speculations, lent away my mother's money, became security for some mean-minded persons whom he took for his friends and who deceived him cruelly, and then he sought oblivion in the bottle. All those scenes are strongly impressed on my memory; how my mother, brutally beaten by her husband, used to run for shelter to her own aged mother, who lived in the same town; how she had many a time to spend the night on the bare stones of the kitchen, being turned out of the room by her drunken husband. She was far from meek, and instead of soothing my wretched father when he was beside himself, she estranged him more and more by bitter reproaches, which, though well-founded, were often ill-timed. For many years things went on worse and worse; my father repeatedly spent whole nights in his guilty pleasures, and was far gone on the road of a settled drunkard; utter ruin opened its abyss close to our feet, when God's mercy intervened. When I was sixteen I left school (in our canton the law compels parents to send their children to school up to that age); I must now decide on my future course of life, and the best, indeed the only opening, appeared to be my father's trade. I began to work in the forge, but with ill-concealed dislike. Questioned by my parents, I at last avowed my long-cherished wish of becoming a minister. How they could have hoped for a single moment to raise the necessary funds to such an end will ever remain a problem to me. He only, who holdeth our hearts in His hand, and turneth them whithersoever He will as the rivers of water, could have put it into their minds to promise aid and furtherance to their son's undertaking. A fortnight after the day I first entered the forge, I started for the academy at L—, and from that hour my father was never again seen to be intoxicated. From that very period his trade was blessed in a wonderful manner; orders came from all sides; more and more assisting hands had to be engaged. When I think how, during the whole course of my studies, my parents were able to meet every one of my wants, and went on my behalf to more than usual expenses, for I made a lengthened stay in some of the universities of

Germany, and being ill for a year immediately after my ordination. I had to travel in Italy; when I remember all this, I can but recall at the same time the widow of Zarephath, her barrel of meal and her cruse of oil. My father and I had entered, as it were, into a sort of unspoken alliance. It was evident that whilst I studied earnestly and diligently, his activity seemed to increase every day, and truly the more funds had to be raised the more the orders for the farge poured in. A strong and permanent love sprang up between the son and his faithful parent, and having once so energetically turned into the right path, he never left it again, but retired from business in the latter part of his life, having secured a handsome independence for his wife and children. What is more than all this, his old age was adorned with the crown of true piety; he had long been as gentle and steady in his habits, as he had once been rough and unruly. He died in faith and in the peace of his Saviour, whom I bless for having made me, though passively, the instrument of my dear father's conversion."

A. B. DE V.

"SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY."

In an old churchyard stood a stone;
 Weather-marked and stained,
 The hand of time had crumbled it,
 So only part remained.
 Upon one side I could just trace
 "In memory of our mother;"
 An epitaph, which spoke of "home,"
 Was chiselled on the other.

I'd gazed on monuments of fame,
 High, towering to the skies;
 I'd seen the sculptured marble stone
 Where a great hero lies;
 But by this epitaph I paused,
 And read it o'er and o'er,
 For I had never seen inscribed
 Such words as these before.

"She always made home happy." What
 A noble record left!
 A legacy of memories sweet
 To those she loved, bereft.

And what a testimony given
By those who knew her best,
Engraver on this plain, rude stone
That marked their mother's rest.

It was a humble resting place,
I knew that they were poor,
But they had seen their mother sink
And patiently endure.
They had marked her cheeful spirit,
When bearing one by one,
Her many burdens up the hill
Till all her work was done.

So, when was stilled her weary heart,
Folded her hands so white,
And she was carried from the home
She'd always made so bright,
Her children raised a monument
That money could not buy,
As witness of a noble life
Whose record is on high.

A noble life ! but written not
In any book of fame,
Among the list of noted ones
None ever saw her name.
For only her own household knew
The victories she had won,
And none but they could testify
How well her work was done.

Better than costly monument
Of marble rich and rare,
Is that rude stone whose humble face
Such words of honour bear.
O, may we chisel on the hearts
Of those at home we love,
An epitaph whose truth may be
Witnessed for us above.

S. T. P.

FOUR SISTERS IN HEAVEN.—No. VI.

THE day after her mamma's departure Jennine seemed quite accustomed to her new position, and amused herself with her cousins. On seeing her mamma's other sister, who lived a little distance in the country, she began to speak of her mamma and

Miss B——, repeating from time to time: “If I had known! If I had known! It was arranged that day, as Mrs. L—— did not wish to interfere with the studies of the little girls, that she should take them home with her every Sunday, after divine service, and keep them until Monday morning. This arrangement gave the little girls great pleasure. Jemima’s aunt was well pleased with her conduct at her studies, and particularly with the progress she made with music. She had at first not cared much for it, but when she was reminded of the pleasure it would give her parents to hear her play some little airs she took more delight in it. She very much longed to see her parents again; often she asked how many weeks or days before Miss B—— would come to fetch her. Jemima was very much beloved by her relations, and especially by her uncle, to whom she was very much attached. She had long prayed that God would give her a new heart, and He, at this time, evidently drew her heart nearer to Himself. It was apparent that she was being prepared for her departure as the end of her interesting life approached. In speaking to her aunt one day of the illness which she had four years before, she said: “If I had died then, I should now have been in heaven with my two sisters, should I not?” At another time she said quite joyously, “If I died, should you wear mourning?” You would be sad, wouldn’t you? On the last Sabbath she spent on earth, she asked her aunt, Mrs. L——: “Do you think, aunt, that we shall know each other in heaven; I hope I shall know Emily, I remember her well; but Elizabeth, I remember only her figure, and I am afraid I shall not know her.” During the week, Jemima continually asked her aunt if they should go on Saturday to the pastor’s house. “Yes, if it is fine,” her aunt replied. The last day of her pilgrimage on earth arrived. On the Saturday, Jemima, gay, joyous, and full of health, went with her aunt and cousin Anne to the minister’s house, where some ladies were accustomed to meet to work for the poor. The two cousins assisted the more willingly at these meetings that they met with the minister’s little daughter, to whom they were much attached. The three little girls worked with the others for some time, and then they were allowed to go into the garden to amuse them-

selves with some sweetmeats which were given them. While there, one of the servants met them, and said to Jemima, "You are come to see us again then." "Yes, for this time; but in a fortnight I shall go to my dear mamma." Just then, little Louise ran to her, saying, "Will you come with me to carry this letter to papa." "No," said Jemima, "I am afraid of the dog." This dog was chained near the cistern at a short distance from the house. Afterwards, Mr. A——, the minister, seeing her alone upon the lawn, said to her, "What are you doing, my child?" "I am amusing myself," she said; and these were her last words. Some few minutes after, a cry of alarm was heard from the direction of the cistern, near to which was a workman: "A child has fallen into the water!" Mrs. M——, Jemima's aunt, was the first to rush into the garden. "Which, which?" she cried, in a distracted tone. "Is it the one with the pink dress?" And we can judge of her dismay when, on approaching nearer, she saw the inanimate form of her dear little niece. Not a moment had been lost. Mr. A—— had arrived first, and had got some steps and descended into the cistern, and in less than three minutes he had brought out the child; her eyes were half open, and a smile was on her lips, but she was in a state of complete unconsciousness. Mr. A——, with the hope of restoring her, sent immediately for a medical man. In the meantime, every effort which could be thought of was resorted to in order to restore animation. When the doctor arrived other means were employed, but without avail; after some hours of effort and anxiety it was evident the dear child had ceased to live. During all this time the poor aunt remained gazing intently on the already stiffening body of her dear little niece, hoping every moment to see some sign of life. What she felt on learning that no human skill could restore her, it is impossible to describe. "My sister confided her to me!" she repeated without ceasing; "what will she say?" Afterwards she fell into a kind of stupor, her eyes became fixed, and, for a time, they feared for her reason. The other aunt and uncle of Jemima, who, as we have mentioned, lived in the country, nevertheless heard of the accident the same day—and, with what grief! The dear children, companions of Jemima, felt her loss, too, most deeply. But how should this

settlement he made known to Jemima's parents and Miss B——. 2
 Mrs. M——, the uncle at whose house she had been left, wrote
 to Mr. D——, a brother of Jemima's father, to give him the sad
 mission, first announcing verbally to the parents the sad calamity
 which had overtaken them. Her aunt undertook to write to
 Miss B——; she addressed her letter to a friend, begging him
 to see Miss B—— and prepare her for the sad news before
 giving her the letter. She had arisen that morning with the
 intention of writing to Mrs. L—— to fix the time of her arrival
 to fetch Jemima.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

LITTLE MAY'S PRAYER.

“**LITTLE** May sat by the round table in the kitchen, looking very
 serious and rather sad. She might well look sad, poor child, for
 a small piece of bread and a little tea, or rather coloured water,
 drained for the second or third time from the teapot, was all that
 she had had for her breakfast that morning; and there was still
 less in prospect, for the cupboard was quite empty, and so was
 her mother's pocket; there was not a single penny in it. When
 the money was to come from neither May nor her mother could
 tell, for May was too young to work for her living, and her mother
 could not get any work to do. The rent must be paid that week,
 if possible, for the landlord declared he could not wait after that
 time; so that altogether there was much distress in that poor
 dwelling. Little May's mother was a Christian woman; she
 endeavoured to put her trust in God, and to teach her child to do
 the same. But it was hard work to be patient and hopeful when
 want was positively staring them in the face; and the mother's
 heart sank within her as she looked first at May and then at their
 scanty breakfast. She did not care so much about herself, but
 she could not bear to see her little one without sufficient food to
 eat. She tried to speak cheerfully to keep up May's spirits, and
 when she found it was impossible to do so, and that in spite of all
 her efforts she could not restrain her tears, she told May to put
 on her bonnet and run about out of doors; it was a pleasant

morning, and the air would darken soon. She felt that she could bear her trouble better alone. So May went, like a dutiful child, although she would rather have stayed with her mother. Poor little May! She went on and on for some time, wondering what would become of them, and wishing she could do something to help her mother. But at length the nice fresh air, which swept over her pale face, seemed to soothe and cheer her, and she felt less sad than when she set out. She began to gather the flowers which grew on each side of her path, and they were so fine, and smelt so sweet, that while plucking them, and forming them into a large nosegay, she almost, if not quite, forgot her dimmerless home. But in seeking for flowers, May had not reflected how far she was going; and now she felt tired, for she had come a long way. There was a large log of wood lying beside a white gate close by, and she sat down on it to rest herself. This gate was the entrance to a long garden and shrubberies which led to a handsome-looking house; but little May was so weary with her ramble, and so troubled with her sad thoughts, that she did not notice either the garden or the house. She sat for some time, the soft tears falling like rain-drops on her flowers, till the chirp of some sparrows which were looking about for their lunch, and one of which had descended to pick up a crumb not far from her feet, aroused her, and made her lift up her head. She watched the bird as it flew off with its prize, and then she remembered a verse which she had learned on the last Sabbath—"Behold, the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. And ye not much better than they?" "Surely," said May, "if God feeds the sparrows, He can give us some bread. I will ask Him." So May kneeled down, and in her own childish, simple language, asked help from her heavenly Father. She was always in the habit of praying aloud, and feeling that she was alone, she did the same now. "I am so hungry," pleaded little May, in her clear, earnest tones, "and mother is hungry too. We have no bread left, and no money to buy any. Please to send us some." This was the substance of her prayer, and she rose up with a lightened heart, for she believed that God had heard her, and that He would in some way supply their need. Oh, what a comfort

it is, even to little children, to pray when they are in trouble! We shall see next month how May's prayer was answered.

THREE IN HEAVEN.

Another little spirit, severed from its earthly tenement and gone to its eternal rest, another flower gathered in its early days to bloom in a sunnier clime; another little seat vacant by the cottage hearth. First one, then a second, and now a third taken from the band on earth, and walking the golden streets in robes of white; they are far happier there than here, for no stain of sin can mar their young lives now they have crossed the river to the better land.

"They have passed the shining portals, they are safe within the halls. They have gazed with faces radiant on the wondrous jasper walls. Where the sea hath spent its surges, and the waves die on the shore, They are safe from storm and tempest, and at home for evermore."

In that everlasting home where they are gathered their little feet will never grow weary, as they doubtless would in treading life's thorny pathway on earth; their infant voices will never tire of singing the angel songs before the throne of God. It was a trial for the sorrowing parents to part with the loved ones, to lay their dear little ones beneath the cold earth, and know that they shall never see them here again; but a gracious loving Father "doeth all things well." The Lord had need of these flow'ers gay, and He has taken them to His home. Weeping little playmates, and mourning parents, you see them not now, for earthly eyes cannot pierce through the veil and see those white-robed forms in glory; their angel songs are not heard by ears of mortal mould. They cannot return to you, but you can go to them; yes, you have the blessed assurance that if you live for Christ, when your mortal shall put on immortality you will meet the loved ones who are gone before, in that bright unchanging land, where there shall be no night and no more tears, and where the weary shall be for ever at rest.

"A rest from weary turmoil, from sin and danger free,
Where every weary pilgrim shall rest eternally."

AGNES.

TWO HOMES.

THE foundry bell rang, and Matthews hastened home to his breakfast. The first sound that met his ears on opening the door of his house was the squalling of children, while his other senses were regaled with a bad smell of ashes and steam, and the sight of his wife in the act of mopping up a puddle of brown and white slop, which was spreading itself over the floor. The character of Matthews' home comfort generally might be seen in his wife's dress on the morning in question. Her uncombed hair sticking out under the border of a dingy night-cap, her gown open behind, apron hanging by only one string, and boots dirty and unlaced, gave her the appearance of a thorough slattern. Her husband was up to work regularly at six, but she lay in bed till the last minute, and then all was hurry to get breakfast ready in time. On this morning as usual she brought down the baby, which lay screaming in the cradle. A little boy tired of being left alone had crawled to the top of the stairs, and there sat crying in turn. Mrs. Matthews had made the coffee and put the milk on to boil, and had only just run up to stop the noisy, undressed urchin on the stairs when she heard the milk boiling over, and hurrying to snatch it off the fire she upset the coffee-pot, and was mopping up the wasted beverage as her husband entered. She eyed him with an angry frown, meant to show she was not afraid. He said nothing, but looked round. On one side were the supper-things of the night before—on the other the extinguished fire—in front the table covered with dust, and the sloppy floor. He turned on his heel and went to breakfast at a coffee-house, which he had visited so often under similar circumstances, that he looked upon it as a much more comfortable place than his own house.

Richard Cooper, also a workman at the same foundry, went to his breakfast at the same hour. No sooner did he open the door leading to the kitchen, than a little girl, tidy and clean, ran for a kiss, and a little boy just able to crawl seemed eager to jump from his mother's arms. Richard's wife was a prim little body, always neatly dressed, never looking slatternly even when at

work. The room was cheerful and clean, breakfast quite ready, the bright coffee-pot stood steaming on the hob, and a dish of porridge and milk on the table for the children.

Richard snapped his fingers to the little boy, kissed the girl, lifted them both into their chairs, and sat down opposite his wife, looking, and feeling very happy. His half-hour's visit to his family every morning sent him back to his work with renewed hope and confidence. The immediate cause of his comfort and good temper lay in his wife's habits of early rising and prudent management. See the *value* of order and cleanliness! They carry with them comfort and pleasure to all concerned, and hence they are *duties*. God's law, "thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," is broken by everything done so as to make others uncomfortable and unhappy. Let the blessed law of love to God and to man rule in the heart through Jesus Christ, and it will lead to personal peace, and to orderly, cleanly homes.

MOTHERLESS MINNIE.

WHEN thinking on God's care for the motherless ones, I am reminded of my little friend, Minnie T——, who became a confirmed invalid when only twelve years old, through a spinal affection which quite deprived her of the use of her legs. I had heard of the death of Mrs. T—— through consumption, which was quickly followed by that of her eldest daughter, to whom she had left the care of her five younger children; and this led me to feel more interested, perhaps, in Minnie, for I had not known the family previously. I received so kind a welcome on my first visit that it led me frequently to call; sometimes I would take a few flowers or a new book for the dear little invalid. I generally found her alone, for her sisters were away at school and her father engaged in business; the kind motherly person who took charge of the little household had not much time to spare to go and sit with Minnie; but the dear child never appeared lonely; she had one heavenly Friend, whom her sainted mother had taught her to love, always with her, and His presence cheered and sustained her. I shall never forget going to see her one bright sunny day. On my way I had passed many groups of

happy children full of life and merriment, and the thought that I should find poor Minnie laid as usual on her couch, unable even to walk across the floor, made me feel quite sad. When I went into the room she welcomed me with her usual bright smile; after we had been talking a little time, I said, almost without thought, "Minnie, do you never feel inclined to be discontented and murmur when you think how many pleasures you are deprived of which other children enjoy?" She thought a moment, and then, looking up, answered with a smile, "No, I never do, I think; because you know if it had not been for this affliction I might never have thought about God." Minnie was anxious to do something to benefit others. She heard of a little orphan who had gone to live with a relative in the neighbourhood. The child was left almost destitute, and Minnie thought it would be so nice if she could make different little things and sell them for her benefit. Her plan succeeded, and she had the great pleasure of contributing by this means several pounds for the orphan's benefit. It may be said of dear Minnie, "She did what she could." But her working days were soon past, her health gradually declined, symptoms of the disease which had deprived her of her mother and sister appeared; but death had no terrors to Minnie, she spoke so calmly about it. I went to see her on the Sunday previous to her death; she told me one of her sisters, who was at home for the holidays, had been reading a sermon to her on the Christian not seeing death; we talked about it, and then joined in singing her favourite hymn: "Jesus, lover of my soul." She looked perfectly happy. I left her reluctantly, and little imagined when I called the following Tuesday that dear Minnie was so near her heavenly home. On going again, on Friday, the closed shutters made my heart sick. I found my fears were but too true: Minnie was at rest. The evening previous, a beloved aunt had come to spend Christmas with the family. Minnie was delighted to see her. When bedtime came her aunt said she would sit up awhile with her. They had much to talk about, and Minnie was very animated. She felt faint towards one in the morning, and had a cup of tea; soon after, all at once, she said, "Oh, aunt, I do feel so strange; do you think I am going to die?" Her aunt saw she was very

ill, and proposed calling the rest of the family, but Minnie said, "No, don't. They were all tired, and it was late when they went to bed. I may be better." She was always so thoughtful for others, so free from selfishness. After a little time, she said, "I do think I *am* going to die, but you know it will only be going to be with Jesus; will it, aunt?" She was willing that her dear father and the rest should be called. When they came into the room, she spoke a few words to each, and then asked them all to kneel while she prayed with them; they were astonished at her language. The effort exhausted her, but after a long pause she broke the silence by saying, "Next Wednesday will be Christmas day." "Yes, darling," her aunt said, thinking how sadly they should miss her. "I shall keep Christ's birthday with Him in heaven," Minnie joyfully said, adding, "Won't that be delightful?" "You will see your mother, Minnie, and your sister." "Oh, but I shall see Jesus, that will be best of all," she responded. She sent messages to different friends, "I should have liked Miss C—— to have been with me when I die," alluding to myself. "But it is too early to go for her; give my love to her, and tell her that dying is not death to the believer. The Christian does not see death," referring to our conversation the Sunday before. Only once was the enemy permitted to try to disturb the peace of the dying girl. "If I should have been deceiving myself," she said, "Oh, if I should!" Passages of scripture were repeated which gave her comfort, and again she rejoiced, and continued to do so, until she fell asleep in Jesus about five o'clock the next morning. Those who were present love to speak of the happy death-bed scene. Very often I think of my dear little friend Minnie and her words: "If it had not been for this affliction I might never have thought about God." Happy child to have been led thus early to feel the truth of those words: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." The father, mother, and three children have now met in that land where "the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick;" and when I think of my home above, the recollection that dear Minnie is among the loved ones in heaven, who are awaiting me, is very pleasant.

KATE.

"RIGHT FROM HEAVEN."

In a miserable cottage at the bottom of a hill, two children were hovering over a smouldering fire. A tempest raged without—a fearful tempest, against which man and beast were alike powerless. A poor old miser, much poorer than these shivering children, though he had heaps of money at home, drew his ragged cloak about him as he crouched down at the threshold of the miserable door. He dared not enter for fear they would ask pay for shelter, and he could not move for the storm. "I am hungry, Nettle." "So am I; I have hunted for a potato-paring, but I can't find any." "What an awful storm!" "Yes, the old tree has blown down. I guess God took care that it didn't fall on the house. See, it would certainly have killed us." "If He could do that could He not send us some bread?" "I guess so; let's pray—'Our Father;' and when we come to that part, stop till we get some bread." So they began, and the miser, crouching and shivering, listened. And when they paused, expecting in their childish faith to see some miraculous manifestation, a humane feeling stole into his heart. He had bought a loaf at the village, thinking it would last him a great many days; but the silence of the two children spoke louder to him than the voice of many waters. He opened the door softly, threw in the loaf, and listened to the wild, eager cry of delight that came from the half-famished little ones. "It dropped right from heaven, didn't it?" questioned the younger one. "Yes; I mean to love God for giving us bread because we asked Him." "We'll ask Him every day, won't we? Why I never thought God was so good, did you?" "Yes, I always thought so, but I never quite knew it before." "Let's ask Him to give father work to do all the time, and we need never be hungry again. He'll do it, I'm sure."

The storm passed; the miser went home. A little flower had sprung up in his heart; it was no longer barren. In a few weeks he died, but not before he had given the cottage, which was his, to the poor labouring man. And the little children ever felt a sweet and solemn emotion, when in their morning devotion they came to these words—"Give us this day our daily bread."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE MOTHER.

It has been truly said, "The first being that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor in his heart's difficulty is his mother." She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardihood induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her, his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instils the lesson of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labour is not in vain. She may drop into the grave, but she has left behind her influences that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped, and will do its office.

If we only loved our friends as well before they die as we do afterwards, what a happy world this would be.

NO ROOM ON EARTH.

A MOTHER who was preparing some flour to make into bread, left it for a few moments, when little Mary, with childish desire to see what it was, reached up and took hold of the dish, which fell to the floor, spilling its contents. The mother struck the child, saying in anger that she was always in the way. Two weeks after, little Mary sickened and died. On her death-bed, while delirious, she asked her mother if there would be room for her among the angels. "I was always in your way, mother. You had no room for little Mary; and will I now be in the angel's way? Will they have no room for me?"

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Obey your Parents. Birmingham: Caswell.

A wee book, full of instances of children who have obeyed their parents, and have reaped the reward of their conduct.

Merry and Wise. London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

An exceedingly interesting number of this little magazine.

A Sheet of instructions for the Prompt Treatment of Accidents and Emergencies has been published by W. H. Collingridge, of the "City Press."

It would be well if every mother would obtain this; she would often find it of great service.

TRY KINDNESS.—No. 2.

Mrs. WIGHT felt too proud to acknowledge her failure to her neighbour, and determined not to think of the matter as hopeless—she would try again. Fred seemed to be the only one she meant to practise upon, for both husband and daughter bore testimony to the fact that she was by no means improved in temper. Fred gathered these facts from his sister, so he most assiduously avoided being alone with his mother. Three days passed in this manner, when the elements, as if propitious to Mrs. Wight's plans, compelled Fred to keep within doors. After the duties of the household were performed, Mrs. Wight sat by the kitchen fire and proceeded to sew new buttons on her husband's coat. Fred began to look rather alarmed, and fidgetted uneasily; his mother, much to his surprise, sewed several on very deliberately without speaking; at length, giving a little preparatory cough, she said, in a very quiet tone, "Fred, I do wish you would try to be good; you cannot think how your wicked ways do grieve me." The boy coloured and hung down his head. "You will try, won't you, my boy, to be good?" asked his mother. Fred's lip began to tremble. "I'll never do it again," he said, in a very vehement tone. "Do what?" "Why cut the buttens off father's coat; it wasn't because I wanted them, only you was so cross, I thought you might as well have something to be cross about; but I'll never do it again; I would never do anything to vex you, mother, if you would always speak as kind as you have to-day." Mrs. Wight's heart swelled with pride as she thought of the victory she had achieved over her own temper and refractory son, and began to wonder what power kindness would have in keeping her husband away from the alehouse. She kept her failure to herself, but her triumph she certainly must tell to her neighbour; so patting on her pattens she went to Mrs. Long's. She lifted the latch, and, leaving her pattens at the door, entered a pretty parlour—Mrs. Long's best room. Four children sat on the hearthrug, two playing with a box of bricks, one pricking her little fingers trying to make dolly a new frock, the eldest was reading aloud an interesting story-book. "How very comfortable you look in here, Mrs. Long; how is it that you have lit a fire in

your best room?" asked Mrs. Wight. "Oh, John likes to be comfortable after his day's work; nothing looks more cheering to a tired man than a bright fireside, unless it is a smiling wife," she added, in a cheerful tone. Mrs. Wight told her friend how she had succeeded, and when leaving said, "You see I'm not so weak as you supposed." On entering her own home again she looked round her best room, and wondered whether she should make it look as inviting as the one she had just left. "It will spoil the look of it," she thought; "but never mind, I must clean it up again." So the paper cuttings were taken out of the polished grate, and soon the room looked quite comfortable. "He will come home early to-night, then I'll give him a good talking to: in a quiet and serious manner I mean." So thought Mrs. Wight; but, unfortunately, she had her bright fireside entirely to herself. She had sent Fred and his sister into the village to make some purchases, so that she might have plenty of time to talk seriously with her husband. Mrs. Wight sat thinking and resolving, and once positively looked into the small glass hanging over the mantel-shelf to see how she looked when smiling, and liked the reflection so much that she sat down with a strange kind of a smirk on her countenance. The shadows of evening deepened, and still no husband returned to his home; so when Fred returned from the village he was sent off post-haste to his father's usual resort, the ale-house, to ask him to come home. She could hardly restrain herself within doors, so impatient was she to see what effect her altered behaviour would have on her husband; but, alas for all human strength! Mrs. Wight's was to be severely tested: she was disturbed from a very pleasant reverie by hearing Fred's voice calling, "Mother, he won't come in." Down tumbled all the airy castles she had been erecting that evening, and all her good resolutions were buried in their ruins, as on opening the door she saw her husband, in a state of intoxication, trying to get away from the firm grasp of his son. "I'll see whether he won't," said a voice, strongly resembling Mrs. Wight's old shrill tones, and soon the miserable man was hustled in. Then such a volley of reproaches and angry threats were showered down upon him; the scene waxed hotter and more disgraceful. The door gently opened, and kind-hearted Mrs. Long

made her appearance. "Blessed are the peacemakers." Anger fled before her, and she did not leave her friend till she was in a softened mood and could listen to the voice of reason. What a difference between the two women! the one passionate and overbearing; the other, gentle, full of charity and Christian love.

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE—No. 7.

THE cool air of evening was taking the place of the sultry afternoon as Edward put on his hat to accompany his sister back to Rosedale. They soon passed through the busy thoroughfares of the town, and gained the green meadows all besprinkled with wild flowers. Edward was very silent, and though Florence tried to maintain a conversation her efforts failed, for he only replied in monosyllables, and appeared lost in thought. So they walked on until they reached the churchyard-gate, then Florence looked up half enquiringly, half pleadingly, into the face of her brother. He seemed to understand her, for he opened the gate that she might pass in, and then followed her until they stood side by side by their mother's grave. Tears came into Florence's eyes as she gazed, and by the quiver that passed through her brother's frame she could tell that he was deeply agitated, though for some minutes he spoke not a word; then with a deep sigh came the ejaculation, "My poor mother!" spoken in a tone of anguish that could not be disguised.

Florence looked up into his pale, troubled face, and gently said, "Not *poor* now, dearest Edward; *hers* is the rest, *ours* the struggle." He half groaned and turned away. Then in a suppressed tone he said, "And a fierce struggle it is too, Florence; but what of those who give up and yield to the enemy, who have not the moral courage to oppose the wrong and embrace the right?" The girl hardly knew what to reply, but with an earnest prayer for help she said simply, "God's grace is sufficient for each and for every one." He smiled sadly as he replied, "Ah, you do not know—your life and mine are quite opposite to each other; you cannot understand what life is in the busy world—what it is in our office, Florence, or you would lose some of your trustful faith, and your pity would suffer from contact." Florence

was silent for a moment, then she said earnestly, "Edward, I would sooner die than give up what faith I have; life would not be much to me without it." "Perhaps not now, but, Florence, you will feel differently in a few years; you are young yet, and your Christian life is in its first ardour, but by and by you will form new ties, new associations, and naturally lose much of the trust which you now possess." Florence looked, and earnestly asked, "Why need it be so, dear Edward; why should new ties and associations usurp the place so gladly accorded to Christ when one enters His service?" He shook his head and replied, "I do not know, but I judge from other professing Christians; I never knew one yet who preserved through life the energy and consistency of conduct with which Christian life is generally commenced." Florence grasped his arm firmly and pointed to the grave before her as she said almost sternly, "Remember her, Edward, for *she did*." The tears stood in his eyes as he turned away and drew her arm within his own: "Yes, yes, I know *she did*," he said fervently; "if ever there was a good woman my mother was one." Florence was silent until they had passed the churchyard boundary, and stood in the beautiful lane again; then in a low troubled voice she said, "Will you not tell me a little about yourself, dear Edward? what is it that troubles you so?" He looked at her, but did not reply at once; after a short pause he said, "Florence, I despise myself; I am a real coward, and a stranger to true strength of character. Only yesterday I firmly resolved to do and be better for the future, but a laugh and a few sneering words from Craig this morning have overruled all my resolves, and once again I am entangled in that which I had firmly determined to break through." Then he related to her the events of the Sunday which we have already recorded, and ended by saying, "Cardeaux is dismissed, for he firmly refused to comply; but I, weak, wavering mortal that I am, had not the courage to stand my ground, consequently I am in the same position as before, reckless and miserable. I hate this Sunday work, I am wretched in it, but I know not what to do." Florence's imploring face looked up to his, and she said earnestly, while the large tears stood in her eyes, "Edward, remember mamma's last words! Oh, can you ever forget them? do not yield, turn back now at once and take your stand as a

man—as a man who has the fear of God before his eyes, and never care for sneers and scoffing. Promise me that you will, my dearest brother.” They had reached the gate leading to the farm, and the slanting moonbeam fell upon her upturned, pale face, and her voice was low and beseeching as she spoke. Edward bent to kiss her, but did not give her the required promise. She detained his hand and again said pleadingly, “Promise me that you will.” In a low tone he replied, “I dare not, for if I did, I should most probably break my word. Now, good night, darling, don’t make yourself miserable about me, I am not worth it.” But she could not let him go thus, though the shadows of night were closing around, and already the clock had struck ten; so she turned once more to him, and stilling the great agony of her spirit, she said, calmly and earnestly, “Remember, I shall always pray for you, my brother;” and with another look of love she disappeared up the garden walk, leaving him alone beneath the stars. For a minute or two he stood watching her retreating figure, then, with a heavy sigh, turned in the direction of Dallingstone. It was a clear, beautiful night, and Edward Lyle had always been an admirer of nature; so, when he reached an old rustic bridge at the end of Rosedale Lane, he bared his head and stood to gaze on the scene around. Old memories came rushing upon him, for how often had he stood there as a boy, with his mother, listening to her gentle voice, and now there came vividly to his recollection a scene which had occurred on the same bridge ten years before, when he was a school-boy. He had been strongly urged by some of his companions to join them in an act contrary to the rules of the school, and was almost overcome by their persuasions, but could not rest without telling his mother; he remembered how she looked at him, and repeated the lines—

“When companions seek to taunt
Judgment into sin,
When the loud laugh fain would daunt
Your better voice within;

“Then, oh then, let courage rise
To its strongest flow,
Show that ye are brave as wise,
And firmly answer, ‘No!’”

Indelibly were the words impressed on his memory, and strangely they suited his present condition. Over and over again he repeated them as he walked along, thinking of her who had taught them to him, who was now as one of the glad throng round the throne.

WHO TAUGHT YOU TO SWEAR?

MANY years ago, when there were few railroads, a party set out from a distant city for a long, weary journey by stage coach. Amid all their discomforts they had one great pleasure. The youthful driver was very cheerful, and seemed intent on making his passengers as much so as lay in his power. Many a weary mile over wretched roads was beguiled by his merry whistle or lively song. The rains poured, the horses lagged, but heard above the winds was the carolled air of "Home, sweet home," or some other domestic melody. Now that is the *bright side* of our young stage driver. Alas! that there should be two sides to everything! Before the party halted after the first day's journey, the jaded horses felt they had gone as far as was profitable. Our hero on the box coaxed, whistled, patted, and at last whipped them, but still they dragged heavily on; when at length, losing all patience, the pleasant sounds that had cheered the inside passengers were changed. There did not seem to be passion in the tones, but having tried all other motives to speed, the driver now began to swear—as if profanity could impel forward a worn-out horse. Some of the passengers were unmoved, but others could say with the prophet, "The reproaches of them that reproached thee fell on me." Among the passengers was an aged minister. He said nothing at the time, but when they stopped for the night he made himself quite familiar with the young driver, asking him questions about his business and his horses, manifesting an interest in all that he found interested him. When ready to start at break of day, he asked permission to sit on the box, that he might see the country, and talk with him, "for," said he, "I'm very fond of the company of young men." This familiarity and condescension completely won the heart of the youth; and in the kindest manner he gave all the

information in his power to the old gentleman. "You're a minister, are you?" he asked after a little while. "Yes, my friend, I am a Baptist minister." "A Baptist minister, are you?" he said; "why my mother's a Baptist, and when I get home I'll tell her about you;" and strong filial love beamed in his eye. "Is your mother a *good woman*?" asked the old man. "Indeed she is, sir," replied the affectionate son; "I owe her everything. I don't know a single thing which she did not teach me." "Are you sure of that, my young friend?" "Yes, sir, for my father died when I was very small, and left us poor. We were three or four miles from a school, and as I was her *all*, sir, she couldn't trust me so far from her all day. So she taught me at home till we moved away from there, and then I was old enough to go to work. Yes, sir, I will tell it to her credit, she taught me all I know." "Did she teach you to swear, my son?" cried the old gentleman, in a stentorian voice, and clapping his hand heavily on the driver's shoulder, "Tell me, did your mother teach you to swear?" The youth looked thunderstruck. He coloured deeply, and hung his head in silence. When he looked up there was none of that dogged insolence which we sometimes see in persons who have been justly reproved; no look of defiance: no; even in his sin he showed the gentle touches of that mother's moulding hand. "I'm mortified, sir," he said, "that you heard me swear last night to my horses. I was *very tired*, and very anxious to reach L——." "And did your horses feel the oath more than the whip, my friend? We inside could not discover that they were at all influenced by it," said the minister. "Of course not, sir; and as to my mother *teaching* me to swear, she does not know that I ever took a profane word on my lips. I hope she never will know it, for I believe it would break her heart. I know as well as any minister can teach me that swearing is a low, wicked, as well as useless practice; but I've been thrown into a good deal of bad company in my business, and have fallen into the habit, hardly knowing when I do it. I *forget* when I lose my patience." "Do you forget when at home with your mother?" "Never; her presence forbids it. I could not swear in her hearing." "And yet you can do so in the hearing of the God you insult—of the Saviour who died for you,"

replied the old man. "God forgive the child of a praying mother for such impiety!" "Sir, I declare with His help that you have heard my last oath," said the young man, deeply moved. "When I left my daughter's house," said the minister, "she put a cake in my trunk. When we part I will give it to you for a present to your mother, if you will promise to tell her how you got it, and all the particulars of our interview. Confess your sin to her and to God, and that, my son, will enable you to keep your good resolution." The driver promised to do so, and after that was never heard to use a coarse or profane word. Oh! what a mighty power does a Christian mother still exercise over her beloved wanderers, restraining them from sin, or drawing them out of its meshes when once ensnared! This little sketch may be familiar to many who have heard the incident from the lips of the aged man, now gone to his rest.

J. D. C.

THE MOTHER'S SORROW AND JOY.

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear the billow's foam,
Survey our empire and behold our home!"

SEACOMBE is a very pretty place; it is on the south-west coast of England, and although not a very great distance from the metropolis it is but little known. It lies in a small valley formed by what appears to be a break in a succession of hills, which run inland from the sea. This valley is about five hundred yards long and one hundred broad. On either side of it the hills rise to a height of about four hundred feet, covered with short grass, on which many sheep feed. The cliffs which face the sea are higher than this in some parts, and along the coast for several miles they are formed of solid rock, quite perpendicular, and washed at the base by the never-resting waves of the English Channel. At Seacombe, when the tide is out, huge rocks are seen for a long distance under the cliffs and in the direction of the ebbing waters. As the waves flow back to the land these rocks are again covered, and woe be to any gallant ship which

approaches too near the iron-bound coast in a storm, for not only is she almost certain to be dashed to pieces upon those sunken rocks, but as there is no shore nor opening except Seacombe for many miles, the ill-fated sailors are almost sure to meet with a watery grave. No friendly beacon throws its warning light over these dangerous waters, and many a noble vessel with all her crew has gone down here to rise no more. The cottage nearest the sea is rather small, but it looks nice, because it is newly whitewashed, and everything about it shows that the proprietor is one who loves order and cleanliness. It is surrounded by a small garden in which are cultivated vegetables and a few flowers. In the cottage window there are some beautiful crimson and white fuschias and cactuses. The furniture of this little cottage is rather scanty and somewhat antique, having been used by three generations of Edward Clifton's family. The fireplace of the small living room is one of the old-fashioned ones, with the fire on the ground and seats in the chimney corner. By the side of the fireplace is a large pile of nets, showing that the owner of this humble dwelling is a fisherman. Across the ceiling lines are stretched for fish to hang upon to dry, and hooks and lines hang in abundance over the mantelshelf. Edward Clifton is a stout-built man, rather short, with a pleasant homely countenance, and with a profusion of light-brown hair covering his really fine head. He is attired in the usual dress of his calling, a blue "guernsey," coarse blue trousers, and very high boots. His wife is a kind, motherly-looking woman of medium stature, whose cheerful, neighbourly disposition and uniformly good example make her loved and respected in all the cottages which compose the little hamlet. Her dress is neat and simple, yet she always appears respectable because she is clean and tidy. She has been the mother of six children, the eldest of whom is dead; his death has been the greatest trouble of her life. When he was but a child she sent him daily to a good school some three miles off, in order that he might be fitted to occupy a higher position in life than his father had. Through the interest of a gentleman whose life his father had saved, the boy was enabled to go to Greenwich School. Here he made great progress in his studies, and obtained a first-class character from the head master for his

diligence and good conduct. At the age of fifteen he was placed on board H.M.S. "Champion," and before he was twenty-four he had attained the position of purser's assistant. When he was at home on leave of absence his mother went with him to see his old schoolmaster, and she felt justly proud of him in his new uniform. Shortly after he returned to his ship she was ordered to sail for Bombay, and this was Richard Clifton's last voyage. He died from the effects of a sun-stroke a short time after the vessel left the Cape. His last words to his friend the purser were, "Please forward this lock of my hair and this Bible to my mother; tell her that I have followed the counsel which she gave me, and that I have tried to serve God in my profession. I give all my effects to her, commend my soul to the mercy of the Most High through Jesus Christ, and I hope to meet her in heaven." As the purser received these tokens for Richard's mother, a tear stole down his cheek which did his manhood honour. He brought them himself to the cottage, and consoled the bereaved parents in a sailor's rough but kindly manner. Matilda Clifton often thinks of the account given by the purser of her son's burial as she sits in the chimney-corner, reading the promise of the resurrection in his well-worn Bible, inside the cover of which is fastened the lock of his hair. The picture is before her where

"They bore his remains to the vessel's side,
And committed them safe to the dark blue tide :
One sullen plunge and the scene is o'er,
The sea rolled on as it rolled before.

* * * * *

"Nor forgotten shall be the humblest one,
Though he sleep in the watery waste alone,
When the trump of the angel sounds with dread,
And the sea, like the earth, gives up its dead."

On an evening in January about two years ago, the family were gathered round the large fire which burned upon the hearth, talking of the roughness of the weather and the probability of any ship which ventured near the coast being wrecked. "How the wind howls," said Thomas, a boy of fourteen, "and how dark it is to-night! Mother, didn't you say that Alfred was coming home soon? I hope he is not off the 'Race' such a

night as this." "Tom," said his father, "do not put such thoughts into your mother's head, for if you do she will not be able to sleep to-night. Alfred is not likely to be in the Channel in such a gale as this. Captain Lyon is much too good a seaman to venture near here with the wind blowing south-sou'-east as it is to-night. The 'Rolla' would be on the rocks, and in pieces almost immediately." "Boom, boom," came the sound of a signal gun upon the wind, telling of the distress of a ship not far off. Edward Clifton left the fire, put on his great thick jacket and sou'-wester, and telling his wife that he should be back soon, went down towards the landing to see if anything could be seen of the ship from which the guns had been fired. He was joined by one of the coastguards, who said, "I do not think we can render any assistance to-night on account of the wind and the darkness." It was indeed an awful night, no star was visible, the snow fell thick and fast, and the gale swept towards the land with terrific violence, causing the sea to be a sheet of foam. As the two men were trying to look through the darkness for the ship in peril, they suddenly saw a rocket go up, and "boom, boom," came the signal gun again. Upon this they called the men of the hamlet together, and lighted a large bonfire near the landing-place, to show the endangered crew that if they could get near in their boats they would find help to land here. The fire had been lighted about an hour, when shouts were heard, "Land ho, there!" and a boat containing the crew of the "Rolla" was thrown on to the rocks of the landing-place with a tremendous crash. As the shipwrecked men got out of the boat they lifted out the senseless body of Alfred Clifton. In the glare of the firelight his father recognized him and thought he was dead, but the men assured him that the youth was only stunned by the shock and would soon recover; then they bore him into his father's cottage, and laid him before the fire. After using the proper restoratives Alfred came to himself, and as he opened his eyes he saw his mother smoothing his long wet hair off his bruised forehead. "Mother," he exclaimed, "thank God I am safe." "Yes, my son," gratefully replied Matilda Clifton, "and in your own home. It is indeed most providential that you were so near Seacombe to-night, for if you had not been I hardly

think you could have been saved." When the family had once more surrounded the supper table, the Bible with the lock of hair inside the cover was read by the rejoicing mother, and they all knelt around the family altar while Edward Clifton offered thanksgivings to Him who rules the raging of the storm, and holds the winds in the hollow of His hand. When Alfred went to bed that night his mother smoothed his pillow, and gave him a loving kiss, as she blessed God that He had spared her second son to her, and that he, like his brother, did not await the resurrection of the dead from the caverns of the sea.

R. A. H.

OUR CHILDREN.

THREE on earth,—and one in heaven !

Three below,—and one above !

These the children Thou hast given,
Father, for our hearts to love.

Three below ;—these little treasures,
Must a pilgrim's garments wear,
And their little feet grow weary,
Bending 'neath a load of care ;

Must partake of sin and suffering,
And the oft-recurring strife—
Feel the joys, the hopes, the sorrows
That pertain to mortal life.

One above,—for ever folded,
Safely to his Saviour's breast,
Clothed in pure, angelic raiment,
Oh ! how early gone to rest.

Father ! though our hearts are mourning
O'er the bond so lately riven,
Yet amid our tears we thank Thee,
We have now a child in heaven.

And we ask if, in Thy wisdom,
This beloved *one* can be
Sent on messages of mercy,
Guardian angel o'er the *three* ?

And we pray for grace and guidance
To perform a parent's part,
For Thy Holy Spirit's presence,
Dwelling in each infant heart.

Oh be Thou their Guide and Guardian,
Through their youth and early days,
That their infant lips may utter
Forth Thy goodness and Thy praise.

AGATHA.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

LITTLE MAY'S PRAYER.—No. 2.

LITTLE MAY did not know her prayer was heard by any one but her Heavenly Father; but it was, and God intended that it should be, for that was the means through which He meant to answer it. On the other side of the thick hedge, which separated the garden from the road, was a gentleman, the master of the house, doing a little gardening, an occupation of which he was very fond. He had listened with some curiosity to the unexpected sound of a child's voice, and little May's touching petitions deeply affected him. He peeped over the hedge and watched her get up from her seat, and begin to retrace her steps without seeing him; and when he had ascertained which way she was going he hastened across a field or two adjoining his grounds, the opposite end of which brought him out into the lane considerably in advance of May, for it was a much shorter cut, and he walked very fast. Then he turned round and walked slowly towards May, that he might meet her as she came up. When she was near enough he stopped and spoke to her, and said: "Have you gathered those pretty flowers?" "Yes, sir," answered May, dropping a low curtsy. "But you would be very glad if you could turn them into a nice loaf of bread, wouldn't you?" May looked up in surprise. "I think you are hungry," he said, "are you not? And you have no bread left at home, have you?" "No, sir," said May, still more astonished. "Nor yet any money to buy some with?" "No, sir," repeated May; "my mother spent all she had yesterday. Have you been to mother's, sir?" she asked half shyly; for how could a stranger know all about their affairs unless he had gained his information from her mother? "No," replied the gentleman with a smile, for he perceived her meaning: "I do not know your mother, and I never saw you before to-day. What is your name?"

"May Thornton, sir." "And where do you live?" "In Prospect Place, sir, just by the old church." "Well, little May, if you will sell me those flowers which you have gathered, I will buy them of you." "Oh, sir, they are not worth buying," said May, her cheeks flushing with pleasure. "I think they are," said the gentleman, "and I should like to carry them to a little girl at my house who does not know where to find them so well as you do. Here is the money for them; go home and tell your mother to get you some dinner with it, and tell her, also, that I am coming to see her soon." He put a shilling into May's hand as he spoke. Oh how happy little May looked and felt! But she hesitated to keep it all. "It is too much, sir," she said, "a great deal too much." "If I buy your flowers," said the gentleman pleasantly, "I must give my own price. Who has given you that money, May?" "You, sir." "But who has sent it to you just now when you so much wanted it?" "God, sir," said little May reverently. "Then don't forget to thank Him for it; always trust in Him, and you will be a happy little girl. And now, run home and see about your dinner." May forgot how tired she was, and went back a great deal faster than she had come, grasping the money very tightly, as if she could hardly persuade herself she really had it. Oh, how joyfully she ran into the cottage and dropped the shilling into her mother's lap! Mrs. Thornton was as surprised and delighted as May had been, and she was as much puzzled as her little girl was to account for the gentleman's acquaintance with their poverty and distress. The more she thought about it the more puzzled she became, so at last she gave it up in despair, and went out with May to spend the shilling. In the evening of the same day May's new friend called, as he had promised, to see them. He sat for a long time talking to May's mother, and asking her many questions, until he understood all about their circumstances and wants. He was glad to find that she was accustomed to do plain needlework, because his wife was just then in want of a seamstress; and he said that if she would come up to his house early the next morning she could have immediate employment, and he also kindly offered to let her have the money which she owed for her rent, and she was to repay him when she was able to do so. Can you

imagine how grateful May's mother felt for this assistance? She did not know until she went in the morning to the gentleman's house how much she owed to little May's prayer.

DECEIVING CHILDREN.

I WAS spending a few days with an intimate friend, and never did I see a more systematic housewife, and, what then *seemed* to me, one who had so quiet and complete control over her child. But the secret of the latter I soon learned. One evening she wished to spend with me at a neighbour's. It was a small social gathering of friends, therefore she was very desirous of going; but her child demanded her presence with him. After undressing him and hearing him *say his prayers*, she said: "Willie, did you not see that pretty little kitten in the street to-day?" "Yes, I did," he replied; "I wish I had her; wasn't she pretty?" "Yes, *very*. Now don't you want me to buy this kitty for you? Perhaps the man will sell her." "Oh yes, mother, do buy her." "Well then, be a good boy while I am gone." Thus saying, she closed the door, but he immediately called her back: "Don't go till morning, then I can go with you; won't you stay?" "No, Willie, the man won't sell it if I don't go to-night; so be a good boy." He said no more, but quietly lay down. "Is this the way you govern your child?" said I, after we had gained the street. "If you but knew the injury you are doing, you would take a different course." "Injury!" she repeated. "Why, what harm have I done? I did not tell him I *would* see the man, I only asked if I *should*." "But you gave him to understand that you would. He is not old enough to detect the deception now, but he soon will be. Then I fear you will perceive your error too late. You have yourself grafted a thorn on the young rose which will eventually pierce you most bitterly. On your return he will not see the kitten, therefore you will have to invent another falsehood to conceal the first." We had now gained our friend's door, which ended our conversation. During the evening she seemed gayer than usual; my words had little or no effect upon her. She did not think her little one was doing all in his power to keep awake to see the coveted kitten on her return,

wondering what "made mother so long." It was late ere I reminded her we ought to return. But little was said during our homeward walk. She went noiselessly into the room, supposing her boy asleep, but he heard her, and said: "Mamma, is that you? Have you brought the kitten? I kept awake to see it, and I was so sleepy." "No, my dear, the man would not sell her." "Why won't he, mother?" he asked with quivering lips. "I don't know; I suppose he wants her to catch rats and mice." "Did he say so, mother?" "He did not say *just* that, but I thought he meant so." "I did want it so much, mamma." The little lips quivered and the tears started to his eyes. He rubbed them with his little hands, winking very fast to keep them back, but they would come; at last he fell asleep with the pearly drops glistening on his rosy cheeks. The mother's glistened also. As she stooped to kiss them away, he murmured softly in his broken slumber, "I did want it *so much*." She turned her wet eyes towards me, saying: "You have led me to see my error. *Never* will I again deceive my child to please myself." Mothers! are any of you practising similar deceptions of any kind or to any extent? If you are, pause and think of the consequences ere it is *too late*. What of your child? And what of the great God of heaven and earth?

FOUR SISTERS IN HEAVEN.—No. VII.

It was about six o'clock in the evening of a beautiful and hot day in the month of July that Mrs. D. was quietly occupied with her work, when she saw her brother-in-law gently cross the yard. She hurried to go and meet him, and was struck to see him looking pale and his eyes full of tears. "You bring some bad news," she said. "What is it? What is it?" "I wish to speak to my brother," he answered sadly; "is he at home?" "Yes, he is in his study, but do tell me!" "No, I wish to speak to my brother a moment." She conducted him to the bottom of the stairs, and would have followed him to the door of the room, but he said, "Do not go up, my sister, I wish to see my brother alone." Then a sad trembling seized Mrs. D.; she had no doubt her brother-in-law had brought some sad news, although

she was far from suspecting the truth. Half-an-hour passed before the gentlemen reappeared, they came down together and entered the room where Mrs. D. awaited them. Mr. D. approached his wife, and taking her hand, said, in a trembling voice, "Prepare yourself, take courage, we must submit." "But what! speak, speak, I pray you! What have you to tell? It is—it is Jemima—Jemima is dead. Oh! my dear little Jemima." Mrs. D. could say no more, her cries and sobs choked her utterance, she buried her face in her hands, while her dear husband and excellent brother-in-law, whose own hearts were breaking, endeavoured to calm her by presenting to her all those words of consolation and encouragement from God's Word which they could think of at that sad time. The poor mother scarcely heard them, she continued to groan and lament. At last, at the end of a quarter of an hour, she raised her head and asked, "Is it by illness or by accident?" "It is an accident," her husband replied with a deep sigh. On hearing this, Mrs. D.'s grief knew no bounds, her heart seemed broken, she felt such distress of mind and body as she had never known before. The dear child, whose death had just been announced to her, she had parted from but a few weeks before, full of health and strength. Only seventeen months had passed since Mrs. D. had lost her cherished daughter while away at school, and for the moment she believed herself under the especial curse of Heaven. These cruel thoughts agitated her until the Lord, in His mercy, applied this passage of the Sacred Scriptures to her broken heart: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every one whom he receiveth." The example of Job, so faithful, although so afflicted, was also blessed to her. Mr. and Mrs. D. knew the source of true consolation, therefore they did not long weep as those who have no hope. They remembered that it is "through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of heaven."

The friend who had to bear the sad tidings of Jemima's death to Miss B. knew not how to commence; he spoke at first of other things, until he had a little prepared her mind, and then he said to Miss B., "Your dear little friend Jemima has been called, not by her earthly father, but by her Father in heaven."

This was a sad blow to Miss B., and her grief was increased when she knew the circumstances attending the sad event. Words of consolation had at first no effect upon the heart of this afflicted friend. However, held up by Him who strikes with one hand and sustains with the other, she did not remain long in the kind of torpor into which the sad news had thrown her. Four days after, Miss B. set out for Bolbec. But she felt much, on her arrival, the difference from the meeting she had anticipated such a short time before. Instead of the rosy, laughing face of her dear little charge, she only met the sad countenances of her weeping friends. "Alas! alas!" they cried in broken accents, "we can no more give her up to you; she has left this world, and we remain to weep." Miss B. wished to see the house where Jemima had spent her last afternoon, the fatal cistern, and the cold tomb where rested the remains of the dear little one. At last she had the courage to return to the parents of the dear child, and to salute them with the words, "May God be praised notwithstanding all!" "Amen," they replied, "and may we be enabled to prove by the grace of God, that His will, whatever it may be, is always good and perfect!"

LITTLE MORRIS'S PRAYER.

"MA, what makes the tears in your eyes to-night?" said little Morris Stanley to his mother as she was preparing him for bed. "Is it because little sister is so sick?" "Yes, my son, I am very much grieved about her." "You don't think she's going to die, do you, ma?" he inquired anxiously. He was a little fellow, scarcely more than three years old, and not only very nervous; but much attached to his little sister; and his mother feared to tell him all her thoughts just as he was going to bed, lest he should be unable to sleep; so she answered evasively, "The doctor says if she is to get well there must be a change for the better before long." "God can make her better, can't He, ma?" "Yes, my dear, if it is best." He sat down quietly in his bath for a moment, and looked into the water in deep thought. Then as his mother lifted him up, he asked, "When

I get out of my bath, may I kneel down and ask God to make sister well?" "Yes, my son, I shall be very glad to have you if you wish it." But the little night gown was hardly fastened when a cry from baby called the mother from Morris, whom she hastily put in his crib, unmindful of her promise to him. Little sister was soon quiet again, and Morris called softly to his mother to remind her of the promise. "Very well, my dear, you can pray now, if you wish." "And may I get out of my crib and kneel down?" "Yes, if you will wait a moment till I can come and help you." "Oh, don't *tumble* yourself, ma, to come; I tink I can get out alone—I'll try;" and suiting the action to the word, he commenced setting himself down, asking, at the same time, if he might say it separate from his other little prayers "*say it all by itself*, and as you do when you pray wid me." His mother bade him say it as he wished, and then as he knelt by his crib, he prayed—"O Fader, we come to thee to make little sister well; the dear child is so bad her can't sit up to play wid me; please make her well, so her can sit up and play wid me, for Christ's sake. Amen." Then he climbed into his crib again; and as his mother went to cover him up, he exclaimed joyously, "There, ma! I so glad now, for I guess her'll get well," and nestling down on his pillow he was soon asleep.

Through the long hours of the night the parents watched anxiously over the little sufferer, with their hearts echoing little Morris's prayer, when just before dawn there appeared a decided improvement in the symptoms of the disease. Not long afterwards, the mother heard a rustling in the little boy's crib, and looking towards it saw Morris sitting up, looking like the picture of "Little Samuel;" and he whispered, "Is sister better yet?" Mrs. Stanley folded her arms about him, and answered with a kiss as expressive as her words; and the little fellow exclaimed with quiet exultation, "I to 't God would make her well, when I asked Him last night." Who shall say that the little fellow's faith was not true faith, or that it is not the want of just such trust as this which hinders the answer to the so-called prayers of older persons?

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

"WHAT SHALL WE DO WITHOUT A FATHER?"

NEVER shall I forget these words once spoken to me by an elder sister; I was then a little girl eight years old. We were hurrying to the room where lay our only surviving parent, a dear father, struggling with the last enemy. In my childish simplicity I put the same question to him. With a countenance glowing with the light of heaven he laid his thin, white hands upon our little heads and said, "God will be your Father; pray to Him every day; He will never leave you nor forsake you." How that answer soothed our anguish! and when our father was gone, and a sense of loneliness would creep over us, the remembrance of that sweet promise repeated to us by him when dying always seemed to relieve our desolate hearts.

REMEMBER THIS.

THERE is no greater obstacle in the way of success in life than trusting for something to turn up, instead of going steadily to work and turning up something.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Young Man setting out in Life. By W. Guest, F.G.S. London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

A delightful book, full of seasonable warning and useful advice, to which if young men would listen, they would escape the first false steps so hard to recover. Mothers would do well to obtain it for their sons.

Little Sermons for Little People. By W. Locke. London: S. W. Partridge, Paternoster Row.

Simple Truths in easy language, and not long enough to tire the little folks.

Merry and Wise. London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge, City Press.

TRY KINDNESS.—No. 3.

It was a bright Sabbath morning, the chimes from the village church mingled with the glad notes of praise which echoed from tree to tree. This morning Mrs. Wight had resolved to go with her neighbour to the sanctuary; she had felt very sad and dispirited since her ignominious defeat, and had often thought over her friend's words. "It's many a day since I was there," said Mrs. Wight, "and I thought maybe I might learn the secret of your peace and happiness." The children ran on before, leaving the two women to follow by themselves. "My husband and I were not always so happy as we are now," replied Mrs. Long; "I will trust to your discretion not to speak again of what I am now going to tell you; it happened many years ago, but perhaps it may comfort you to know that I can most thoroughly sympathize with you, having passed through the same trial myself: as we are early we will walk slowly, and I will tell you as we go along." When John and I were first married we were neither of us Christians; he was an industrious thriving young tradesman, and bid fair to be well off some day. Four years passed on very smoothly with us; in that time we had been blessed with two children. After the birth of my second child my husband began to go out very often in the evening, leaving me to attend to the business; he never would tell me where he went. I felt vexed with his want of confidence in me, and treated him very coolly; months passed on, and he took to loving drink, and used to come home every night intoxicated. My spirit seemed crushed, and instead of scolding I used to sit looking the picture of despair, one is as bad as the other; sometimes I would reproach him, but it only made him worse: I saw nothing but starvation and shame staring us in the face. At length the worst came; creditors took possession of our pretty home, and we were obliged to take lodgings in a miserable dirty court. I thought that the sight of my sufferings would make him reform, but I was mistaken, it drove him more than before to the evil places which had been his ruin. How we lived that long weary twelve months I cannot tell you; now it seems to me a dreadful dream which could never be realized, but it was real then, in the city there are many such cases. One evening

I was driven almost to despair, my children cried and hung round me begging for a piece of bread, they were so hungry, and I had nothing to give them. Our last available article had been sold on the preceding day. With a sad heart I left the dirty court, not caring whither I went; once I stopped and looking down into the dark waters of the canal, wondered if I should be at rest if reposing beneath its cold depth. Then the thought of my children came; conscience smote me with the thought, how could I be so cruel as to wish to leave my darlings? A mother's heart prevailed, and I turned away from the tempting waters, for they were tempting to me then. Suddenly my attention was arrested by seeing a crowd standing round a tall, venerable man; as I approached nearer I saw that he was preaching. Never shall I forget his text: 'When the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them.' I cannot tell you, all he said; vividly was pictured before me my suffering Lord, the blessed Jesus bearing the sins of the world: my heart was overwhelmed with anguish at the thought of the long years of ingratitude that had passed; I saw the wickedness of my conduct, in wishing to put an end to my life, wretched though it was. It seemed but a short time he spoke; I listened with rapt attention to his words. I wept unrestrainedly, first in bitterness of spirit, but soon it changed to sorrow and regret for my sins. Then the preacher pointed all the sorrowing to the promise given them: 'I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins; I, even I, am the Lord, and beside me there is no Saviour.' He concluded by repeating a verse of a hymn:—

'All ye weary and distress'd,
Welcome to relief and rest;
All is ready, hear the call,
There is ample room for all.'

After the crowd had dispersed I lingered near the preacher; he spoke kindly to me, and encouraged me to tell him my grief. I did; he promised to help me, and in parting put a small parcel into my hand. I returned home with a lighter heart than I had carried for many a day. I had something to live for now, and

could not feel satisfied until my husband was a participator in my new-found happiness. I opened the piece of paper and found ample means to supply our wants for some time. I never greeted my husband now with reproaches and downcast looks. I kept hoping on and praying that he might alter. One night he was returning home in a state of intoxication, a horse knocked him down and ran over him; he was very much hurt, and for many weeks we thought he could not live. Every day I used to sit by him and read out of the Word of God; I could not tell what he thought about it, he would listen very quietly, not speaking until I had finished. He left the hospital an altered man, that day he kissed me and the children, and in a trembling voice said, 'God bless you, Nell, you shall never shed another tear through my wrong doings,' and he has kept his word. There is not a better Christian anywhere than he is; we have had many trials since then. It was a very long time before he got a situation; and two children died from the effects of that year of gradual starvation; but then we comforted each other, and had the Heavenly Comforter to fly to for refuge from our griefs. So you see prayer and patience had its reward; never think again that no one is tried as you are. God grant that you may reclaim your husband in like manner." By this time they had reached the sanctuary; in another chapter we will see what were the results of Mrs. Wight's attendance there.

FOUR SISTERS IN HEAVEN.—No. VIII.

It was not long after the death of Jemima ere another daughter was summoned from the family of Mr. and Mrs. D. Mary, an older daughter than Elizabeth or Jemima, was born with a frail body and a feeble intelligence. Her pretty little figure, and her look, which did not lack expression, at first presented no thought of sadness to her parents. They were not long, however, ere they perceived that her development did not progress so rapidly as other children, and what tended still more to weaken the little Mary was the hooping-cough, which attacked her when only five months old, and which did not leave her for

more than a year. She did not walk until late, and, although she understood very well what was said to her, she did not begin to speak distinctly until she was six years of age. At nine years of age she had a succession of epileptic fits; however, these did not hinder her from gaining strength of body and of judgment. She could take walks of some hours without fatigue; by dint of great pains and perseverance she was taught to knit and to read, and according to her abilities her parents strove to make her know her Creator and Saviour. As soon as she could read, and had been made to understand the duty of keeping holy the day of rest, she put aside some childish histories for the reading of the week, and the New Testament and other religious books for Sunday reading; and she never departed from the rule she had prescribed. Mary was of a gentle and loving nature; her piety, according to her feeble light, was sincere, and often she was heard to say things which proved that she prayed to God, and desired to love and serve Him. When fourteen years of age, she had the scarlatina, from which, however, she soon recovered; and God gave also to Mary, at this time, a reprieve of two years from the attacks of the nerves—this her mother had prayed most earnestly for. After two years these fits returned, and soon after she was seized with a rheumatic affection of the joints, from which she never entirely recovered. In this sad affliction a muscle of the neck became relaxed, and, notwithstanding the friction, and the remedies of all kinds which were employed, she carried her head on one side, and had sharp pains in the neck until the end of her life. Mary bore all these ills with an admirable patience and courage, having always a smile upon her lips, and, little by little, she again was able to take her walks. The attacks returned only now and then, and having recovered a little of her gaiety, Mary gave herself up afresh to her little occupations. She read, knitted, shelled peas or beans, gathered seeds, &c., all of which she did willingly and with care. But, alas! this was not to last; she was attacked with dropsy. She wished especially to go out with her mother, whom she loved tenderly, and did not like to be separated from. But scarcely had she gone any steps in the street when her lips blackened, her respiration seemed almost gone, and she was obliged to be taken back at

once to the house. From this time she could not help herself at all; however, she had so much courage and strength of will that she would not lie in bed. She was dressed every day, and placed on an easy chair or on a couch; she tried still to take her knitting, or her books, but soon, conquered by suffering, yet always without complaining, she let her thin hands fall while a flush came to her pale face. This state continued more than a year. When her mother asked her if she would not like better to go to heaven, near to God, where she would suffer no more—"Oh, yes," she said, stretching towards her mamma her attenuated hands, "provided that you would come with me." One day, in the simplicity of her faith, she said, "We shall go to heaven both together, shall we not, mamma?" "Yes, my child," her mother replied; "if God wills it, I shall go to heaven with you." Then an expression of great joy spread itself over her features.

Mary's end approached; the winter previous she passed painfully; she got up still, although she could scarcely put her foot to the ground from the painful swelling. The 18th of May, eight days before her death, was her twentieth birthday. Her parents and friends gave her some flowers and other little presents, which they thought would give her pleasure. At any other time she would have been overjoyed, now she received them with a visible indifference; she seemed to say, "My heart takes no pleasure in these things." During the following week, although suffering much, Mary still got up. The following Sunday Mrs. D. was to accompany her husband to a short distance where he was to preach, but seeing the altered features of her dear child, and tracing upon them already the impress of death, she would not leave home. In the course of the day, the friend who was preaching for her papa went in to see her. Among other things he said to her, "Mary, it is God who has sent these sufferings for your good; can you say that you love Him still?" "Yes," she replied, in a firm and decided voice. In the evening, contrary to her usual habit, she called each member of the family, one after the other, to her bed—her father, her sister, her brother, and the servant. When asked what she wanted with them—"Nothing," she replied, with a cheerfulness she had not

shown for some time—"nothing but to say 'Good-night.'" At three o'clock in the morning she called for something to drink, she drank with difficulty; laid down again and gave one long sigh—it was the last.

Although Mary's death had been long expected, it caused her parents a grief proportionate to the anxious care she had been to them for twenty years; but amidst their tears they thanked God for this merciful deliverance.

Our dear child, they reasoned, knew nothing of this world but its pains and its sorrows, now she has entered into the rest that God keeps for His children. This poor body will be raised a glorious body, and with all her faculties perfected she will contemplate face to face her Saviour, and bless Him through all eternity for the salvation He acquired for her by His death on the cross and His glorious resurrection.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

EMILY RAYMOND; OR, SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

"MAMMA," said a little girl of about nine years of age, "I wish very much to do something good this year, but I do not know what; can you tell me anything?" "Yes, Emily," said her mamma, "I know a very good way. Try every day to do something good, or kind, and do not let one pass without doing so." "Thank you, mamma, I will; what a good idea!" "Stop, Emily, not so fast," interrupted Mrs. Raymond; "you will have to deny yourself sometimes." "Yes, I know I shall; but still I will try. And, mamma, Alice Newman has a New Year's text which she tries to practise every day; I should like one also." "What one would you like?" Emily pondered for a little while, when she looked up and said, "I have thought of one, mamma." "Well, dear, what is it?" "'Be clothed with humility,'" Emily answered. "And a very nice text indeed, my dear, I hope you may profit by it; but, Emily, do not forget that you cannot do anything good in your own strength, but you must ask help from on high." After a little more conversation Emily

ran out with her pail; she had not gone far when she met a little girl, crying. On asking what was the matter, Emily learned that Polly Saunders—that was the child's name—had been sent by her mother to fetch some water from the well with the only jug the family possessed, but as she was going she trod on some ice and stumbled and fell, breaking the jug to pieces. She did not like to return, for her mother was very poor, and Polly had no money of her own with which to buy another jug. Emily was very much grieved at Polly's misfortune, and wished to help her, but could not think how to do so. Suddenly the thought came into her head that her papa had given her a shilling the day before, which she might give Polly to replace her jug, but she instantly tried to banish the idea, for she had meant to buy some doll's shoes with this money. Then she thought of her resolution of doing something kind every day, and, bidding the little girl wait, before she had time to change her mind, she ran to the house and returned with the shilling. "There," said she, giving it to Polly, "is some money to buy another jug." Polly's eyes overflowed with tears, but this time with gratitude—and she was beginning to thank her little benefactress warmly; but Emily, knowing her own besetting sin was love of praise, and wishing to conquer it, ran away. In the evening, Mrs. Raymond asked her daughter if she had done any kind action that day. Emily answered, "Yes, mamma." "Well, dear, what was it?" "Mamma," said the little girl, "I would rather not tell you." Mrs. Raymond was rather surprised, for she knew her daughter never liked to miss an opportunity of being praised, so she asked, "Why not, my dear?" "Because," answered Emily, "I do not want to seek to be praised, for you know I must try to be 'clothed with humility.'" Her mamma refrained from commending the little girl, but was very pleased to see she was really trying to practise her text. Every evening Emily prayed for help to keep her resolutions, and, we need scarcely add, she succeeded.

F. E. S.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER'S PRAYER.

The tempest round the cottage roars,
 And bends the aged ash;
 The casement shakes, a deluge pours,
 And livid lightnings flash.
 Poor sailor! in this midnight hour
 How canst thou stand the tempest's power?

Thy mother startled from her sleep
 By nature's wild uproar,
 Thinks of her boy far on the deep
 And succour to implore,
 Falls on her knees before His throne,
 Whose sceptre winds and waters own.

She prays to Him who dried *her* tears
 That wept an only child;
 To Him who chased the fishers' fears,
 And stilled the tempest wild;
 To Him that walked Tiberias' wave,
 And stretched His ready hand to save.

Cold Infidel—thou sneer'st to see
 A widow in distress,
 Who, thinking on a rocky lee,
 Prays Heaven her boy to bless.
 'Tis well thou laugh'st not at her care,
 But at the folly of her prayer.

Oh know'st though not she prays to Him
 Who gathers up the storms;
 Whose *will* around the ocean's brim
 Its only barrier forms?
 He checks the blast—a zephyr blows,
 And wearied ocean seeks repose.

Borne on the wings of Jesu's name,
 Prayer mounts above the storm—
 Moves Him that moves creation's frame
 To listen and perform!
 Thus feeble woman on her knees
 Can hush the storm and calm the seas.

Yes—hers is covenanted power
 And faith her fear allays;
 Sailor! rejoice in danger's hour
 To think thy mother prays!
 With her thy Saviour's grace implore,
 And praise Him when thou mak'st the shore.

THE WHITE LIE.

"THERE is no more, Polly, so it is no use your worrying. I declare that is the only way of making the child quiet, to tell her the jam is all gone." Thus spoke Mrs. Goodwin, at the same time placing a pot half full of preserve on the shelf of the cupboard. The little girl thus addressed went off grumbling, with a dissatisfied expression on her face, and Mrs. Medway, a friend of Mrs. Goodwin's, who had just stepped in, turned a remonstrating look on the mother. "Surely you do not tell the child such untruths as that, Mrs. Goodwin?" "Nonsense, it is only a 'White Lie,' what is the harm of that? especially when I am so bothered." "A 'White Lie,' Mrs. Goodwin, and may I ask the difference between a Black and a White untruth?" "Ah there, Jane, don't add to my worry; when you get as many to look after as I have, you will have no time to be so particular." "Not particular in the sense you mean, Mrs. Goodwin, only truthful. It seems to me, that should your child find you out, your influence for good over her must greatly diminish. There is nothing children are so quick in detecting as a fault in other people which they get punished for themselves, and I fear what you term the 'White Lie' is only a dangerous trifling with falsehood. But here is James returned from school." "Mother, I want some bread and jam, you promised it," began James. Mrs. Goodwin got out the jar she had put away, and spreading some preserve on a slice of bread gave it to the child, saying, "Make haste and eat it; I do not want Polly to see the jam." The boy appeared to understand the deception, and was acting up to his mother's injunctions, when Miss Polly made her appearance. "Where did you get that from?" she asked her brother. "Mother said she had no more." James laughed, and Mrs. Goodwin looked very confused as she caught Jane Medway's eye. Polly repeated her question, and her mother getting rather irritated, told the child in no very gentle tones, to be quiet, and mind her own business.

Afternoon school was over, and James and Polly Goodwin were taking their homeward walk. "You told teacher you had lost your book, and could not say your lesson," said

James slowly, "and you know the book is on the table at home." "It was only a White Lie," returned Polly triumphantly. "Mother tells 'White Lies,' so I shall." "What do you mean?" asked James. "Why, I heard mother say to Mrs. Medway this morning, when she put the jam away, and said there was no more, that it was only a 'White Lie,' and they were no harm. I was listening, you know, outside the door, and I thought directly that it would only be a 'White Lie' to say I had lost my book this afternoon as I did not know my lesson." "Then there is no harm in 'White Lies,'" suggested James. "No, none; mother says so." And thus satisfied, James laid no more complaints at his sister's door, and they walked amicably home. There was a little garden at the back of Mrs. Goodwin's house, with an apple tree in it, which this year was laden with fruit. The children, as they played that evening, looked up at the rosy apples, and longed for some. "I can get some," whispered James, "I'll throw this stick up;" and very soon five or six shining apples lay at their feet. They were quickly picking them up, when their mother came out and saw what was going on. "Who gathered you those?" asked Mrs. Goodwin. "They have fallen off," replied Polly, quickly, "we are only picking them up." "That is false," returned the mother angrily, "the apples are not nearly ripe enough to fall off like that. No, Miss Polly, you do not deceive me so easily, though you do attempt it in so cool a manner. You are a very wicked child." "It was only a 'White Lie,' mother," retorted Polly, indignantly, "and you tell them coolly yourself," and what could Mrs. Goodwin reply?

Oh these apparently slight deviations from the truth how serviceable they seem sometimes! how easily one can get over a difficulty by introducing one of these little falsehoods! But I would ask those who indulge in these "harmless lies," where they draw the line, and where they imagine God draws it? Whose was the greater sin, in the case before us, the mother's or the child's? Mothers! beware how you practise these deceptions on your children. They do not forget; they do not avoid any occasion to excuse their own faults, by quoting your examples. Never tell your child an untruth, though you term it a "White Lie," and get him to shun any approach to lying, for you

never know where it may end. Teach your children how the great God abhors lying lips, accustom them to look upon deception as the most dishonourable of actions, and in days to come you will thank God for your complete avoidance of even the shadow of a "White Lie." Think of your responsibility before it is too late, and let your children with their earliest impressions remember that "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."

A. R.

NORMAN GRAHAM.

IN the neighbourhood of Blair Athol, Perthshire, there is a rather large house, situated upon a bank of the Tilt. It is not a very handsome building, but the beauty of its situation atones for many defects. There are many very delightful scenes near at hand, all of which Mr. Graham is proud to show to his visitors. As they sit in the garden in front of the house, watching the afternoon sun gilding the summit of Bengloe, or as they walk among the fir-trees on the banks of the Bruar Waters, watching the magnificent cascades sparkling as if with diamonds, he is accustomed to say, "You have nothing in the South that will compare with these beauties of Scotland." Perhaps this may be somewhat of an exaggeration, but the love of one's country and home is commendable, although the utterances which it prompts may not be at all times indicative of an extended observation. The interest which Mr. Graham takes in the scenery of his native place extends to everything with which he has any connection. His family and servants, his house and stock, his neighbours, kirk and minister, all receive every attention which it is in his power to bestow upon them. Carelessness of one's own affairs or the interests of others he thinks almost a crime. He has endeavoured to instil into the minds of his two children, Norman and Constance, the same principles which he carries out. "If you desire," he has often told them, "to form noble characters, characters which shall win men's respect and esteem, you must conscientiously discharge the duties of every hour. Determine in your own minds what is

right to be done, and do it with your whole hearts. In each act of life seek the approbation of God, and although men may sometimes look coldly upon you, a time shall come when you will be thankful that you pleased God rather than man. Follow the teachings of the Bible and the instructions of your mother, and your happiness both here and hereafter will be almost certain." Mrs. Graham is indeed a woman whom any child might be pleased to call by the endearing name of mother. She is now in middle life, full of matronly grace. Evidences of her careful superintendence are to be seen all over the house, in the kitchen as well as the parlour, but above all, it is visible in the training of her children. From their earliest years she has tried in every possible way to discipline them for future life, especially has she endeavoured to make them personally acquainted with religion. When they were old enough she explained the deep spiritual truths revealed in the Divine Word, she taught them to pray very early in life, and has prayed for them ever since they were born. It was under such influences for good that these children grew up. Norman had received a good education, but in order to be trained for the medical profession, it was necessary that he should go to the Edinburgh University.

Before he left Blair Athol for the seat of learning, a little episode occurred which may be worthy of narration. "Mother!" said Norman, in the afternoon of the day previous to that of his departure; "Mother! I should like to go to Bruar Falls this evening, for it will be some time before I shall see them again." "As you wish it, we will go. The moon will be full to-night, so that the ride home will be very pleasant," replied Mrs. Graham. After tea, the mother and her two children, accompanied by a boy, enjoyed the drive to the romantic "waters." Leaving the chaise at the bridge with the boy, the little family party wandered along by the banks of the stream, watching the reflection of the setting sun in the limpid waters, which coursed rapidly along to join a larger river. At last they rested in one of the little heather-built houses near the cascades, and from the window they observed the tumbling waters in their rapid descent. As the full autumn moon arose,

its beams streamed through the window upon the handsome woman, her fair-haired girl, and the noble youth who was so soon to be parted from them. The grey twilight, the cold moonbeams, and the peacefulness of the scene before them, harmonized with their feelings at this hour. They were silent for some minutes, when Mrs. Graham said, with tones full of motherly affection, "Norman, your life has been like this river, which rises in your native hills, but now even as it rushes onward to join the mighty ocean, so you are going to mingle with the great crowd of men where I fear that you may be tempted into paths of evil. Remember, my son, the counsels of your father and myself, but especially pray that God will guide all your undertakings." "Oh, mother! you need not talk like that," replied Norman, in a way which indicated that he thought it impossible for him to fall from the path of rectitude; and, as he threw his right arm around his mother's neck, while with his left hand he played with his sister's curls, he added, "I love you both so much that I do not think I could do anything that would grieve you." "I hope it will always be so," returned his mother, "but there are more temptations in a large city than you know of; however, if you regularly attend to your religious duties your good resolutions will, I trust, be strengthened." "Fear nothing about me, mother. I shall try to do what is right. We had better go home now, I think, as it is getting late. Come along, Constance."

The next day Norman arrived in Edinburgh with his father, and was entered as a student. The novelty of his position, and the number of strange faces, filled him with wonder; while the bright prospects of the future appeared in roseate hues to his inexperienced mind, and gave him confidence of success in his profession. In short, he felt strong to do battle with the great world, for the recruit has often more daring than the veteran soldier. During the first year of his residence in the capital he acted up to the resolve he expressed to his mother, but one winter evening, in his second year, at the earnest solicitations of some companions, he went for a few hours' amusement to the "Queen's Theatre." The next week they asked him to go again, and he consented much more readily

than he did the first time. By degrees, he found the society of these worldly young men more agreeable than that of his father's friends. They flattered him by calling him a good fellow, and complimented him upon being superior to the prejudices of those "religious milksops," as they termed them, who disapproved of theatres, dancing saloons, and similar amusements. His letters to his mother, although very much the same as formerly, insensibly betrayed the state of his mind. She saw that he had begun a career of folly, but as yet his progress in it was but small, and she hoped that he would grow wiser soon. During the vacation he went on a visit to Paris, the numerous gay attractions of which had a considerable charm for him; and before he returned to Blair Athol he enjoyed pleasures which he would not have liked his mother to know of. "Norman," she said to him the day after his arrival, "I fear you are becoming very worldly, if not positively careless about religion. Do you not go to places which are improper for you to be seen at, even if they are not openly wicked?" All right, mother; you need not be afraid of me. I will take care that I do not bring any disgrace upon you," replied her son. When she was alone she said to herself; as she wiped away a tear from her bright blue eye, "Before he went to Edinburgh, his language was, 'I could not do anything that would grieve you;' now it is, 'I will take care that I do not bring any disgrace upon you;' I am almost certain that he will bring trouble upon himself and us unless God in His mercy interposes."

Norman returned to his studies again when the session opened, and pursued them with diligence, for his mother's parting words had made a deep impression on him. But as the time wore on he went back to his old companions and habits; sometimes it was half-unwillingly, and he reproached himself for his folly, yet he had not strength enough to stand firm against evil pleasures and fascinating associates. One morning, after a night spent in dissipation, he sat with his aching head resting upon his hands and his elbows on the table. He was only partially dressed, his room was in disorder and confusion, his clothes, books, and papers were all scattered on the floor. "What a fool I am," he passionately exclaimed, "to lead such a life as

this. I have wasted my time, money, and health, and injured my character for pleasures which are degrading, and companions which are a-shame to me. Why do I not give them all up and lead a holy life? Where are now my boasted resolutions? O God! O God! I am what I despise;" on saying which he burst into tears. Slowly the door of his study was opened, and a lady, whose countenance exhibited astonishment and sorrow, came into the room. The young man did not notice her entrance, so she touched him upon the shoulder, as she said in the softest and kindest of tones, "Norman!" He looked up, and in a moment the two were clasped in each other's arms. "Mother! will you forgive me?" "Yes, my son, I freely forgive you, and I trust that God will do so likewise; let us ask Him on our knees at once." They knelt there, besought pardon from the Most High, and Norman Graham has ever since been a wiser and a better man. His mother now has no fear that he will fall into temptation, because he trusts not in his own strength, but in that of Him from whom all true strength comes. Norman says to those who ask him about seeing the pleasures of the world, "Beware of the beginnings of evil. Obey God, and lean not to thine own understanding."

R. A. H.

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE.—No. 8.

DAYS passed on, Sundays came and went, and Florence heard nothing from her brother, so that a burden of sorrow seemed to settle upon her heart. She was sitting by the window sewing, one bright evening in the autumn, when her eye was attracted by some one approaching the farm from the Dallingstone road. The figure was that of an elderly female, and at first Florence took but little notice, but presently she felt certain that somewhere or other she had seen the person before; and suddenly the consciousness that it was Mrs. Graham dawned upon her, and a vague dread stole to her heart, chilling it with fear. Ere the old lady could ring for admittance Florence had confronted her at the door, and with white face and ashen lips asked tremblingly, "What is it, Mrs. Graham?" The kind, motherly heart was touched, and taking the trembling fingers in her own

she said, kindly, "Do not alarm yourself so much, my dear young lady." "Is he ill?" was the only answer spoken in an earnest, anxious tone. "He has met with an accident, my dear, which will, I daresay, keep him a prisoner to the house for some days. I came to see if you could return with me to help nurse him," said Mrs. Graham, trying to speak in a cheerful voice. But Florence could not be deceived, and as she drew the visitor into the sitting-room she asked mechanically, "Is it likely to prove serious, Mrs. Graham?" Mrs. Graham looked at the young face before her bearing such marks of care and pain, and replied, gently, "I hope not, but we cannot tell; results are in God's hands, my dear." "Yes, I know,"—and for a moment a gleam of joy lit up the pale features as the full feeling of trust stole to the girl's heart—trust in the over-ruling providence of her God, who had been her helper hitherto,—but it faded again, and the old weary, anxious look came back as she added, "I will seek Mrs. Capell and ask her to spare me." Mrs. Graham replied, "Yes, do at once, so that we may return quickly, my child." A sudden thought seemed to strike Florence, for she turned round ere she opened the door and said, anxiously, "Who is staying with my brother while you are away, Mrs. Graham?" "The doctor, my dear, and a friend of Mr. Lyle's, who came directly he heard of the accident. I think his name is Cardeux." A feeling of relief came to Florence as she heard this, for from Edward's remarks she had ascertained that Arthur Cardeux was a man of principle, yea better, a true-hearted Christian, and she felt sure that he would let no opportunity slip of speaking a word in season. Mrs. Capell at once assisted Florence to put together such things as she would want, and in less than a quarter of an hour the two were on their way to Dallingstone. Both were silent, for the sister's heart was too full for utterance, and Mrs. Graham fully sympathized with her, and knew that it would be best not to talk to her. Soon they reached the busy thoroughfares of the town, and passing up the high street thronged with people they reached their destination, and without removing any of her clothes Florence went at once to her brother's room. By the window stood some one whom she immediately recognised as Dr. Cox, who had been their medical

attendant for many years, and by the bedside, bending over the still form of her brother, stood a young man whom Florence had never seen before, but to whom her heart instantly warmed. It was Arthur Cardeux, and in silence he extended his hand to the sister of his friend, and his heart ached for the sorrow which he knew was in her heart, and which indeed was stamped upon her face. For some minutes Florence could ask no questions, she could only gaze on the altered face of him she loved so well, but after a little while she went to the side of the old doctor and asked, "Where is my brother injured?" He looked down pityingly upon her as he replied, "We can hardly tell yet, I have telegraphed for one of my brother physicians from London; when we have consulted together we shall be better able to tell." "How did it happen?" asked Florence, quietly. "It was a railway accident, an excursion train ran into the one in which your brother was travelling to Corley on business. But do not look so terrified, I fear I shall have you on my hands next;" then taking his watch in his hand he went back to the side of his patient, and Florence bowed her head upon the table, covering her face with her hands, trying to still the tumult of her heart. When at last she looked up, Arthur Cardeux was standing by the window holding in his hand a little book. He laid it on the table before her, and pointed with his finger to a verse as he turned quietly away. Florence took the book in her hands and read these beautiful lines—

"No longer doubt, nor fear, nor grieve,
Nor on uncertain evils dwell;
Past, present, future, calmly leave
To Him who will do all things well."

And looking up to God in trust she faltered, "I will leave all to Him."

THE TRIED MOTHER.

ANNIE May was the only daughter of a fond mother whose heart and affections were centred in her child, and a bright little thing she was, but she was not destined long to bloom on earth; four short years she gladdened her mother's heart, and then brain fever was sent to remove the little lamb to the Saviour's fold.

The Sunday before her death she was as usual in her class at the Sabbath-school, and her teacher remarked her gentle behaviour and her bright and happy countenance, little thinking that before the next Sabbath she would have joined the happy multitude around the Saviour's throne. The poor, stricken mother sorrowed for her darling, and almost refused to be comforted: finding no relief for her bitter grief in the world, she sought the society of God's people, and poured her sorrows into the ear of her compassionate Redeemer. For a time her peace of mind returned, but soon her seat became vacant in the house of God, and her friends learned with regret that the ridicule of her relatives kept her from the means of grace; but as she still continued her devotions in secret they hoped she would retain her integrity. Two years passed away when the Good Shepherd again sought His wandering sheep. This time her youngest boy, her Willie, was smitten. Some time before his illness he received a blow on the forehead from a ball while at play, from the effects of which he never recovered, and brain fever was the result: a fortnight he lingered in delirium. Now the mother's faith was sorely tried, earnest were her prayers that her child's life might be spared; but when the medical attendant told her, should he live, reason had for ever fled, the poor mother became resigned to the will of God and meekly gave him up. He passed away unconscious, and when the autumn leaves were falling he was laid in the quiet churchyard to await the resurrection morning. Now that her treasures were in heaven the mother's heart seemed weaned from the world; with her face Zion-ward she now joys in the thought of meeting her dear ones in the better land where tears are for ever wiped away. She can now say, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

E. R.

"MAMMA DON'T CARE."

ONE beautiful morning in spring, as we were passing the residence of a friend, a lively little child, as frank and honest as she was intelligent and thoughtful, was at play near the gate. Her father was often absent from home for weeks together, so we

very naturally said, "Good morning, Lottie," and then went on to ask, "how do you get along now that papa has gone again?" Lottie, thinking that our question had reference to religious things, at once replied, "O well; well, *when papa's gone we don't make any prayers; mamma don't care!*" Just then, the mother standing upon the steps, appeared as if she had heard Lottie's reply, but we passed along saying nothing more. After a day or two as we met that mother, she tearfully said, "I have made up my mind that Lottie shall never be able to say that again."

Children are more observing than parents think they are. We fear too many children might make the same reply Lottie did. Many mothers ought to form the same resolution Lottie's mother did, for surely God should not cease to be acknowledged when the husband and father is absent.

regnancy and birth and death and resurrection. E. and so on and so forth. Some say, "I cannot pray for papa any more." "I CANNOT PRAY FOR PAPA ANY MORE."

A LITTLE girl knelt at the accustomed hour to thank God for the mercies of the day, and pray for His care through the coming night; then as usual came the earnest "God bless dear mamma and——" but the prayer was stilled! The little hands unclasped, and a look of agony and wonder met the mother's eye as the words of hopeless sorrow burst from the lips of the kneeling child—"I cannot pray for *papa any more!*" Since her little lips had been able to form the dear name, she had prayed for a blessing upon it; it had followed close after *mother's* name, for *he* had said *that* must come *first*: and now to say the familiar prayer and leave her father *out!* no wonder that the new thought seemed too much. I waited for some moments that she might conquer her emotion, and then urged her to go on. Her pleading eyes met mine, and with a voice that faltered too much almost for utterance, she said, "O mamma, I cannot leave *him* all out; let me say I thank God that I *had* a dear papa *once!* so I can still go on and keep him in my prayers." And so she always does, and my stricken heart learned a lesson from the loving ingenuity of the child. Remember to thank God for mercies *past* as well as to ask blessings for the future.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE DOG'S EXAMPLE.

"I wish I could mind God as my little dog minds me," said a little boy, looking thoughtfully on his shaggy friend; "he always looks so *pleased* to mind, and I don't." What a painful truth did this child speak! Shall the poor little dog thus readily obey his master, and we rebel against God who is our Creator, our Preserver, our Saviour, and the bountiful Giver of everything we have?

A LOVED HOME.

"My home," said a young woman, rich in the treasures of affection, who had gone to service to procure the means of ministering to the wants of those she loved, "My home is a very humble one, but my mother is there, and I would not exchange it for the finest mansion on earth without her." So it is with the heart in which the love of Christ dwells richly. Its possessor will desire heaven chiefly, I had almost said, solely, because Christ is there.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Building from the Top; or, Sanctification without Justification. By the Rev. W. Haslam. London: Partridge, Paternoster Row.

A little book containing much gospel truth; it would be well if it were widely circulated in these days of flaming profession.

Some Remarks on the Educational uses of the Proverbs of Solomon. By R. Skeen. London: G. Norman, Covent Garden.

The author of this little work strongly urges upon parents and teachers the propriety of using this part of the sacred volume in the education of children.

Merry and Wise. London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

Janette, the Deaf and Dumb Girl. Birmingham: C. Caswell.

A touching little history, showing how much even one copy of the sacred Scriptures can do.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

TRY KINDNESS,—No. 4.

THE summer faded into autumn, the roses had given place to the chrysanthemum and dahlia. Mrs. Wight's garden was resplendent with flowers of every tint; the setting sun lingered with a last fond ray amidst the plants, and lit up with a golden hue the russet leaves of the trees. Mrs. Wight was sitting watching the shadows creep over the landscape; she seemed to have grown strangely thoughtful and gentle lately. Richard Wight always came home to his tea now; he could not help acknowledging that it was preferable to anything he could get at the ale-house. This evening he sat with a perplexed look in his face, wondering what could be the matter with his wife, at length laying down his knife and fork, and casting a look towards her, somewhat sympathetical in its expression, he asked, "Ain't you well?" "Yes, Richard; why do you ask?" "Oh, because you have been so quiet-like lately, I thought something must be the matter. I intended to call on Dr. Gresham, and ask him for some medicine for you." "Would you be sorry to lose me, Richard?" asked his wife, in very tremulous tones. "Yes, that I should," replied her husband, heartily; "I wouldn't lose you upon any consideration; though you do lash me out of the house often with your hot temper, yet you are a good wife, for no one's home could look prettier than ours, and I'm certain no one could be a better manager than you, Mary." He drew his chair nearer to his wife as he said, "We might be so comfortable if we only would do as the minister said last Sunday, 'forgive and forbear.'" His wife looked up astonished; "Did you hear him say it?" she asked. Richard answered in a very confused manner, "Yes, yes, I went to see if it was true that you were there. I'm not sorry I went; I think I shall again." "Oh, do! only think how nice it would be for you, and I, and the children all to go together." The barrier was now broken down between them, and the wife could tell her husband all her struggling hopes and fears. "It is very kind of you, Richard, to think me a good wife," she said; "but I know I have not been either a good wife or mother. I have forfeited yours and my children's love, by my wicked, overbearing temper. I was a long time

learning the lesson that I had no good in myself, and could not succeed without the Spirit's help; not till I had often failed was I willing to fly to the Strong for strength, but God helping me you shall never seek refuge in the ale-house from the voice of your wife." Richard Wight found it very hard to separate himself from his bad companions; but soon he set all their taunts and sneers at defiance, and went openly on Sabbath-days to the sanctuary with his wife and children. Mrs. Wight's cottage was now the abode of peace and happiness; instead of angry words and fierce altercations was heard prayer and praise. Freddy was now always obliged to confess his frequent delinquencies arose from his own love for mischief; certain it is that he never more mimicked his mother's transports of rage for the amusement of his companions. Polly was never frightened by a shrill voice into committing the sin of lying, and Mrs. Wight never regretted trying kindness.

M. A. P.

THE SPOILED BOY.

EFFIE DEANS lived in a little cottage not far from the great city of Glasgow. She and her husband, James Deans, were hard-working people, much respected by all the inhabitants of the little village where they lived. Effie loved her husband fondly, and when a little son appeared to enliven their home a happier couple could hardly be found in the whole of Scotland. The little one was named Archibald. Soon after his birth the good old minister met with the happy mother, and said earnestly to her, "Effie Deans, God has given you a precious treasure to keep for Him. Take care that when He reclaims His own you may be able to render a good account of the precious soul now entrusted to you." Effie thought much upon these words, and for a time endeavoured to act on them; but somehow it was so much easier to give advice in other people's cases than to take it in her own; and it soon became evident to all the villagers that Effie Deans, who had been so full of wise maxims and proverbs concerning other people's children, was rapidly spoiling the character of her own little son. The worst of it was that Effie

would not believe it herself; her boy "had a will of his own," she would say, "and a very right thing too. He was a little head-strong, perhaps, but he would outgrow that; then all children were naturally idle, and it was absurd to tease them about lessons so young." Thus Effie went on deceiving herself, and in a manner deceiving her husband too, till the boy was nearly twelve years old. Archie was then a fine youth, tall and handsome, with soft, brown, curly hair, and bright, intelligent blue eyes. Altogether he was a son for a mother to be proud of; and what signified it that his temper was hasty, his religious knowledge very superficial, and his language not always such as could be wished. "He was clever," said his mother, "and affectionate, and generally good-humoured; no doubt he would do very well." James Deans obtained a situation for his son as errand boy in one of the principal drapers' shops in Glasgow; and for a time his master gave a good report of him, and he seemed to be getting on very well. Effie Deans held her head higher than ever. "Ay," she would say, "she knew the neighbours had been jealous of her puir laddie, and it was now clear she was right. Archie was the finest lad in a' the village, and always had been." But soon the aspect of affairs became less bright; Archie had been seen about with some of the worst lads in the city; and it was said that he frequently visited the public-house with them. Effie remonstrated, stormed, and threatened, but to no purpose; the reins of government which had been so long suffered to fall loose could not now be resumed. Poor Archie went on from bad to worse, and when the kind minister called as usual at Effie's house to inquire after her son, the answer came in a burst of tears, "The Lord preserve him, sir; he's no mair our bonnie laddie; he has taken to drink and bad company, and his father and I canna rescue him." The minister did his best to reclaim the poor youth; he visited and talked with him, but to no purpose. At last one evening as James Deans was returning through the village from his work a man rushed up to him, panting and breathless, and exclaimed, "Maister Deans ye'd best be off to the quarry, t'other end o' the village; your son's fallen in, and though they have brought him up they canna bring him to." The wretched father hurried

towards the quarry, but on the way he met two men carrying on a shutter the lifeless body of his dear and only son. It seemed he had been drinking with some companions at a tavern in Glasgow, and in endeavouring to find his way home had stumbled and fallen into the quarry. The anguish of Effie Deans can be imagined; she hung over her dead son, stroking the fair curls now damp with the dews of death, and repeatedly kissing the scarcely cold forehead, on which she had so often imprinted fond kisses in the days of his early youth and innocence. Her grief was indeed deep, but the bitterest thought of all was that her son might have still lived had it not been for the indulgence of those sins of wilfulness and disobedience which she had tolerated, and even in her motherly but foolish fondness fancied brave and manly. Not long since we saw the funeral of one who came to just such an untimely end as Archie Deans. Of his early training we know nothing, but Scripture bears us out in saying that if he had been trained in the way he should go his life would not have closed in the sad manner it did. He had been drinking on the Saturday night, and soon after the Sabbath sun arose his lifeless body was discovered in a pond close to the scene of his evening's revelry. It is supposed he fell in when attempting to find his way to his lodgings. His corpse was carried back to the house he had left so full of health and strength a few hours before. From thence it was carried to the place of burial, about seven o'clock one evening, enclosed in a rude coffin with a sheet thrown over it. The bier was borne by four men in the garb of workmen, who appeared to have just left their employ. Their burden was carried through the streets, not with the slow, solemn tread of a funeral procession, but rapidly, and followed only by two females, who had doubtless gone from a feeling of compassion. Not a relative was there to shed a tear, or to see where the body was laid to await the resurrection morn. It was a most melancholy sight, and many a manly heart heaved a sigh, and from many an eye escaped a tear as they gazed upon it. What mother but would shrink from the thought of her child coming to such an end as this? There may be some mothers who read this paper, who though not wilfully neglecting their children have suffered them to grow up unchecked in temper and

wilfulness; who have attended to their bodies, and perhaps to their minds, but have neglected their immortal souls. Beware lest the punishment of Effie Deans fall on you! "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

RALPH HAMMOND.

"WHAT the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood;
"That to the world are children,
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below."

"Is he not a little beauty for twelve months old?" said Mrs. Alexander, as she held a pretty baby boy, who was laughing with delight, towards his uncle, a young man of twenty. "He is like every other baby I suppose, Lizzie; they all seem to me to be the same. They cry, and make an awful noise; and as to being little beauties I see no beauty in them. Children in general, and babies in particular, I strongly dislike," returned Ralph Hammond. "How can you say such horrid things, Ralph? Do you really mean them, or do you only say them to tease me?" quickly replied the young mother as she kissed her treasure. "Come, hold him for a short time, and let me see if he will not convince you that you do not know your own mind." The young man took the baby as his sister desired, and to amuse him began jumping him up and down. This domestic scene took place in a comfortably furnished room, in a farm-house near Arlington, Gloucestershire. The sun shone full in at the window, which was surrounded on the outside by ivy and jessamine. On the ledge there were ferns, roses, and mignonette. The lace curtains were spotless, the oaken floor was highly polished, the furniture and ornaments were scrupulously clean; in short, everything bore evidence of the "tidying hand of woman." In the arm-chair sat a lady, with a mild, benevolent countenance, who was the aunt of the brother and sister above-mentioned.

Sixty summers and winters had passed over her; they had brought many changes, some of which were very trying—the loss of property, husband, children, friends—yet Mrs. Sergeant in passing through all this had grown more kind, more Christian. You need look at her but once to be assured that she was one in whom confidence might be placed; and if you conversed with her you could not fail to perceive that she had been an accurate and extensive observer of life and manners. She had been listening to the conversation of her nephew and niece, and as she saw Ralph tossing the baby up and down, she smiled. “Aunt Minnie, what do you think of what Ralph said?” asked the young mother. “I think that your prophecy about little Frank, convincing him that he does not know his own mind will prove to be true. I should be sorry to think he had no liking for and sympathy with children, because I would not trust a man who felt so. It seems to me that such a disposition shows a very bad state of heart, as if a man had no love for innocence; and if that be so I can hardly think he is innocent himself. I like to see a man, who perhaps is in a high position, and is even stern when commanding his men, play with children. Many great men have done so—on the field of battle they were brave, and shrank from no danger; but when they arrived at home they were quiet and gentle, and among their children became almost children again. I have heard that the Duke of Wellington was very fond of playing with children. I should be sorry indeed to think that my Ralph had none of the child-feeling left in him at twenty. What would he become in a few years?” “Do you hear that, Ralph?” playfully, said his sister, her eyes sparkling with delight at the merited reproof which their aunt had given to him. “I will take Frank now, for I see Rosa Lee is coming through the garden.” The young man released from his little burden ran to meet his cousin. As soon as Lizzie and her aunt had finished greeting Rosa, and she was seated by the side of Ralph, Lizzie said, “Rosa, Ralph has been saying that he strongly dislikes children in general, and babies in particular.” Rosa Lee was a pretty, intelligent girl of nineteen; she was of medium height, and a somewhat slight figure. Her features were regular; her hair was of a rich chestnut brown, which fell in

delicate curls upon her well-formed shoulders. Her eyes were also brown, and usually very bright; her complexion was exquisitely fair. When Lizzie told her of what Ralph had said she looked reprovingly at him, and said, "Now that was very, very naughty of you; when will you leave off saying these—shall I say it?—foolish things?" "Oh, Rosa, you are severe upon me. Aunt has been lecturing me about it, and now you are going to do the same." "No, I am not, Ralph; but I should like to see you take more interest in children. I think it manly to do so. When I was staying at St. George's College, the president, whom you know to be a perfect scholar and gentleman, used often to play with his children, and even make toys for them." "Aunt, don't you think she will make a most successful teacher?" asked Ralph. "She is much too good for you I fear unless you greatly improve; and if you should have any children of your own, Rosa will bring them up well, for she is a true Christian." On hearing this the young lady alluded to blushed, for she was engaged to Ralph Hammond.

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Five years have passed away since the conversation just narrated took place. A young lady is seated in a room similar to the one we have described. By her side there is a golden-haired boy of three years of age, watching her put together a Scripture puzzle. "Mamma, this piece belongs there—it has Jesus' face upon it." Thank you, Ralph, I see you know the pieces now. I think you could put it together by yourself; when you have done so you shall repeat 'I want to be an angel;' but listen—I hear your papa coming—it must be near tea-time." The door opened, and a fine young man entered, kissed his wife, and took his little son upon his knee: "Look, papa, I can put this puzzle together by myself now." "Bless you, my boy," said his father as he smoothed the child's hair from off his forehead, "I see you can, thanks to your mother's teaching." As he said this, Rosa Hammond looked lovingly towards her husband. Rosa's maxims are that if we would obtain a hold on the affections of children we must seek to amuse as well as instruct them; and if we would do our duty in regard to them we must teach them early in life the truths of the Scriptures; and as children understand

better those things which they see than those which they merely hear she seeks to instruct little Ralph by Scripture puzzles and picture books. She also tells him of the various Scripture characters, especially of the one great character, which is the grand theme of so large a portion of the Word of God—our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. In this labour of love her husband is her willing helper. He has long since learned the truth of his aunt Minnie's statement about the manliness of being interested in children, and seeking to please and instruct them. Mothers! what do you think of this teaching? I speak to the wise, to whom a word is sufficient. Judge ye what I say.

R. A. H.

THE CHILD WITH FLOWERS:

A CHILD beside a running stream,
Sat carelessly at play;
Her hands were filled with pretty flowers,
Which made her young heart gay;
She gazed upon them with delight,
They were so beautiful and bright.

And ever and anon a flower
Into the stream she cast,
Then clapped her hands and smiled to see
How swift it glided past;
And thus she threw them; one by one,
Till all her pretty flowers were gone.

Then when she found no more were left,
The little maiden wept,
And wish'd, but wish'd in vain, that she
Her pretty flowers had kept.
The stream refused to hear her cry;
"Give back my flowers!" it glided by.

And yet again her little plaint
Fell sadly on my ear;
It pain'd me much to see her grief,
Her useless cry to hear;
For only echo caught the strain,
"Give back my pretty flowers again!"

And thus have children oft the loss:
 Of golden hours to mourn,
 The opportunities they lose
 Will never more return.

Dear little ones, seek Christ to-day,
 For days of grace soon pass away.

The stream of time is flowing fast;
 Oh! see that you improve
 The precious season you enjoy,
 To serve the God of Love ;
 Else soon your bitter cry must be,
 " Give back, give back my flowers to me !

R. H. B.

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE.—No. 9.

THE hours wore on; and about ten o'clock the physician arrived from London. He was closeted with Dr. Cox for an hour after they had together examined his patient, and when at last he appeared downstairs his face was very grave. Florence sat by the little table in Mrs. Graham's room, trying to be calm and to gain some comfort from the Holy Book before her, but as she strove to read the letters danced before her eyes and defied all her efforts to decipher them. When she saw the strange doctor enter the room, her mute, appealing look asked the question her lips refused to frame into words; but he did not appear to notice it, and taking up his hat in silence he walked out, and once again the sorrowing girl was left alone. She went to the window, and drawing back the curtains, looked out upon the still night. Florence never forgot that hour; in after years it seemed to stand out as if written in letters of light upon her memory. With the foreshadowing of evil upon her spirit she looked up to the sky, and a strange peace, a calm strength came to her mind as if to nerve it for endurance. For some minutes she stood thus thinking of the Friend who would always help and sustain her; when some one softly entered the room and laid a hand upon her shoulder. It was Mrs. Graham, and as Florence turned round she could see that it was no good news the old lady had to tell, and tremblingly she said, "Tell me all." The grey eyes filled with large tears as

Mrs. Graham said gently, "My child, I would that I could save you from it, but it is right you should know now, you must seek strength to bear it from Him who only can give it you." Unable to speak from intensity of emotion, Florence could only press the hand which held hers and motion to Mrs. Graham to go on. The kind old lady was as much affected as herself as she drew nearer and continued: "The doctors are afraid, dear, that your brother will not rally again." Florence sprang up and with one low, wild cry of anguish she said, "Oh, Mrs. Graham, what can you mean? Do you mean that he will not recover, that he will not speak to me again?" and reading her answer in the pitying look bent upon her, she sank down, murmuring, "O my brother, my brother," in such agony that Mrs. Graham could not bear it, so she silently left the room. In the passage she encountered Arthur Cardeux, making his way to the room she had just left. "Do not go in there, Mr. Cardeux," she said, "at least not just now; Miss Lyle is there almost heart-broken about her brother, poor young lady!" He looked into her face and said, "I have not yet heard the doctor's report, Mrs. Graham!" "They fear he will not be sensible again," was the low reply. Arthur looked shocked and turned to go upstairs again, but as if a sudden thought struck him, he retraced his steps until he stood before Florence. She looked up as he entered with a cold gaze as if she was half stunned, and no traces of tears were on her pale face. "You know all?" she said, interrogatively. Arthur replied, "I have heard what the doctor's fear is; but, Miss Lyle, I cannot yet give up hope, I cannot think that God will take him from earth thus; I believe that yet your mother's prayers for him will be answered. I heard from his own lips only a few days since of her death-bed and her charge to him, and I believe that yet he will live to obey it, and to yield up his life to his mother's God." He ceased, and Florence spoke gratefully as she said, "You have caused my faith to revive now, I too will trust that God will answer prayer." Arthur replied, in an earnest, serious tone, "Let us pray for him now." All other thought was set aside in such an hour as this, when wave after wave of anguish was rolling over her soul, and she knelt down while he poured out his heart in wrestling supplication to the Hearer and Answerer of prayer. He prayed that in this

hour of darkness and trial His mercy might vouchsafe deliverance; and, gaining strength as he went on, he prayed for the salvation of the dear one in such an earnest, wrestling manner as if he knew that he would recover but feared for his best interests, and so pleading felt sure that an answer would come. Florence rose with the light of faith shining in her eyes, and at once sought the sick room.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

Among the pleasant recollections of our childhood is the little sitting-room where the family daily gathered for prayer. It was no formal service. It consisted of no long and wearisome repetition of unmeaning words. It was a simple, brief and heartfelt acknowledgment of the Divine goodness, with a humble confession of sins, and an entreaty for guidance and grace from Heaven. We have rarely since heard prayers like those imprinted on our childish memory, so brief and comprehensive. Their solemnity, and the deep sense of awe with which they were uttered, affected every heart. No one doubted their sincerity. The boys of the family, in their wildest days, never distrusted the consistent piety of their revered father, and could never forget his prayers for their conversion; and when God's grace was given to them, and they all cherished the hope that they were born again, they never doubted that it was in answer to the father's yearning petitions in the closet and by the fireside. They will never forget the family altar of their boyhood, and will aim to inspire their children in turn with pleasant memories of the same centre of duty and affection. Are all Christian families equally blessed? Is family worship generally observed? We heard it gravely asserted, not long since, that not one-third of the Christian heads of families steadily maintained family devotion. We could not credit the statement. It was at variance with our personal experience and observation. It seems a libel on the Christian parents of our day. But it gained the assent of others who have had opportunities for wider and more accurate observation than ourselves. We have feared that in many families it was hurried and irregular, and that fathers,

eager to be at their places of business at an early hour; sometimes feel unwilling to spare the time needed for conducting family worship with decorum and solemnity. But that Christian parents can neglect it altogether is one of the mysteries of human nature for which we can attempt no explanation. We should expect the children in such families to grow up in open unbelief. Such a result is natural. They infer that there can be little worth in prayer or their parents would practise it; that Christian duties are of small account, or their parents would conform to them; that the doctrines of depravity and regeneration and future punishment are mere dogmas, or their parents would be concerned about their salvation; and from this fatal parental neglect they are led to doubt and to disbelieve the truths of Christianity. We suspect that the most hardened infidels of our age are those who have been reared in families professedly Christian, but have seen few fruits of piety in their life. If family prayer is neglected by many Christian families, it is easy to explain the barrenness of their members. If the family altar is deserted, the closet is likely to experience similar neglect; for a Christian father communing daily with God in secret would carry about with him a troubled conscience if God were not publicly recognised in the family. There have been terrible shipwrecks of Christian character, but we may be certain that neglect of duty in the family and in the closet preceded the public fall. Office-bearers of our Churches should probe this growing sin with Christian fidelity, and endeavour by kind admonition and encouragement to raise up altars where they have fallen down, and to build them where they never had place; it would be of inestimable advantage to the interests of piety. A revival of family piety would prepare the way for a general descent of God's Holy Spirit, and for a great work of grace in the Churches.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

JANE HALL, THE HONEST GIRL.

JANE HALL was a very little girl when her father died. He was a poor man, but he was one who loved and feared God, and

loved to read his Bible and to pray to God. When he was well he used to work hard, and then Jane and her mother had good food to eat and clothes to wear; but one day he went out into the woods to cut down some trees, and the axe struck his leg and cut it to the bone. Some men took him home, but his leg grew worse and worse, and at last it was cut off. Then he grew more ill every day; and when he was told that he could only live a few days, he called his wife and little Jane to the side of his bed and told them that he must die. "And then who will take care of you when I am gone?" said he. "God will take care of us," said Jane's mother. "Yes, God will take care of you," said the poor man, "if you love and serve Him; the will of the Lord be done." Soon after this he bade them good-bye, and died. Poor little Jane cried very much when she saw her dear father laid in the ground; but her mother told her that his soul was not there; it was gone to be happy with God, and he would never be poor or sick, and never would suffer any more. "Oh!" said little Jane, "I wish we could go there too, for we shall always be poor now father is gone." "God will take care of us," said her mother.

Jane's mother found some work to do, but she had to work very hard to get money to buy food and clothes and wood to keep them warm; for it was very cold, and the snow was very deep, and the wind blew through the poor log-house where Jane and her mother lived. At last, one very cold day, when they had no food to eat, the poor woman went to take home some work she had done for a lady. The snow was very deep, and Jane took a little spade and tried to make a path from the door for her mother to get into the road. After she had gone, Jane found some chips and sticks, and tried to make a little fire to warm her mother when she came home. When her mother came in she said, "Jane, dear, I am very sick and cold; help me to bed." Jane did all that such a little girl could do for her mother, and then she said, "Mother, you told me you would buy some bread and some tea with the money which the lady would pay you." "She paid me no money; my poor child; the lady was not at home, and I had to leave my work." "Oh! dear, what shall we do?" said little Jane. "God will take care of us, my child," said her

mother. "Oh, mother! that is what you always say, but God does *not* take care of us. You are sick and we are poor and cold, and I am so very, very hungry." "Hush! Jane, hush!" said her mother, "you must not talk so. Has not God taken care of us so far? We still have a place to live in; and He has not yet left us to starve. Come here, my child, and kneel down by me, and we will pray to God to take care of us, and to forgive you for the bad thoughts that are in your heart."

The tears ran down Jane's cheeks as she knelt down by her mother, and then she got into bed, and they tried to keep each other warm. Soon little Jane cried herself to sleep, and forgot how cold and hungry she was until morning came. When she woke up, she found that her mother was much worse, and a poor woman who came in said all she wanted was some good food and warm tea and she would soon be well. Then said little Jane, "Oh mother! may I go to the lady who owes you the money and ask her for it, and buy some bread and some tea?" Her mother said she might go, and told her how to find the lady's house. So little Jane set off.

THE OLD CLOCK IN THE TOWER.

THERE are many other clocks in the world, but none more useful than the one just below the belfry. There are the old-fashioned eight-day clocks, with their wooden cases ornamented with strange devices; and there are the new Dutch clocks, whose price is not beyond the limited income of the day-labourer, to say nothing of the noble time-pieces which adorn the homes of the wealthy. But to Old Anthony the clock in the tower has a charm peculiar to itself; more than fifty years, with all their changes, have passed away since the first sound of its deep-toned bell warned him of passing hours, and ever since it has told off the moments which go to make up our life.

The night was very dark and the hum of the busy world was hushed when the old clock struck a quarter to twelve. Here and there a single individual might be seen hastening with rapid

strides to his place of residence ; whilst a policeman stood at the corner of the street watching the unsteady gait of a wretched man making his way to a far more wretched dwelling. There was only one spot which presented a lively appearance, but which to a Christian's mind was an object of the deepest sorrow. In the narrow street which runs from the main thoroughfare to the northern fortification stands a lofty building, whose ornamental and numerous gas-lamps threw a broad streak of light upon the buildings opposite. Before it was arranged a long line of cabs, the drivers of which were collected in a group near the entrance. On the steps stood a number of gaily-dressed females, ready to draw aside the youths whose minds had been corrupted by scenes within, whilst here and there persons of like character were evidently engaged in planning the downfall of those who should come within their reach.

Just as the old clock struck the midnight hour, a noise was heard, and from that hall of pleasure poured forth a stream of human beings ; amongst them was a man of strong athletic frame, dressed in fustian. Closely followed by his two sons, he turned from that place of moral pollution into a vast and gorgeous gin palace adjoining the hall, where, drinking hard, he deepened the awful guilt which already stained his soul. Could he expect any other than that those two youths should in after days tread in his steps ? By such proceedings he was laying the foundation of a sad future home, where wretchedness and misery could find a dwelling. The time came when the younger might be seen reeling home under the influence of drink, and the elder frequenting places of the foulest character. How true it is that whatsoever we sow that we shall also reap !

Ye heads of families ! learn from this incident the sad effects of taking your children where drunkenness and immorality are rife ; for if you do, the day will come when with broken hearts you will see them, uninfluenced by home restraint, hastening to follow " the giddy multitude to do evil."

OLD ANTHONY.

"STRANGE TOM."

ALTHOUGH we were employed in the same large house of business, yet he joined us not in our recreation after work was done. We invariably missed him in the evening, and were of course curious to know how and where he spent his time. We noticed that when he returned he appeared as if he had performed a long journey, but none of us liked to ask him where he had been, and he soon retired to rest. From these circumstances he was called by us all, when speaking of him, "Strange Tom." One day we decided that two of our number should follow him, and see his errand, and this proceeding, rude as it was, met with approval, for our curiosity could not be kept within bounds. Some of us imagined he was in love, and that his nocturnal visits were made to the object of his affection; but his conduct did not bear out this supposition, and I and another were deputed to follow him, the night chosen for the purpose being very dull. Out of the busy city he went; three or four villages were passed, but still he kept on. Six miles had been traversed, when we suddenly missed him. It is not too much to say that often in our journey we felt ashamed of ourselves, but we did not like to go back without gaining the information we all so much desired. We had now got to what appeared to be a piece of land surrounded by a wall, with a building in the centre, but on looking over we saw it was a burying-ground, and to our great surprise "Strange Tom" was walking among the graves, but evidently bound for one spot in particular. We did wonder that a person should walk six miles to see a grave! The place was unnaturally quiet, and we were startled to hear a voice, very plaintive it was, but we knew it well, and it sadly moaned, "My mother dear, when shall I see you?" The secret was out. All that long distance he had traversed nightly for more than a year, and for what? To be near his mother's grave. A short time after this it became known to him that we were aware of his retreat, and then he told us how his father had four years before been lost at sea, and how his mother felt her bereavement. She survived him but a year, but in her last illness there was One who stood by her and

bade her fear not, for He would be with her. Tom then narrated, with weeping eyes, the last scene in his mother's life—the yielding up of her spirit to him who gave it, with the thrilling words, "Safe at home; meet me, Tom." He hoped we would excuse his childishness, but it was at eventide he used to walk with her when she was living, and it seemed such a relief from care to be near the place where her body rested. On the fourth anniversary of his mother's death we noticed he did not start as usual on his journey, and we fancied he could not be well, as he was then in his room. Just about the time he would have reached the grave, a servant, while passing his room, heard a groan, and screamed for assistance. We ran upstairs, and opening the door, found him stretched on the floor. He did not speak, but he pointed to the table, and with a sweet smile on his features his spirit passed away. On the table was a paper on which was written, "I shall not be there to-night, but I think I shall see her: I feel so ill, but I cannot call out: She is calling me: Lord Jesus, receive" Tears filled our eyes as we read this, and it was not until he was gone that we knew how much we loved him. The doctor who had attended him a few weeks before appeared to know the secret, and he shed a tear as he read the paper, and said, "I feared it would be so." We all thought of our homes, and the kind mothers who were praying for us; and we resolved each of us from that time to love our mothers more.

E. J. L.

"UNEQUALLY YOKED TOGETHER."

HELEN CLIFFORD was the only daughter of parents who moved in the middle circle of society. From infancy she had been trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. In early womanhood she met with one who by false pretences and fair promises won her regard; had she been a close student of human nature she would have perceived that under a devout exterior Edward Angus lacked the "one thing needful;" he possessed the form of godliness without the power. Time passed away, and one bright May morning Helen plighted her troth to him who had won her maiden heart. Every one thought a bright

and happy future awaited her. The first few months of their married life passed peacefully away, the husband joining his wife in family worship, and attending with her the means of grace. But soon the mask was thrown aside, and in bitter grief and despair Helen discovered, instead of marrying one who loved the Saviour, she had literally united herself to one who despised Him. Domestic worship soon became distasteful to Edward Angus, and so far from joining in it he tried to prevent his wife observing it. It was with deep sorrow she found if God's blessing had to be asked upon the household she must do it alone. Years passed on, but no change came over the hard heart of Edward Angus, unless indeed it was for the worse; he became more openly profane, reviling the religion he once professed to reverence. The pleasures of the world, the theatre and midnight party, became his chief delight; long and earnestly would he urge on his wife to accompany him, but she had discovered the fatal mistake she had made, and was firm to her resolution that by God's help she would adhere to her Saviour, and to what she had been taught in early youth. So the husband and wife are walking in separate paths, and it is with deep sorrow Helen finds if her children are taught the fear of God, her own lips must teach them, for her husband, alas! knows it not.

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Arthur Lee was the son of a pious mother, who early led her little one to the Saviour's feet, and as years passed on strove to train him in the fear of the Lord; and great was the joy of her heart when her son, in the bloom of manhood, openly professed his love for the Saviour, and joined himself with God's people. For eighteen months he made rapid progress under the means of grace, until he became acquainted with one who, like the young man in the gospel, lacked the one thing needful. His mother saw with deep sorrow his visible decline in religion: his attendance at the house of God became irregular, the Sabbath-school was neglected. Long and earnestly did the anxious mother plead with her son and pray that he might return to the fold, and for a time her prayers seemed effectual; he returned to his place among the followers of Christ, continued to engage in family prayer, and his mother's hopes again revived. But when a few

months later he called Ada R—— his bride, his mother was grieved to see his religion was again on the decline. The Sunday-school gradually became neglected, he must join his wife on a Sunday afternoon in visiting her friends, family worship became distasteful, and the communion with God's people was entirely neglected. His mother entreated him in accents of tenderest love to return to the Lord, but all in vain; he turned a deaf ear to all her entreaties. The pleasures of the world had become too fascinating; he left the narrow path of happiness to join his wife in the broad one that in the end leads to despair. We would repeat to all young people the language of the apostle: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath light with darkness? or what communion hath Christ with Belial?" E. R.

LINEs ADDRESSED TO A MOTHER ON THE DEATH OF HER INFANT.

O no, she's not lost; it is selfish to weep!
Your treasure still lives, she is but fallen asleep;
Think not of your loss, but think of the love
Of that Saviour who called her so early above.

Your sweet infant is safe, all its sorrows are o'er,
Neither sickness nor death can e'er trouble it more;
'Twas thy Father who gave thee so precious a boon,
'Tis thy Father who called it to glory so soon.

Your fond heart is crushed, your bright hopes are riven,
But think of your child as an angel in heaven;
Repine not, beloved one, God knows all you feel,
He inflicted the wound, and He also will heal.

A. B.

TRUTH AT HOME.

OF all happy households that is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of. All peace is broken up when once it appears that there is a lie in the house, all comfort has gone when suspicion has entered. There must be a reserve in conversation and belief. Anxious parents, who are aware of the pains of suspicion, will place general confidence in their children, and receive what

they say freely unless there is strong reason to distrust the truth of any one. Should such an occasion unhappily arise, they must keep the suspicion from spreading as long as possible, and avoid disgracing their poor child while there is a chance of its cure by confidential assistance. He should have their pity and their assiduous help as if he were suffering from some bodily disorder. If he can be cured he will become truly grateful for the treatment. If the endeavour fails, means must, of course, be taken to prevent his example from doing harm. I fear that from some cause or other there are but few large families where every member is altogether truthful. But where all are so organized and so trained as to be wholly reliable in act and word, they are a light to all and a joy to all hearts. They are public benefits, for they are a point of general reliance, and are blessed within and without. Without, their life is made easy by universal trust; and within their home and their hearts, they have the security of rectitude and the gladness of innocence.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE Past—where is it? It has fled.

The Future? It may never come.

Our friends departed? With the dead.

Ourselves? Fast hastening to the tomb.

What are earth's joys? The dews of morn.

Its honours? Ocean's wreathing foam.

Where's peace? In trials meekly borne.

And joy? In heaven, the Christian's home.

Our prayers and God's mercy are like the buckets in a well; while the one ascends, the other descends.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Congregational Sunday School Hymn-Book. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

A selection of three hundred hymns, prepared in connection with the Congregational Union of England and Wales. A great number of the most suitable hymns for children from other hymn-books are included in this collection, and it has the advantage of variety and newness.

Old Jonathan: London: Collingridge.

WHICH IS THE HAPPIER?

"BE wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer,
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time.
 Year after year it steals till all are fled;
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene."

"I tell you these men preach because they are paid for it," exclaimed David Richards very petulantly, as he threw his chisel upon the bench before him. "Suppose they are paid for it," calmly replied his fellow-workman, Thomas Cornwell, "does that make the things of which they preach less true? They are paid for it as you say, and like honest men they do what they are paid for. If you went into a factory in which there was some good machinery would you refuse to admire and praise it because the workmen who moulded it and fitted it were paid for their labour? Come, don't talk in that way any more, for I really do not think you believe that religion is not worthy of your consideration, simply because the men who publicly advocate its claims are paid for doing so." "Well, I suppose they must live by their profession; but I don't see why I should be compelled to listen to them, and accept all they like to say as truth. I want to think for myself—why if a man does not think for himself he is no better than a child; so, Tom, my friend, you can be led by the parsons as much as you please; I tell you honestly I shall not be. Instead of being shut up in a church or chapel on a Sunday I mean to do as I have always done, walk along the country road, and in the fields with my wife and children. There we enjoy ourselves, improve our health, and are under no obligation to anybody. When it is wet or cold I stay at home, read the newspaper, smoke my pipe, and drink my beer; and I say I am as good a man as any of those who go with you on Sunday. I pay my way, and owe nobody anything, except my good-will." "I know, David, that you are an honest, straightforward man; but you do not understand religion nor religious people. The parsons do not wish to lead you as you imagine; and as for thinking for yourself that is the very thing which they are always

telling people to do. They do not ask men to trust blindly to them, but rather to examine the Bible for themselves. I assure you it is a book which does not shrink from examination. Now I ask you to tell me honestly whether you have ever read it carefully in your life, and whether you feel that the way in which you spend your Sabbaths is the best way in which they might be spent? I used to think and talk very much the same as you do now; but since I have attended a place of worship I have been a much happier, and I trust a better man." "I can't say that I ever did read the Bible very much, for it always seemed to me such a dry book, full of hard names and things I know very little about. As to the way in which I spend my Sundays I have sometimes not felt exactly happy about it, but a man must not make himself miserable about trifles. I did once go to a place of worship, and the people appeared to me to be a stuck-up lot, so I have not been again." "I will not undertake to defend the way in which religious persons often do treat working men when they do go to a place of worship," returned Thomas Cornwell; "but as you yourself confess there is much in the Bible you do not understand, I put it to you whether that is not a strong reason why you should attend the teaching of some man who has made the study of that book the object of his life; you know that is the way you do in other matters. You say you have sometimes felt a little uneasy about the way you spend your Sundays; let me ask you to try my plan for a time, and then you will see if it is better than your own or not." This conversation took place in a carpenter's shop, in the east end of London, between two workmen who had known each other for some time. The wide difference of their opinions has been already shown, but in matters relating to their business they were very much alike; both were sober, industrious, good workmen. Yet David Richards admitted to himself when he was alone that Thomas Cornwell was a happier and a more prosperous man than himself; that his home was more comfortable, his wife more neat and tidy, and his children better behaved. He had often sought to account for these differences, but found some difficulty in doing so, for their wages were about the same; they lived in the same row of houses, and Thomas had not much more furniture than himself;

more than this they both belonged to the same building society, and David knew that Thomas's savings were about the same as his own.

"Then what makes the difference between us?" he asked himself on the morning of the day on which the conversation we have narrated took place. As he went home from his work that evening he was again thinking of the same subject. "Perhaps I have been wrong, and Thomas right," he thought. "I'll talk to my wife about it this evening." "Lizzy," he said, as they sat at tea together, "I have been talking to Tom again about ministers, places of worship, and that sort of thing." "What did Tom say about them?" asked Lizzy. The husband here repeated the conversation which we have narrated. When he had finished she said, "What do you say, David—shall we go to hear Mr. Jackson next Sunday evening?" "I think we will," he answered; "and yet I do not like to let all the workmen know that I have come round to Thomas' way of thinking. The men will laugh finely when they hear that David Richards has turned religious." "Never mind their laughing," returned his wife, who having been brought up in a Sabbath-school had never felt very comfortable about their mode of life, "they will soon be tired of that." The next Sunday evening found David Richards and his wife in the house of God. The minister took for his text the words, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." He showed that "the objects presented by religion are infinitely worthy of being sought," and "the way in which these essential blessings are to be obtained." He spoke from his heart of the great truths of the Gospel—*ruin, redemption, regeneration*—in such a manner that David's notion about ministers preaching merely because they are paid for it was dispelled, and in place of this there arose in his mind a conviction that the things about which the preacher spoke so earnestly must be truths indeed. "Let me assure you, brethren," was his concluding sentence, "that our happiness for this world and the next is only to be secured by an interest in Jesus Christ."

"How did you like Mr. Jackson last night, David?" said Thomas Cornwell, as the two were smoking side by side on the

Monday following. "He spoke very earnestly and plainly, and I do not mind confessing to you that I begin to think I have had a wrong opinion about ministers and religion." "Will you go again next Sunday, David?" "Yes, Tom, I will." For many Sabbaths did David Richards and his wife and children continue to attend the ministry of Mr. Jackson. By degrees David saw the plan of salvation more clearly. He began to understand that man is a sinner. God is just. Man needs a mediator between himself and God. Christ has come to open a way whereby we may return to God. One Sabbath evening he listened to a sermon from the words, "For the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge that if one died for all then were all dead; and that He died for all that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves but unto Him which died for them, and rose again." Of course the preacher dwelt upon the constraining influence of the love of Christ; and before David Richards retired to rest that night he was enabled to trust his soul's salvation into the hands of Christ. His wife soon afterwards also became a sincere Christian, and the now really happy pair devote themselves to the service of Christ. David's fellow-workmen wondered very much at first, and laughed at and joked him about it; but they see that the change in him is real, that he acts consistently, and therefore they respect him. Mothers! will you not try to produce the same results in your own homes? We hope you will, and may the blessing of God rest upon your efforts.

R. A. H.

NATURAL SYSTEM OF FAMILY DISCIPLINE.

IN every family where there are young children there almost daily occur cases of what mothers and servants call "making a litter." A child has had out its box of toys, and leaves them scattered about the floor; or a handful of flowers brought in from a morning walk is presently seen dispersed over tables and chairs; or a little girl making dolls' clothes disfigures the room with shreds. In most cases the trouble of rectifying the disorder falls anywhere but in the right place; if in the nursery, the nurse herself with many grumblings about "tiresome little things," &c., undertakes the task; if below stairs it usually

devolves on one of the elder children or on the housemaid, the transgressor being visited with nothing more than a scolding. In this very simple case, however, there are many parents wise enough to follow out more or less consistently the normal course, that of making the child itself collect the toys or shreds. The labour of putting things in order is the true consequence of having put them in disorder. Every trader in his office, every wife in her household, has daily experience of this fact; and if education be a preparation for the business of life, then every child should also from the beginning have daily experience of this fact. If the natural penalty be met by any refractory behaviour, then the proper course is to let the child feel the reaction consequent on its disobedience. Having refused or neglected to pick up and put away the things it has scattered about, and having thereby entailed the trouble of doing this on somebody else, the child should on subsequent occasions be denied the means of giving this trouble. When next it petitions for its toy-box the reply of its mother should be, "The last time you had your toys you left them lying on the floor, and Jane had to pick them up. Jane is too busy to pick up every day the things which you leave about, and I cannot do it myself. So that as you will not put away your toys when you have done with them, I cannot let you have them." This is obviously a natural consequence, neither increased nor lessened, and must be so recognized by the child. The penalty comes too at the moment when it is most keenly felt. Take another case. Not long since we had frequently to listen to the reprimands visited on a little girl who was scarcely ever ready in time for the daily walk. Of eager disposition and apt to become thoroughly absorbed in the occupation of the moment, Constance never thought of putting on her things until the rest were ready. The governess and the other children had almost invariably to wait, and from the mamma there almost invariably came the same scolding. Utterly as this system failed it never occurred to the mother to let Constance experience the natural penalty, nor indeed would she try it when it was suggested to her. In the world the penalty of being behind time is the loss of some advantage that would otherwise have been gained; the train is gone or the steamboat

is just leaving its moorings, or the best things in the market are sold, or all the good seats in the lecture-room are filled. Is not the inference obvious? Should not these prospective deprivations control the child's conduct also? If Constance is not ready at the appointed time, the natural result is that of being left behind and losing her walk. No one can, we think, doubt that after having once or twice remained at home while the rest were enjoying themselves in the fields, and after having felt that this loss was solely her own fault, some amendment would take place. At any rate the measure would be more effective than that perpetual scolding which ends only in producing callousness.

Again, when children with more than usual carelessness break or lose the things given to them, the natural penalty—the penalty which makes grown-up persons more careful—is the consequent inconvenience. The want of the lost or damaged article, and the cost of supplying its place, are the experiences by which men and women are disciplined in these matters; and the experience of children should be as much as possible assimilated to theirs. We do not refer to that early period at which toys are pulled to pieces in the process of learning their physical properties, and at which the results of carelessness cannot be understood, but to a later period when the meaning and advantages of property are perceived. When a boy, old enough to possess a penknife, uses it so roughly as to snap the blade or leaves it in the grass by some hedge-side where he was cutting a stick, a thoughtless parent or indulgent relative will commonly forthwith buy him another, not seeing that by doing this a valuable lesson will be lost. In such a case a father may properly explain that knives cost money, and that to get money requires labour, that he cannot afford to purchase new penknives for those who lose or break them, and that until he sees evidences of greater carefulness he cannot make good the loss. A parallel discipline may be used as a means of checking extravagance. These few familiar instances, here chosen because of the simplicity with which they illustrate our point, will make clear to every one the distinction between those *natural penalties* which we contend are the truly efficient ones, and those artificial penalties which parents commonly substitute for them.

THE PRAYING WIFE.

"I HAVE just come," says a minister, "from the bedside of a man whose soul is as thoroughly healthy and happy as his poor consumptive frame is wretched. During the last two months he has given his heart to Jesus, and the change has been marvellous. Beside his bed was, in truth, his *guardian angel*, an energetic, discreet, godly-minded wife. 'I am praying for him,' has been the resolute answer of that noble woman whenever I have talked with her about her husband's stubborn impenitence. His life was becoming endangered by strong drink; but the harder he drank the harder she prayed. At last the answer came in a slow, wasting sickness that took him away from tempting associates, shut him up with his conscience on a bed of pain, and left him to look his own life 'in the face.' Her loving heart bears his sickness submissively, for she recognizes in it the medicinal process by which God is curing his sin-sick soul. Brave-hearted, noble wife! Her prayers have done more than my preaching for that man's conversion. He is now preaching Christ on his sick bed. I never despair of the man who had a good mother, or who has a patient, praying wife. I know well the heavy load of despondency that lies on many a true woman's heart, on account of the persistent impenitence of her husband. To all such I would say, *Never give him up*. When you sit alone in the sanctuary, plead for him with your Saviour as a woman's heart only can pray. Keep *his conversion* ever before you; not only beseech God for it, but labour for it yourself. Your prayers will be of no avail if you contradict them by an inconsistent, repulsive conduct, or a frivolous life. I beseech you, do not ask God to lead your husband to the cross, and then stand yourself right in the way. No man is likely to be won over to religion by the wife who comes home from the sanctuary or the social meeting to scold him, to vex him with an ugly temper, to play the chatterer or the scandal-monger, or to neglect her children for the giddy round of evening amusement. We do not believe that God ever answers a prayer that is *contradicted by our own conduct*. Live, therefore, for your husband's conversion. Not only pray for him, but *draw* him. You cannot drive him to the

sanctuary or to the Saviour, but if, in the name of Jesus, you fasten the silken cords of affection to him, and apply the persuasions of earnest lips and of a holy, sweet-tempered, consistent life, you may be joyfully surprised to see how he will go with you. Many a husband's resolute will has been won along steadily to Christ by the gentle persuasions of an amiable, prayerful woman's life. All the positive efforts you make for your husband's conversion should be made wisely. Practice a holy tact. Watch your opportunities to reach your husband's heart. Do not reproach him with teasing talk or with taunts; do not worry him with even a religious conversation when he is not in the mood to receive it. Watch the movings of his own heart and the guidings of Providence; and then, with fervent prayer, *work with the Holy Spirit*. Even now, a note lies beside me, just received from an intelligent, strong-willed man, who tells me that he has given himself to Jesus. His wife publicly confessed the Saviour about eight months since—alone. Who can tell whether the echoes of her prayers may not be heard in the lines of her husband's touching, manly letter?"

T. L. C.

"SOMEBODY'S DARLING."

THE incident, the following exquisite little poem commemorates, is unfortunately but too common in time of war.

"Into a ward of the whitewashed walls
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! So young and so brave,
Wearing still on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

"Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful, blue-veined face
Brush every wandering, silken thread;
Cross his hand on his motionless breast,
Somebody's darling is still and dead.

- " Kiss him once for *somebody's* sake,
 Murmur a prayer, soft and low,
 One bright curl from the cluster take,
 They were *somebody's* pride you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there;
 Was it a mother's, soft and white?
 Or the fingers of a sister fair,
 Playfully handling those waves of light?
- " God knows best. He was *somebody's* love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
 Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
 Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand.
- " *Somebody's* watching and waiting for him,
 Yearning to hold him again to her heart:
 There he lies—with the blue eyes dim
 And smiling, childlike lips apart.
 Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
 Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
 Carve on the wooden slab at his head—
 '*Somebody's* darling lies buried here!'

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE.—No. 10.

CONTRARY to the expressed opinion of the physicians, Edward Lyle did awake to consciousness, and the watching eyes of his anxious sister met his as he opened them in the dawn of early morning. He gazed upon her as if in bewilderment, and tried to raise his hand to his forehead, but was unable to do so, and then recollections seemed to come, and in a low feeble voice he asked anxiously, "Where is Craig?" Florence felt puzzled, and at a loss how to reply, hardly feeling sure her brother knew what he was saying, but in answer to her questioning look he murmured, "Alfred was with me when the collision occurred. Is he hurt much?" The old doctor now entered the room, and held up a warning finger to Florence not to reply, and going to the bedside he took the pulse of the patient between his fingers. Florence watched his face intensely, and saw an expression of surprise and satisfaction steal over it; she dared not speak to

him then, though she longed to ask him if he thought there was hope; so she sat in silence, lifting up her heart to God. Dr. Cox poured out some medicine, and gave it to Edward, then turning to Florence, he whispered, "Keep perfectly quiet, much depends on this next hour; if he sleep well, by God's help he will recover." The weeping girl could only grasp his hand for reply, while a glad song of thankfulness went up to the throne of God.

That hour passed, and another came and went in the silent, sick room, and still Edward lay in a quiet peaceful slumber. When at six o'clock Mrs. Graham came to relieve the young watcher, she found her bending over the open Testament, with a face radiant with hope and joy, and at once her eye sought the bed, when at a glance she saw the change. "God be praised," she ejaculated fervently, as she took the sister's place by the table, and looked upon Edward's altered face. At that very time Arthur Cardeux was wending his way along the street with a sad, sad heart, for it had been an eventful night to him too, one whose scenes would long live in his memory, and haunt his meditations. On leaving Mrs. Graham's the previous evening he repaired to his lodgings, where a messenger awaited him, begging that he would at once go to Mrs. Craig's house, for they feared that young Mr. Craig would not live through the night, and in his delirium he was calling for Mr. Cardeux. Arthur was surprised and shocked, for until now he had not known that Alfred Craig was in the train that had met with the accident. He directly started, and reached the house at eleven o'clock, and was at once conducted upstairs. Mrs. Craig came out into the passage to meet him; she appeared nearly wild with excitement and grief, as she begged him to come in and see her boy. Arthur felt that to her, a fashionable worldly woman, he could offer no words of consolation, so he quietly followed her into the room. There were two doctors and a nurse there, but the former looked very grave, and the latter shook her head seriously as they gazed on their patient. Arthur looked on the face he had seen only a short time before glowing with health, and was startled at the change; the bright, beautiful eyes were now sunken and surrounded by dark circles, and the flush of

fever rendered more startling the otherwise marble features of the countenance as he tossed wildly to and fro, sometimes murmuring to himself snatches of some frivolous song, and then in a beseeching tone asking that he might not be buried in the dark, cold ground.

Mrs. Craig sobbed aloud, and Arthur was deeply affected. Once Alfred opened his eyes, and a gleam of consciousness came back to him, for he saw and recognized Arthur, and said faintly, "You were very good to come;" then covering his face with his hands, the large tears stole through his fingers, and he groaned in agony of spirit. Arthur kneeled down, and in a few earnest words offered up aloud a prayer for him, but the dying youth interrupted him, "It's no use praying for me now," he said, in a tone of bitter anguish; "my harvest is past, my summer is ended, and I am not saved." "I heard those words in God's house not long ago, and they are true of me." Then looking to his mother he said solemnly, almost sternly, "Mother! you have trained me for hell, not for heaven! you have always taught me that this world is all in all, now you see the mistake! Your boy is dying without hope, going into blackness, and darkness, and midnight." Then in a wailing, despairing cry he uttered the words, "O mother! mother!" They were the last he spoke coherently, for reason again left her throne, and in his delirium he called out that he was lost! lost for ever! It was a fearful scene, the dying young man, the conscience-stricken mother, and the awful presence of the Angel of Death. Then came the moment of dissolution, and as the nurse wiped the cold sweat from the brow, the wretched mother fainted, and was carried from the room. "All is over," said the nurse, as she laid back the unresisting form on the bed, and to Arthur her words sounded as a knell. "All is over!" he repeated mechanically, as he gazed on the face of the dead, all opportunities for turning to Christ, all offers of grace—all time for pardon over for ever. "All is over!" so far as this world is concerned, and with a sad heart he left the house, and retraced his steps homeward.

Mothers! who read this, beware how you train your children; they are young immortals given to your charge by

God, and more depends on your teaching than on any other influence that may surround them through life. Oh see to it that the sorrow and anguish of Alfred Craig's mother may never be yours !

THE MARRIAGE.

It was a bright and lovely day in June, when a small family party drove a few miles into the country, to spend the day with a Christian friend, in her rural summer residence. The day was spent and enjoyed amid the beauties of nature ; and at the end of the day the group assembled in the drawing-room and engaged in profitable, interesting, and animated conversation. While thus engaged a gentleman entered, whom all the visitors knew and welcomed. Shortly after a young lady entered the room ; she was most warmly welcomed by the family, and introduced to the visitors. On the entrance of this young lady a remarkable change passed over the assembled circle. The conversation became broken, and every one, save the family, seemed struck and abstracted for a considerable time. It was the beauty of this young lady which occasioned so great a sensation, and during the remainder of the evening, while the conversation was renewed in its interest and animation, there was an evident attraction towards this new and interesting visitor. " Who is that beautiful girl ? " said a young friend to Mrs. Carter, the lady of the house. " She is Adeline Gordon," was the reply. " She is the niece of a lady in our neighbourhood, and is about to be married to Dr. Stuart, whom you saw enter shortly before her. She is a beautiful girl," continued Mrs. Carter, " but her beauty is her least excellence ; she is a young lady of enlightened, devoted piety ; and Dr. Stuart, the man of her choice, is truly worthy of her."

This intelligence was deeply interesting to the young lady who made the inquiry, for she was herself a partaker of the grace of the Gospel, and valued its existence in others above all other distinctions. During the rest of the evening Miss Gordon was the object of absorbing interest to her, and after a special introduction to her, she enjoyed a satisfaction and pleasure in the intelligent, Christian conversation of the beautiful girl, which she had seldom before experienced to the same degree. Adeline

Gordon was the only daughter of her mother, who was a widow. Mrs. Gordon was a Christian lady, and she had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing her beloved child Adeline early made a partaker of the grace of the Gospel. This was the result of a pious, careful training. But more than this, Adeline followed closely in the footsteps of her excellent mother, and devoted herself with her whole energies to the cause of Christ; in conjunction with her mother, the object of her life was to spread the knowledge of Christ and to win souls to Him. Her visiting district, her tracts, her schools, her widows, her dying poor, and all the various missionary efforts, for home and abroad, were the great absorbing objects of her heart's interest. Adeline was ardent and persevering in the pursuit of every object, and in her active and earnest efforts in the cause of God she had difficulties, discouragements, and obstacles to overcome, and oppositions from cold and lukewarm professors to withstand, which constrained her to make almost constant "errands" to the throne of grace. She gained, therefore, such an experience of the presence, and power, and faithfulness of God as the hearer and answerer of prayer as ever nerved her with a courage and determination which could not be overcome or withstood. As difficulties arose she rose with them, and as opposition increased she all the more stedfastly set her face to go forward, and to regard no hindrance in the prosecution of the work of Christ in which she was engaged. In this way all that this young lady did prospered well, and she became the means of effecting an amount of good which cannot, in this brief sketch, be detailed.

Such was Adeline Gordon, in her Christian character, before the simple occurrence with which this account is opened. Her mother was not rich, and Adeline had no independent portion. What is called a "settlement in life," however, had never occupied her thoughts or mind, yet Adeline was admired, and sought by many suitors. Even men of the world, fascinated by her beauty, intelligence, and excellence, sought her hand, but these had no charm for her, and more than one offer of a brilliant alliance she rejected. She knew and honoured the Divine command, to "marry only in the Lord," and she felt it impossible that her affections could be engaged by any one who did not know, honour, and serve her God

and Saviour. She felt she could have no communion, no congenial intercourse with any such ; and she stedfastly rejected all such offers without regret. But the time at length came when the beautiful Adeline bestowed her affections upon one entirely congenial to her own tastes and character, and altogether worthy of her heart and hand. She became engaged to be married to Henry Stuart, a gentleman of very small independent fortune, but a rising physician, in the city of —. At the period at which this sketch opens, the engagement had just been formed, and she retired to the residence of her aunt, in the neighbourhood of —, on a short visit. Thither Dr. Stuart had gone to visit her, and finding her engaged to spend the evening with Mrs. Carter, who was likewise his own well-known and esteemed friend, he accompanied her on the visit, and was welcomed as described.

A COMMON PERVERSION OF SCRIPTURE.

LITTLE Susy had been for some time looking earnestly into the grate of glowing coals, as though some great thought occupied her mind, when she suddenly broke the silence by saying :—" Mother, what does *train* mean ? " " What the railroad train ? " said her mother. " No, indeed ! I do not mean *that*, nor to *train* as George and Jemmy do when they wear their paper caps, and Freddy drums for them." " The word *train*," said her mother, " has many meanings. I do not know what you have in your mind ; if I did, perhaps I could tell what the 'train' of which you are speaking means." " Well, I mean *train* in the Bible. Does it ever mean scold or whip ? " asked Susy. " I think I may safely say *no*," said her mother ; " but I wish I could obtain a clue to your thoughts, that I might learn some reason for your strange question." " When I was over to Aunt Prudy's yesterday," said Susy, " she scolded Nancy dreadfully, because she turned over a tumbler of water on a dress, and whipped her, and shut her up in a cold room, and when I asked her to let Nancy come out, she told me to hold my tongue, she did not bring up her children as you did me, *she made her children mind* ; she said the Bible said, 'Train up a child,' and I forgot the rest."

"Was it 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it?'" "Oh yes, that's what it is; but, mother, what does it mean?" "It means, that if children are trained or educated in good or bad habits, when they are old they will be likely to retain them." "I know then," said Susy, "that Nancy will hate everybody when *she is old*." "How do you know she will?" asked her mother. "Because she hates everybody when she is young. She said she did. I asked her if she hated her mother, and she said she hated her worse than anybody."

How many parents there are just like Nancy's mother, who thus pervert the Scriptures! They cannot appeal to reason or common sense to justify them, but quote the words of that Holy Book to sanction the most unscriptural and unchristian temper, and thus create a disrelish for its teachings, or irreverence for its Divine Author. Too often this, and a few similar passages, constitute the sum total of such parents' religion; those who appeal to Divine authority to gratify the caprices of petty tyrants. Mothers! study well the import of that one word, *train*. "Train up your children in the way they *should* go." Train them for home, for happiness, for heaven. So train them that each successive family may be a home of happiness, a foretaste of heaven. So train them "that your sons may be as plants grown up in their youth," firm and substantial and reaching toward heaven, "that your daughters may be like polished stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." How beautiful a definition of what a daughter should be! A polished stone, stability and refinement. What could be more requisite for the daughters of our land, as they in turn shall become corner stones of other homes? Train, then, the sons to be plants to nourish and sustain; the daughters to adorn, and both by firm and unwavering faith "in Him in whom all the families of the earth are blessed," to consecrate the future homes, until all are blended—"one family of God in heaven."

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

JANE HALL, THE HONEST GIRL.—No. 2.

In about an hour little Jane came back with some bread and meat and tea, and a little broth in a small tin can. Her mother was

lying with her eyes shut and her face was so very pale that little Jane really thought she was dead. She ran up to the bedside and said, "Open your eyes, dear mother! See! see! what nice things I have got for you." But her mother did not move nor seem to hear. Then little Jane put some of the broth on the fire, and as soon as it was warm she took it to her mother, and put a little of it into her mouth. Soon her mother looked up and seemed to feel better. Then little Jane made some tea which her mother drank, and Jane showed her all the nice things she had brought. "Then you got the money, did you, my child?" asked her mother, in a weak voice. "No, mother, I got no money," said Jane. "Then where did you get all these nice things?" said her mother.

Little Jane had taken off her shoes, which were all wet, and full of snow, and she said, "Now, mother, while I warm my cold hands and feet I will tell you all. The lady had gone out of town, and the cross man who came to the door would not even let me go in to get warm, but shut the door in my face. Then I cried for I could not help it, I was so cold and hungry. As I came back I had to pass a baker's shop, and there on a stand by the door was a nice loaf of fresh bread, and I thought how nice it would taste, I was so hungry. But I called to mind the words you had often taught me from God's Holy Word:—'Thou shalt not steal!' and I did not look at the loaf again, but came away." "Thank God for that, my child," said her mother. "By-and-by," said Jane, "a little girl went by me with her nurse. She had on fine clothes, and was eating a piece of nice cake, and then bad thoughts came into my head, and I said, 'God is good to that little girl, but He is not good to me. She has nice clothes to wear and good things to eat, and I am cold and hungry, and my poor mother is so sick at home.' Just then a bright piece of money fell out of the little girl's hand, and I saw it sink in the snow. The child did not stop to look for it, but I did, and I found it, and when I looked at it, I thought this would buy good food for us, and some tea for my poor mother." "My child, my child!" said the sick woman; "you did not keep the money?" "No, mother, I did not," said little Jane. "I am thankful for that," said her mother. "When I had

picked up the bright money," said Jane, "I saw the child and her nurse go into a fine large house and shut the door, and then I went up the steps of the house and pulled the bell. A man came to the door, and when it was open, I saw a sweet lady in the hall, and she had in her arms the little girl who had lost the money. Then I said to the man, 'Here is a piece of money the little girl lost in the street.' The man took the money and shut the door; but before I had got off the steps, he came after me, and told me to come back, for the lady wanted to speak to me. So I went back, and the lady talked kindly to me, and she took hold of my poor, cold hands, and made me go into a warm room, and when I told her how sick you were, and how poor we were, she sent for some food which she gave me to eat, and then she gave me all these things, and said she would come and see us to-day." "Well, Jane, has not God taken care of us?" said the poor woman. "Oh, yes, He has, mother; it was very wicked of me to have such bad thoughts in my heart."

Presently, there was a knock at the door, and in came the good, kind lady. She had brought such nice things for the poor woman that she was soon well and strong again; and then she sent them a load of wood, and gave Jane's mother work to do. And when Jane was old enough, the lady took her to live in her house to work for her, for she said she was glad to have one to work for her who would not take what was not her own. So you see how God takes care of those who trust in Him. If Jane had kept that money it would soon have been spent, and she would never have found the kind lady who took such good care of her and her mother. It would have made her poor mother's heart very sad; it would have made it more easy for her to sin again, and God would have been very angry with her. No matter how poor you may be, never forget that God says—"Thou shalt not steal!" and never forget that He will take care of those who put their trust in Him.

THE EXILE.

CHARLES RODEN was much respected in his native village, Riversdale; with young and old he was a general favourite. He

was regular in his attendance on the means of grace ; joining no companions but those who were like-minded with himself, he passed through the slippery paths of youth with a spotless character. At length strife in the home-circle, caused through the overbearing conduct of an elder brother, made him resolve to leave his native land, and seek peace and employment on a foreign shore. Years passed on, no stain resting on his manly brow, but he was doomed to suffer disappointment. He engaged in a speculation with a friend which failed, and he lost his money. Still he struggled on, not wishing to return to the home where his overbearing brother ruled—aided by a partial mother, who clung to the elder son and left the younger to toil on in a land far away. Nobly Charles bore losses and crosses, but now the summons has come to call him up hither. Typhus fever seizes him as his prey, and he must die alone and friendless. No mother's hand to wipe the death-damp from his brow, no brother's or sister's loving voice to speak words of comfort or direct him to the Saviour as he enters the dark valley. Beneath India's burning sun he died, and the same day his body was committed to the tomb.

Two months later a letter arrived in England, announcing to his mother and brother the mournful tidings that he had passed away from earth without the possibility of a parting word. How deep must have been their sorrow ! but no regrets can make the grave give up its dead. We trust that although he had been an exile from his native shore, he is now at home in his Father's house ; and if he died resting on the finished work of Christ, it matters not where the body rests :—

“ 'Neath India's sun or Lapland's snows,
Believers find the same repose.”

Unavailing are any regrets when the dear object has passed away from earth. Well would it be if brothers and sisters would dwell together in love, forbearing and forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven them.

E. R.

THE FALL OF THE GREAT TREE.

"FATHER," said a little boy, "I heard you say 'twas a wonder you were not killed to-day when the great tree fell pretty nearly upon you." "Yes, Sammy, that was true, my boy." "Well, father, then perhaps gentle Jesus helped it to fall away from you; for mother always prays for you when you are gone to work; all of us together pray upstairs before we go to school." "Do you, my boy, and do *you* pray?" "Yes, father, I try to a little; but I can't pray like mother does, she prays for everything." "Does she, Sammy? ah! you have a good mother, my boy, there are not many children so happy as you are. To be taught to pray too." "Yes, father, don't *you* ever pray for us? Teacher says if we wish to sing in heaven we must pray on earth. Is that true, father? Will you sing in heaven, father, with mother and all of us?" "I hope so, Sammy; wouldn't you like I should?" "Oh yes, father, to be sure I should; but do you pray though? eh?" "I hope, my boy, your mother will always ask God to take care of your father, for fear another great tree should fall near me when I am in the woods." "But, father, God will hear you as well as mother; won't He." "Yes, Sammy, I hope so. Did you ever hear me pray, my boy?" "No, father, but I should like to though, that I should." The father prayed that night.

TO-MORROW.

"To-morrow, my mother," a little child said,
"To-morrow, my mother, I will;"
But to-day was his last, and to-morrow came not,
And to nine out of ten never will.
To the tenth it once came, to a very old man,
Long time had he lain on his bed,
And his hands were so cold and his limbs were so stiff,
He already seemed as one dead.

"Pray to Heaven for mercy," they breathed in his ear,
 "There is time enough yet," he replied;
 "I am better, much better," he would have said more,
 But ere he could say it he died.
 So it is with the child, so it is with the man;
 "To-morrow" is ever the thought,
 Which checks the bright progress of many a soul
 With schemes of magnificence fraught.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

LOVE OF CHILDREN.

Love not your children unequally, or if you do, show it not,
 lest you make the one proud, the other envious, and both foolish.
 If nature has made a difference, it is the part of a tender
 parent to help the weakest. That trial is not fair where affection
 sits judge.

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS WHICH IS OF FAITH.

St. Austin said to one who inquired, "How can I get an arm
 long enough to reach Christ in heaven?" "Believe, and thou
 hast taken hold of Him."

THE UNRULY MEMBER.

An old proverb says that "Although the tongue has no bones
 it often breaks bones."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"Are you Satisfied?" or the Conversion of a High-church Clergyman.
 By the Rev. W. HASLAM. London: Partridge, Paternoster Row.

A little book calculated to be very useful, especially to those who
 are seeking to work out their own salvation.

Old Jonathan: London: Collingridge.

Merry and Wise. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

OUR CHARLEY.

What is to be done with our Charley? Yes, that is the question. The fact is, there seems to be no place exactly suitable except the bed. While he is asleep then our minds have rest—we know where he is and what he is about; and sleep is a gracious state; but then he wakes up bright and early, and begins pounding, hammering, singing, meddling and asking questions; in short, overturning the peace of society generally for about thirteen hours out of the twenty-four. Everybody wants to know what to do with him—everybody is quite sure that he cannot stay where they are. The cook can't have him in the kitchen, where he infests the pantry to get flour to make paste for his kites and melts lard in the new saucepan. If he goes into the wood-house, he is sure to pull the wood pile down upon his head; if he is sent into the garret, you think for awhile you have settled the problem, till you find what a boundless field for activity is at once opened, amid all the packages, boxes, bags, and cast-off rubbish there. Old letters, newspapers, trunks of miscellaneous contents are all rummaged, and the very reign of chaos is instituted. He sees endless capacities in all, and he is always hammering something or knocking something apart, or sawing, planing, or drawing boxes in all directions to build cities or lay railroad tracks, till everybody's head aches quite down to the lower floor, and everybody declares that Charley must be kept out of the garret. Then you send Charley to school, and hope that you are fairly rid of him for a few hours at least; but he comes home noisy and more breezy than ever, having learned of some twenty other Charleys every separate resource for keeping up a commotion that the superabundant vitality of each can originate. He feels large and valorous; he has learned that he is a boy, and has a general impression that he is growing immensely strong and knowing, and despises more than ever the conventionalities of parlour-life; in fact, he is more than ever an interruption in the way of decent folks who want to be quiet. It is true that if entertaining persons will devote themselves exclusively to him, reading and telling stories, he may be kept quiet, but then this is discouraging work, for he swallows a story

as Rover does a piece of meat, and looks at you for another and another without the slightest consideration, so that this resource is of short duration, and then the old question comes back : " What is to be done with him ? "

Charley cannot be wholly discarded, and on the answer of the question, " What is to be done with him ? " depends a future. Many a hard, morose, bitter man has come from a Charley turned off and neglected ; many a parental heart-ache has come from a Charley left to run the streets that mamma and sisters might play on the piano and write letters in peace. It is easy to get rid of him, there are fifty ways of doing that. He is a spirit that can be promptly laid, but, if not laid aright, will come back by-and-by a strong man armed when you cannot send him off at pleasure. Mamma and sisters had better pay a little tax to Charley now than a terrible one by-and-by. There is something significant in the old English phrase, with which our Scriptures render us familiar—a *man* child—a *man* child. There you have the word that should make you think more than twice before you answer the question, " What shall we do with our Charley ? "

To-day he is at your feet ; to-day you can make him laugh, you can make him cry, you can persuade, coax and turn him at your pleasure ; you can make his eyes fill and his bosom swell with recitals of good and noble deeds ; in short you can mould him if you will take the trouble. But look ahead some years, when the little voice shall ring in deep bass tones, when that small foot shall have a man's weight and tramp, when a rough beard shall cover that little chin, and the wilful strength of manhood fill out the little round form ; then you would give worlds for the key to his heart, to be able to turn and guide him to your will ; but if you lose the key now he is little, you may search for it carefully, with tears, some other day, and never find it. Old housekeepers have a proverb that one hour lost in the morning is never found all day—it has a significance in this case. One thing is to be noticed about Charley : that rude and busy and noisy as he is, and irksome as carpet rules and parlour ways are to him, he is still a social little creature, and wants to be where the rest of the household are. A room ever so well adapted for play cannot charm him at the hour when all the rest

of the family are together; he hears the voices in the parlour, and the play-room seems desolate; he yearns for the talk of the family, which he so imperfectly comprehends, and he longs to take his playthings down and play by you, and is incessantly promising that of the fifty improper things which he is liable to do in the parlour, he will not commit one if you will let him stay there. The instinct of the little one is Nature's warning plea—God's admonition. How many a mother who has neglected it because it was irksome to have the child about, has longed at twenty-five to keep her son at her side, and he would not! Shut out as a little Arab, constantly told that he is noisy, that he is awkward, meddlesome and a torment in general, the boy at last has found his own company in the streets, in the highways and hedges, where he runs till the day comes when the parents want their son, the sisters their brother, and then they are scared at the face he brings back to them, all foul and smutty from the companionship to which they have doomed him. Depend upon it, if it is too much trouble to keep your boy in your society, there will be places found for him warmed and lighted by no friendly fires. There he, "who finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," will care for him if you do not. You may put out a tree, and it will grow while you sleep; but a son you cannot—you must take trouble for him, either a little now or a great deal by-and-by. Let him stay with you at least some portion of every day; bear his noise and ignorant ways. Put aside your book or work to tell him a story, or to show him a picture; devise quiet parlour plays for him, for he gains nothing by being allowed to spoil the comfort of the whole circle. A pencil, a sheet of paper, and a few patterns will sometimes keep him quiet for you for an hour while you are talking, or in a corner he may build a block house, annoying nobody. If he does now and then disturb you, and if it costs you more care and thought to regulate him there, balance which is the greater evil, to be disturbed by him now or when he is a man.

Of all you can give your Charley, if you are a good man or woman, your presence is the best and safest thing. Then let him have some place in your house, where he may hammer and pound, and make all the litter his heart desires and his various

schemes require. Even if you can ill afford the room, weigh well between the safe asylum and one which he may make for himself in the streets. Of all devices for Charley which we have seen, a few shelves, which we may dignify with the name of a cabinet, is one of the best. He picks up shells, and pebbles, and stones, all odds and ends—nothing comes amiss. A cheap paint-box and some engravings to colour is another. All these things make trouble—to be sure they do—but Charley is to make trouble; you are only to choose between safe and wholesome trouble and the trouble that comes like a whirlwind. May God bless the little fellow and send us all grace to know what to do with him.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

THE MARRIAGE.—No. 2.

IN due time Adeline was married. It was a Christian marriage, and there was happiness and joy. On the wedding day the bride was attired in white; her dress was chastely simple, but her elegance and beauty threw a lustre around her that the most costly attire could not enhance. She was alternately pale and flushed, and evidently seemed to be under suppressed emotion. The marriage ceremony over, Adeline departed with her joyful husband on their happy bridal tour. In a short time Adeline was conveyed to her new home, where her own beloved mother was awaiting her. Rumours of the surpassing beauty and excellence of the bride of Dr. Stuart had previously winged their way to the neighbourhood of her husband's home. Her expected arrival consequently attracted great interest and desire to see her; and she passed through a crowd of admiring spectators as she descended from the carriage to her dwelling. The evening passed joyfully and quietly on; and at an early hour the servants were assembled for family prayer and praise. In prayer, her husband's ardent thanksgivings arose to the giver of every good; and without any special reference to his own peculiar circumstances, he poured out his heart in expressions of renewed surrender of himself and family to the service and honour of God, entreating in all things His guidance, counsel, and blessing.

Thus, at the formation of this family relation, God was acknowledged, thanked, and praised. The writer of this sketch recollects that, while enjoying a few years ago a visit from Dr. Stuart, and conversing with him on his family enjoyments, he mentioned the surprise which the circumstance of his having family worship on the first evening of his arrival at home with his bride occasioned in the worldly circle in which he professionally visited. They conceived that a more jovial demonstration would have been more befitting the occasion of a return from a bridal tour.

Months and years passed on, and Dr. Stuart and his young Christian wife enjoyed an uninterrupted course of happiness, serving the Lord in a life of active usefulness and in consecrating their lovely babes to the care and service of their Heavenly Father. But affliction came. Adeline was laid low, and she seemed to be on a bed of death. It was a sudden and unexpected illness; but for a few days no apprehensions were entertained of a fatal issue. The conviction came at length that Adeline was dying. To her devoted husband the shock was terrible, and for some time he appeared utterly prostrated and unable to utter a word. At the moment when the conviction of a fatal issue occurred to his mind he was standing by her bed, hanging over her with the deepest, tenderest solicitude. In a moment he became convinced that no recovery could be expected for his loved and cherished Adeline. A sick faintness came over his heart, and he well-nigh fell prostrate on the ground. He hastened from the chamber, and reaching another apartment he fell on his knees, and buried his face in his hands on a cushioned couch in the depths of intensest anguish. At length he tried to pray, but he could not, groaning was his only utterance. This state of prostration continued for some time, till tears came to his relief, and he was able to cry, "My God, my God, sustain me under Thy hand in this time of deepest, darkest agony." He wept freely, and, like Joseph's, his weeping was heard. Calmed and strengthened at length, he bathed his face, and with a composed demeanour returned to the room which now appeared to him the chamber of death and desolation. Adeline was no better, but he was more composed. She did not seem to be aware of her danger; but she was in great agony and distress. The evening and the night

passed on, and in the morning she was worse. For the first time then she apprehended that she was dying, and, making an effort to raise herself upon her pillow, she looked with a searching gaze into the face of her husband as if she would penetrate into the depths of his soul, and said: "Henry, dearest Henry! tell me, am I dying?" Her husband's momentary silence and his agonized look at once confirmed her suspicions. He replied, as well as his agitation would allow, that she was, he believed, about to depart and to be with Christ for ever.

A HOME MADE HAPPY.

"Oh! if there is one law above the rest
Written in wisdom—if there is a word
That I would trace as with a pen of fire
Upon the unsunn'd temper of a child—
If there is anything that keeps the mind
Open to angel visits, and repels
The ministry of ill—'tis human love!"

"I CANNOT think how it is that your cottage is so much cleaner and more comfortable than ours," said Julia Willis, as she took off her bonnet and shawl on the occasion of her paying a short visit to her neighbour, Alice Gould; "I can never keep my place in good order for any length of time, for what with the children's litters and bad behaviour, and my Robert's untidy habits and cross temper, the cottage is always in disorder and full of unpleasantness." "I am very sorry to hear you say so, Julia," replied Alice Gould, "but as you have begun the subject I will confess to you that I have noticed something of it. I hope you will not be angry with me for saying that I think you might alter all this for the better yourself. Do you think there is no room for improvement in your own management?" "Oh! Alice, I am tired of trying to have my home and family in good order. I have tried so often and have been disappointed, that I feel now almost careless about it. What is the use of trying when your efforts are not appreciated? Often, when I am sitting up until eleven o'clock at night for Robert, I am ready to cry with vexation that all my early prospects of happiness have been blighted.

When I was in service at the 'Grange' and Robert and I kept company together, I used to look forward to our married life as a time when everything would go on well; and now it is the very reverse of that. My husband is so often out of temper and the children are so unruly that I am quite unhappy." "I admit that what you have to bear is very far from being agreeable, but I say again, do you not think that you could improve it? As an old friend, let me ask you whether you make your home as comfortable and attractive to your husband as you can, and whether you try to keep him from spending his evenings at the 'White Swan?'" "Perhaps I might do something more than I have already done to keep Robert at home and prevent him from wasting his money as he does; but really the prospects of making him a good husband are very slight." "Well, Julia, you can but try, and if you do not succeed the blame will not then rest on your shoulders. Let me advise you to make a point of having your cottage clean and tidy, and everything in the best order possible; and if Robert must smoke a pipe after his day's work, let him do it at home by his own fireside with the best companion he can have—his wife." "Ah! Alice, that sounds very fine, but it is much more easily talked about than done; pray how am I to make Robert stay at home with me in the evenings?" "Ask him, of course, to try how he will like it for one evening. Make the place look as nice as you can, and I think when he sees how much trouble you have taken to please him, and that it is to oblige you for once that you ask him to stay at home, that he will do so. If you are successful, I hope that you will prove to him that an evening spent with you at home is more pleasant than those which he usually spends with his boon companions; in short, Julia, show him that the love you used to possess for him is still strong, and that it prompts you to seek his happiness. If you do this I have no doubt that you will see the good result of it for years yet to come." "I will endeavour to do as you have said, Alice, but how about the children? They are so very rough that I cannot manage them, and if I tell their father of their disobedience and naughtiness he is so very cross about it and threatens to beat them, so I do not often tell him." "The best thing I can say to you on that subject is, convince them that you

love them and seek their best interests. Send them to the day school and the Sunday school regularly; let them be as decently clothed as you can afford; encourage them to read some interesting and good books at home, and above all teach them to pray, and pray for them. If you persevere in this course I believe you will have but little trouble with your children as to their misconduct. Probably you will have some difficulty at first, because you have allowed them to grow up thus far without sufficient restraint, and they have already formed some objectionable habits, but never despair. You know when we are in the path of duty it is comparatively easy to conquer the things which oppose us. Julia, I know you will not be offended if I speak plainly, you cannot do all this in your own strength; you must look up to God for help and He will assist you if you ask him in a right spirit." "Why, Alice, I declare you are become a preacher, and you have actually given me a sermon." "No, Julia, I do not wish to preach to you, or to assume any kind of superiority over you. I have only spoken to you from my own heart and my own experience. I have been very sorry to see that you go so seldom to a place of worship, and that your Sundays are wasted at home in idleness, or it may be in something worse. Let me beg of you to come and hear Mr. Stephens, I believe that from him you will get good; unless you form the habit of attendance at the house of God I do not think you can hope to accomplish the reformation of your family. Why, both of us can remember families that used to be in this parish, which are now scattered to the winds, their names almost forgotten, and their property passed into other hands on account of their godless conduct. Godlessness leads to recklessness, and that leads to ruin—the ruin of body and soul!" "Well, Alice, I must be going now; I am very much obliged to you for the good advice you have given me, and I will try to act upon it." "May you have God's help, Julia; good-bye."

As soon as Julia arrived home she began to put into practice what she had heard from Alice Gould. The sitting room of the cottage was made very tidy and the children clean. When her husband came home to tea he was surprised to find everything in such good order, because this had not been the case for a long

time past. While they were having tea his wife asked him to remain at home with her that evening and to smoke his pipe by his own fireside. "Julia," he replied, "I cannot do so this evening because it is club night at the 'White Swan,' but I will to-morrow night." Shortly after this he left his cottage to go to the tavern. His wife waited patiently for him through all the wearisome hours of that long evening—ten, eleven, twelve o'clock came, yet her husband had not made his appearance; at last, about half-past twelve, he came into the cottage intoxicated. After she had succeeded in getting him to bed she sat down to think over her disappointment; she had arranged for a cheerful evening at home and now her husband lay before her in that sad condition. This was too much for her, and she burst into tears; but she had the courage to make the resolution that she would attempt the same course of action on the next evening. Upon this resolution she asked the blessing of God, and she was enabled to carry it into effect, and was successful in keeping her husband at home. After trying for some months to act upon the advice of Alice Gould, she found it much less difficult than she had imagined, and the result was that her home became a happy one. Her husband spent his spare time in the cultivation of his garden, and sought in various ways to make her more comfortable, and on the Sabbath day they were both to be seen in the house of God. Their children were regular in their attendance at the day school and Sabbath school, and became a fresh source of happiness to their parents. The blessing of the Almighty rested upon the efforts of Julia Willis. What may not an earnest-hearted woman accomplish?

R.A.H.

THE OLD ELM-TREE.

Oh! the old elm-tree is standing now
Where it stood so long ago,
When in its shade we children played
Till the sun in the west grew low;
And its branches reach as far and high,
And the sky above is as clear,
But under it now no children play
In the golden day of the year.

The sunbeams creep through the rustling leaves
That fall on the moss-grown seat,
And tall grass waves where in other years
It was trodden by children's feet ;
And the bees hum lazily in the shade
Through the long bright summer's day ;
And the soft wind murmurs with lonely sound
Where the children used to play.

They all are gone from their children's home,
And have wandered far away ;
Of all that band of the dear old time
There's not one left there to-day ;
They are parted now by many a mile,
And the waves and mountains high,
And one has gone to the home beyond
Through the golden gates of the sky.

And many a year has come and gone,
And many a summer's sun
Has passed adown the golden west
When the long bright day was done ;
And many an autumn wind has blown,
And many a winter cast
O'er hill and vale, its shroud of snow,
Since the children met there last.

And the weary years will still move on,
With their sunshine and their pain,
But there in the shade of that old elm-tree
They will never all meet again ;
But there is a haven of quiet rest,
And its portals are open wide,
And one by one, as the angels call,
They will meet on the other side.

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE.—No. 11.

A FORTNIGHT passed, and Edward Lyle gradually recovered ; from his bed of sickness he arose an altered man. The Holy Spirit fastened conviction on his soul, and he read the past in a new light, and while he saw the vileness of sin and his own guilty heart, he was enabled to lay hold on the hope set before

him in the Gospel, to flee to the Rock of Ages, and to fix his trust on the crucified Redeemer.

In the joy of that hour, the hour when old things passed away, and all things became new, the cry of his heart was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" An intense longing arose in his heart to become a worker in the Master's vineyard, and in earnest reliance on His guidance, he looked about for a sphere in which to labour. His situation at Messrs. Sheldon's offices he had resigned, stating as a reason the change that had come over him, so rendering it impossible for him to disobey wilfully the commands of his God. A sneering laugh from his infidel employer greeted him as he thus stated his reason, but now this did not move him, and as he left the office with a grateful heart that God had thus enabled him to bear testimony to His name, there came to his heart to comfort and keep it in peace the precious verse, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," and in faith he echoed it again and again. It was a happy day for Florence, when, seated in her accustomed place in the house of God, she witnessed the reception of her dearly-loved brother into the visible Church of Christ. As she looked back on the events of the past year or two, and saw how faithless *she* had been, and yet how faithful her God had been; how He had been leading her by a way that she knew not to bring her to see His power and grace, her heart ascended to Him in thankful praise, and she set up an Ebenezer, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me." Who can tell the feelings of Edward's heart in that solemn hour? He felt the Saviour very near to him, and he knew there was joy in the presence of the angels of God over another gathered into the fold of Christ. Then he thought of his gentle mother safely landed on the Heavenly shore, it might be even then looking down upon her child; and again he thanked God for the gift of such a mother, who by her life and death had made an impression on the heart of her boy, which by the power of the Holy Spirit had been made instrumental in bringing him to the Saviour.

Later in the day, as he walked with Florence to Dallingstone, he unfolded to her much that was in his heart.

They had been walking on in silence, for the hearts of both were very full, when suddenly Edward said, "Do you remember our walk across these fields in the early summer, Florence?" "I do," was her reply, as she lifted her eyes to his, her face glowing with thankfulness; but she could say no more, for the tears were just ready to fall, and Edward continued, in a voice quivering with feeling, "How different everything seems to me now! I can look around on these lovely meadows; and on yonder to the grand old mountains, and say, 'My Father made them all. Florence, I have been wondering to-night if mother can see me now!'" He paused, for at the mention of her name the fountain of emotion was touched, and it was some moments before he regained his composure. When he did so, it was to say, "God does bless instrumentalities to bring wanderers to Himself. My mother's prayers have followed me to this hour. In those days of darkness and Sabbath-breaking, I have had a witness within that I was committing sin, for not a single Sunday have I desecrated but I have heard her voice as if in remonstrance, with me, 'My boy; remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy!' I have drowned it, or tried to do so by entering into worldly conversation with my companions, but it has still haunted me, never letting me be happy in my course of life. Thank God, that through His infinite mercy, I have at last been brought to the foot of the cross to feel myself

'A poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ my All in All,'

"Florence, my dear sister, I know you have been deeply anxious for my soul's salvation; I know you have wrestled with God on my behalf, and now your heart is full to overflowing with praise to Him. Where can we thank Him better for all His goodness and mercy to us than by the grave of our dear mother? Shall we go in?" His hand rested on the latch of the church-yard gate, and unable to speak a word, Florence gently pushed it open, and they passed in. The rays of the setting sun fell athwart the plain white tombstone, and as they paused before it a shower of leaves fell at their feet. Edward reached the bough from whence they fell, and said, significantly,

"When we were last here the foliage of this tree was bursting into green and beauteous life. My heart was dead in trespasses and sins ; now this is yielding to decay, while my poor heart is quickened into newness of life." Reverently he bared his head, and for some minutes his lips moved in prayer, while Florence in her heart thanked her Heavenly Father again and again, for all His goodness. Then they walked on in glad silence to Rosedale Farm, only once pressing her arm affectionately, Edward whispered,

" I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled ;

* * * * *
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold."

And Florence replied, as she bade him good night, " Thank God for it all."

CHOICE MORSELS FROM YOUR FATHER'S TABLE.

" CHOICE morsels," you say, yes there are many such for you, my friend, though at present, trials and afflictions press you down ; choice morsels, which if you will only receive with thankfulness, shall fill your heart with joy and your mouth with praise. Let your old friend Anthony then lay some before you, and in so doing he must suppose a case or two of difficulties into which you are brought.

Perhaps you are in deep distress, want and misery stare you in the face ; you look abroad, but circumstances wear such an aspect that they only deepen still more the distress that now pervades your bosom. Oh ! how your heart sickens at the sight. Well, cheer up, on your Father's table there is a choice morsel for you. " The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." " Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Perhaps you are labouring under some bodily affliction, wearisome days and nights are appointed unto you ; often you exclaim, when it is night, " Would to God it were morning," and when it is morning, " Would to God it were night."

Even under these painful circumstances you are not forgotten. In your Father's house there is ample provision for you. Listen to the promise: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee, when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Under the influence of the Divine Spirit, that light affliction which you are called upon to endure shall be but for a moment, and shall "work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

It may be your household are not walking with God, your husband is not only a despiser of all that is good, but being morose in his disposition and cruel in his temper, he is perhaps a terror to his house. His frequent visits to the scenes of drunkenness in no wise diminish this evil, but often are the occasion of deeper distress. Your sons, it may be, through the unhallowed influence of the father's conduct are sunk so low in indolence and depravity that no one cares to employ them, and as a last resource they have enlisted in the army, and are now far away over the sea. Your daughters, from the same cause, are beyond restraint, and many are the tears you shed as the peace and happiness of the house are disturbed by their determined obstinacy and ungovernable temper. Well, bad as your case is, thank God it is not hopeless; your prayers for them are come up in remembrance before God. He has promised that "ye shall reap if ye faint not," and though an answer is not speedily sent, yet "the blessing shall come and shall not tarry, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Look up to the heavens, my friend, and behold their glory, and then on the earth with its varied productions, and remember that these shall pass away, but not one jot or tittle of His Word, who has said, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

OLD ANTHONY.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE COLLIER BOYS, OR GOD HEARS PRAYER.

ONE day a great many men and five boys were at work in a coal mine. The men finished their work first, but the boys had

a little more to do ; so the men went on and thought the boys would soon come after them. But a large body of water, which had been in the mine for several years, and had been stopped up, suddenly escaped and burst in, and filled up the only passage by which the little boys could get out of the mine. Only think what a dreadful situation they were in ! The water continued to rise. The poor boys tried to escape but could not, and two of them were very nearly drowned in trying. The men could not see them but they were dreadfully distressed. They knew it would take several days to pump the water out, and they were afraid that when they got it out, if the boys lived as long, the bad air would then come in, and they would be stifled. The men went home ; but think what a sad story they had to tell the boys' mothers, and what they must have felt about the poor children who, I dare say, they were longing to see come home to them after their day's work. The people gathered in crowds round the pit, but none could help. Day after day passed. Those who knew most about mines seemed to have the least hope. " I dare say," said one, " we shall see their funerals in a day or two." Oh, how sad it was ! At length, after waiting and waiting, one morning I was told that by the morrow evening the boys must be found dead or alive. What a time it did seem ! I stood that evening at my window, looking towards the place where the mine is situated, and longing to know the worst. I thought what a solemn thing it was, that five young creatures, perhaps unthinking and unprepared, should be called away in such an awful manner to meet their God. At that moment there was a hasty run down the lane, and a boy's voice saying, " Mother, mother, they are all alive." The poor woman burst into tears ; I could stay in my house no longer ; I went out and soon found myself in the midst of a crowd of people, who were all expressing their joy to hear of the poor boys being found alive. But how the poor little fellows felt in that awful position ? What did they do in that dark pit ? " The waters are rising," said one of them in his despair, " what shall we do now ? " "*We will go and pray,*" answered some of the rest ; and as well as they could they did so. " And then," said one, " the waters were abated." They prayed to be delivered from the bad air, and the Lord caused a

large piece of coal and clay to fall down, and it stopped up the passage so that the foul air could not reach them. "And what did you say in prayer, my boy?" said a father. "Lord, Thou knowest how bad it is to go to work in the morning, in health and strength, and to be carried home to father and mother dead." Poor boy! as he spoke the remembrance of the agony he had endured so agitated him that he could not go on, and with difficulty he restrained his tears. Dear young friends, this is prayer, telling God all you feel and want in the simplest words.

An old man, to whom I talked about this occurrence, said, after remarking many striking particulars which made it quite a miracle that the boys should be saved: "To think that there was bad air enough in the place to kill numbers of horses, and these boys were kept alive. 'Tis no use," he added, "to say more about it; *the Lord does hear prayer.*" Have you, young friend, ever tried?"

SUBMISSION TO THE DIVINE WILL.

A son gives the following account of the true submission of his widowed mother to the Divine Will. He says, "Though most of us were young, our father had several years before been removed to a better world. The youngest of our number could not remember him. In the midst of a severe winter he was taken away, and left us orphans in a cold world; but the widow's God and the Father of the fatherless had not forsaken us. His hand was guiding us on, and mingling mercy in the bitter cup presented to our lips. But disease at length arrested one of our little company. A brother, but little older than myself, was brought so low that a physician said in the morning that he could not live till night. We had been much together, and in our frequent walks, with our arms around each other, he was just tall enough to lay his easily and comfortably over mine. His sickness came very near to me, and when it was said he must go down to the grave, my heart stood out against God; I would gladly have taken him from His hands. But our mother felt not so. Though her son appeared to be on the verge of the eternal world, without much to lead her to think the exchange

would be for the better, her confidence in God was unshaken—her submission perfect. His billows were passing over her, but she had gone through them before and found Him gracious. Now her language was, '*I would not take that child out of the hands of God though I could do it by turning a straw.*' I, however, would then have quickly turned it, to have brought him back from the grave we thought he was about to enter, but not so now. A quarter of a century has since passed away. It is long since I have entered the room or seen the house that then sheltered us. Other events, greater in the eyes of the world have, one after another, been forgotten, but the remembrance of that remark will not cease. The spot where my mother stood—the picture of composure—the almost heavenly serenity of her countenance, as she uttered the above remark to the group around her—these are yet distinctly before me." That son lived to be a comfort to the mother, and an ambassador for Jesus. While the mother refused to turn a straw to take him out of the hands of God, He graciously cast the weight into the scales that were delicately balanced between time and eternity, that turned him back to life. Such is genuine submission to the Divine Will. It would have God choose for us. 'Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.' Under the influence of it, whether God gives or takes, wounds or binds up, His dealings with us will be blessed to us. I would not limit the Most High, or prescribe rules for the Divine operations, but it does often seem that when kindred and friends are brought to perfect submission, God rebukes the diseases of the sick and, as we think, the dying, and restores them to us when otherwise they had been removed from our sight. And why may it not be so? As He does not afflict us willingly, the more gentle the rod that secures the end in view, the greater His delight.

E.

THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

'Tis evening and the glorious sun is sinking to his rest,
And tinging with his golden beams the mountains of the west;
The day has been a lovely one, now all is calm and still;
The sheep bell tinkles from the folds that stud the distant hill.

In her chamber, on her dying bed, a loving mother lies,
Her pallid face is lighted with the fervour of her eyes;
Her only child is by her side, her head bowed down with grief,
Her mother speaks, and then the tears burst forth and bring relief.

"My child, I feel the hour is come; my Master calls me home;
My battle's fought—my warfare's o'er—my victory is won;
I soon shall pass the stormy sea, and land upon that shore
Where pain and sickness, grief and care, can never reach me more.

"My child, *you* still have work to do; *your* race is not yet run;
Your troubles and *your* trials are only just begun;
But meet them bravely, tremble not; rely on Christ for strength;
He will supply your greatest need, and give you peace at length.

"I would I had been spared to thee, but God's own will be done;
And praised be He for mercies past, and present, and to come;
His blessing may He shed on thee, and guard thee from all ill;
Then bring thee to Himself at last, when thou hast done His will."

K. L.

SAD BUT TRUE.

ESTHER GREEN was the wife of a small farmer who resided in the north of England; her husband was a steady and industrious man, and they were prosperous in their undertaking. Years passed on, and Esther Green bore the sacred name of mother; but alas! a heavy cloud obscured the domestic horizon. The husband observed a change in his wife, and was at a loss to account for it; but as money disappeared faster than usual he determined to watch her proceedings, and imagine his grief when he found that she had become a confirmed laudanum drinker. Remonstrance and reproach were alike in vain, the fatal habit increased, and the poor man was obliged to leave his little farm where the first years of their married life had been spent, and retire to a cottage, where he earned his daily bread by working as an agricultural labourer. But no change for the better was observed in Esther Green; her husband's misfortune, of which she alone was the cause, made no impression upon her—laudanum she must have, no matter what were the consequences. To procure this deadly poison she sold her own and her husband's clothing, and even took her children's bread to gratify her base appetite. Her home became a scene of continual

disorder, no comfort for husband or children, dirt and misery alone was their portion. Several of the little ones died in infancy, and those who survived were glad to leave their wretched home for situations. Still the husband toiled on, with a settled expression of despair on his brow, regularly giving his wife his weekly wages. Many times he has been known to go to his day's work with only dry bread for dinner, often no dinner at all. For years he bore this misery, working hard to obtain a livelihood, his wife meanwhile squandering his hard-earned money on what had robbed her of her sight as well as her family of their comforts. At last the poor husband's patience gave way under his heavy trials, he found his home was a complete wreck, his own and his family's clothing, even their bedding, sold by his wretched wife; he could endure it no longer, and so they separated, he allowing her a weekly sum, but not sufficient to gratify her fatal propensity.

She now lives apart from her husband, despised by her own children, and a sad warning to wives and mothers never to cultivate a taste for the poison that destroys the comfort of the home circle.

E. R.

TWO FATHERS IN HEAVEN.

"MOTHER!" said a little girl, whose father had died, "when I say, 'Our Father, who art in heaven,' does it mean my father that is dead, or God?" The mother explained as well as she was able the relation which each bore to her now, and that when she said, "Our Father, who art in heaven," her prayer was to God, who was able and willing to take her one day to the same heaven to which her dear father had gone. "Then, I have *two* fathers in heaven, haven't I, mother?" The mourning mother could not answer her, but wept as the little girl continued, caressing her baby brother as she spoke, "Johnny, we haven't any father here now, but we have two fathers in heaven. We will be good, won't we? and then we shall go there some time." "Mother!" she asked again, "when I am dead, will you put roses where I am buried too? Oh! won't father be glad to see

me! and he will say, '*Here's my own little Hattie again!*' won't he?" She had been accustomed to go with her mother to tend the flowers by her father's grave, and often carried her own little offering of simple blossoms to strew them, and she desired that her own grave might be thus adorned.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

DIOCLESIAN, the last and the worst of the persecuting Roman emperors, observed that the more he sought to blot out the name of Christ the more legible it became, and that whatever of Christ he thought to eradicate it took the deeper root, and rose the higher in the lives and hearts of men.

HOPE.

HOPE is the sweetest friend that ever kept a distressful soul company; it beguiles the tediousness of the way.

If we forget God when we are young, He may forget us when we are old.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Junior Clerk. By EDWIN HODDER. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

We have before us a new and cheap edition of this little volume, already known and appreciated. We hope this new edition will be the means of giving it a far wider scope of usefulness.

The British Workman; The British Juvenile. London: E. Stock, Paternoster Row.

Two very interesting illustrated periodicals, well adapted for the classes for whom they are intended.

"I will Help Thee." A New Year's Promise. London: W. Macintosh, Paternoster Row.

Merry and Wise. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

CHRISTMAS GATHERINGS.

THE end of the year draws on apace, and families gather in the homesteads of England, and sit around the fire for social converse, and faces grow brighter and hearts lighter for having met once again with the old friends at home; for having heard once more the words of unfailing affection from the lips of those best of earthly friends—the father and mother. The cares that have come to us during the twelve months since last Christmas—the sorrows that have lain so sadly upon our hearts, fade almost away as we realize that these our cradle-watchers still regard us with unaltered affection, and we feel that it is a joyous thing to come to our home, and, casting away the toil and care of maturer life, become once again as little children.

But to some of us this festive season brings no welcome from an earthly home; father and mother have both passed into the skies, and the stranger treads in the home of our childhood, the sound of merry laughter still rings within its walls, but none dear to us dwell there. We are alone in the world; waifs upon life's great ocean, and year by year passes by almost uneventfully, save that sorrow presses with a heavier weight as time rolls on its way. Now as we gaze on the happy faces of some by whom we are surrounded, who are looking forward to loving welcomes from dear ones, we turn away with bitter tears and a heavy sigh that there are none to care whether we are happy or not. O yes! there is One who cares—He who numbers even the very hairs of our head; who orders all the events of our mingled life, who has given to us loneliness for some wise end, perhaps that we may cling the closer to Himself. He has our treasures safe for us in His house of love, and soon, aye, very soon, we shall stand no longer alone and sad, but glad and happy with all our dear ones safe for evermore. Even now we have His love to cheer us in our onward path; so let us be patient and walk quietly on until He calls us to rejoin those who have passed on before, and now rest at home in heaven.

From many a Christmas gathering, loved forms and loving words will be missed this year. How many hundreds of fathers

and sons have been taken from their families by accident. Those who helped by their labours to make Christmas a happy and a merry time, have left their homes never to return, and, in some cases, even the melancholy pleasure of looking on the faces of the loved and dead has not been granted the mourners. Many bodies are reposing far down in the mine, and many more in the depths of the sea.

From some homes the earnest labourer in the Lord's vineyard has been taken, while those who appear to live for no object in life have been spared.

From some houses, the eldest daughter and sister, just merged into womanhood, has been snatched away. She had but just consecrated herself to God's service, and many a year of usefulness seemed to loom in the distance before her—but she has gained the prize when she had but just entered on the race. These are some of God's mysterious ways, but doubtless we shall know some day why He does these things.

Christmas gatherings will be over soon, and families again be scattered over the world, but by-and-by will come a great gathering in the Father's house—all His children safe for evermore. O what a gathering will that be! God grant that none of us may be outside in the darkness, but that all may be safe at home.

IN MEMORIAM—JOB HANKS.

“Not that from life and all its woes
The hand of death shall set me free;
Not that this head shall then repose
In the low vale most peacefully.

“Ah, when I touch time's farthest brink,
A kinder solace must attend;
It chills my very soul to think
On that dread hour when life must end.

“In vain the flattering verse may breathe
Of ease from pain and rest from strife,
There is a sacred dread of death
Inwoven with the strings of life.

“ This bitter cup at first was given
 When angry *Justice* frowned severe;
 And 'tis the eternal doom of Heaven
 That man must view the grave with fear.”

Saturday, the twenty-first of September, 1867, is a day that will long be remembered in the pleasantly situated and picturesque village of Naunton, Gloucestershire. The subdued light cast by the slanting rays of the afternoon sun upon the hill-side graveyard, seemed in harmony with the serious countenances of a group of men and women, who were watching a slowly-advancing, long funeral procession winding its way up the Cheltenham road on the opposite hill. The greater number of these persons having been friends of the young man now being borne to the tomb, they were conversing upon the melancholy dispensation of Providence, and expressing their sympathy with his bereaved family.

“ Did he make a public profession of religion?” enquired of us a stranger in the neighbourhood. “ I believe not;” I replied. “ But I hope he died exercising faith in our Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ. I have heard on good authority that a strong religious impression was made upon him last Sunday evening by the words of Tennyson, which the preacher quoted at the close of his sermon ;—

‘ Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
 Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
 Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.’

‘ No light, so late! and dark and chill the night!
 O let us in that we may find the light!
 Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.’ ”

The carriages having arrived, at the foot of the hill on which lies the last resting-place of the dead, the mourners sorrowfully followed on foot the corse of him for whom they wept. Four relatives of the deceased bore the pall, and next to these, leaning upon the arm of her father, came the young wife and mother—now a widow. What words can describe all the bitterness of feeling contained in that brief phrase, *a young widow!* Beautiful flowers blighted while yet in the bud; a valued prize torn from our grasp when it has been only just received; the cup of happi-

ness dashed to the ground before we have raised it to our lips. These metaphors are inadequate to pourtray the intense sorrow which fills a woman's heart when the object of her affections is taken away and she is left a young widow. In such an hour where can she look for the comfort and consolation which will be a healing balm to her troubled soul? We know of but one thing suited to her need, and that is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In Christ's loving embrace there is peace for the most sorely tried of earth's sons and daughters. To any who have experienced the misery of widowhood, we say, "Break not, O woman's heart!" but cast thy load of care upon thy merciful Saviour.

But let us return to our narrative. Next in order after the widow came the highly esteemed father of the young man, Mr. John Hanks, of Charlton Abbots. The tears fell thick and fast down his cheeks, doing his manhood honour; and his whole bearing indicated that with David he was mourning over the loss of a much-loved son. "Alas! my noble boy that thou should'st die!" But of this we must speak no more, for such sorrow is sacred from the public gaze. The long train of grief-stricken relatives was composed of persons of all ages; there was childhood with its golden curls and ruddy cheeks, youth with its strength and loveliness, mature life with its dignity and grace, and old age with its whitened locks and venerable countenance.

When all these were assembled in the sanctuary, the minister, the Rev. J. M. Stephens, B.A., read in thrilling tones those ancient words, which have been uttered thousands of times on similar occasions:—"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." "For all our days are passed away in Thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." "The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide, neither will He keep His anger for ever." "My brethren," he exclaimed, "on an occasion like this we have but one refuge to which we can fly, that is the mercy and goodness of God. The fearful event of the past week is a dark and mysterious providence to us. A young man full of health and

vigour has been cut down without a moment's warning at the early age of twenty-six. The history of his life had been scarcely opened, and a few pages turned over, when the volume was suddenly closed for ever. Without question in God's own time He will make it plain why He has done this; and then dark as the cloud now is to us, it will doubtless be found to have a silver lining. We must rely upon His promise, 'I will make darkness light before them and crooked things straight.' But let me earnestly say to you, by this sad occurrence be warned, be wise, and be prepared to meet your God."

Immediately after this the body was lowered into the sepulchre, solemn prayers were offered, affecting words of warning were uttered, and the earth covered the mortal remains of Job Hanks of "Roel Farm." The circumstances of his death were these. On the evening of Monday, the sixteenth of September, he was seen riding a blood-mare from Roel to "Hawling Lodge." As he did not return at the expected time, and nothing was known of him at the Lodge, he was sought for all night, but without success. At about half-past five o'clock the next morning he was found by his brother on the road from Roel to the Lodge, lying on his back—cold and *dead*. His horse was some distance from him. It was the opinion of the medical man who saw him, that he died from a fit, but whether he was thrown from his horse when thus taken, or whether, being thrown, it was brought on by the shock cannot be shown. This alarming incident, and the respect in which the family is held in the district, brought a large congregation to hear the funeral sermon, which was preached on the morning of the day after the interment. Mr. Stephens took for his text the words of Christ, "Watch therefore, for ye know not at what hour your Lord doth come. But know this: that if the good man of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched and would not have suffered his house to be broken up. Therefore, be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." He showed that the time of the second appearance of our Lord is uncertain, but He is manifested to every man on his entrance into the future life. That death draws near to all of us in one of two aspects, either as a friend or as a foe. To the Christian

man he is a friend who opens the portals of heaven, but to the ungodly man he is a foe who approaches as a thief, and robs him of all that he holds most dear in this present world—his life. In his own impassioned style, he implored his hearers to “watch” and to be “ready” for the coming of the “Son of man.” In the evening the preacher concluded his sermon with these grave and weighty words:—“Last Sunday evening a young man sat there,”—and the speaker pointed to the place he had occupied—“of whose life a lease might have been taken. *Where is he now?*” The Monday night had not passed away before he stood at the throne of God, to give an account of the deeds which he had done in the body. My brethren, God has spoken a solemn word to us during the past week. Let us not hear it in vain.”

There are many reflections which arise in our minds in connection with this narrative; let us, however, only, say in conclusion, that in such circumstances as those we have described we should bear in mind that although God’s dealings are mysterious His intentions are merciful, and His regard for us is permanent. Let us not, then, pass a hasty judgment on His dealings, but rather let us trust in Him and commit ourselves to His disposal. “Clouds and darkness are round about him,” but “righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.” Let us endeavour to realize these words of Bryant:—

“So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

R. A. H.

WASTED TIME.

ALONE in the dark and silent night,
With the heavy thought of a vanished year;
When evil deeds come back to light,
And good deeds rise with a welcome cheer;

Alone with the spectres of the past,
That come with the old year's dying chime,
There gloams one shadow dark and vast,
The shadow of wasted time.

The chances of happiness cast away,
The opportunities never sought,
The good resolves that every day
Have died in the impotence of thought;
The slow advance and the backward step
In the rugged path we have striven to climb;
How they furrow the brow and pale the lip,
When we talk with wasted time.

What are we now? what had we been?
Had we hoarded time as the miser's gold,
Striving our recompense to win
Through the summer's heat and the winter's cold;
Shrinking from nought the world could do,
Fearing nought but the touch of crime,
Labouring, struggling all seasons through,
And knowing no wasted time.

Who shall recall the vanished years?
Who shall hold back this ebbing tide
That leaves us remorse and shame and tears,
And washes away all things beside?
Who shall give us the strength e'en now,
To leave for ever this holiday rhyme,
To shake off this sloth from heart and brow,
And battle with wasted time.

The years that pass come not again,
The things that die no life renew,
But e'en from the rust of his cankering chain
A golden truth is glimmering through,
That to him who learns from errors past,
And turns away with strength sublime,
And makes each year outdo the last,
There is no wasted time.

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE.—No. 12.

A new life was before Edward Lyle: he now looked upon his existence in a new light, and in every plan for the future he sought to set the Saviour's glory first. Sunday—the day which

he had once desecrated—was now indeed regarded as a holy day, the day of God, and by Edward was specially devoted to the service of his Master. Supplied with a few tracts he set forth in the morning among the lanes and alleys of the town to drop words in season, to arouse the careless, and warn the impenitent, and to point the sinner to the Saviour, who had done so much for him. Often, as he returned from these rounds, his mother's dying words would come to him, and then all the past would rise and call forth a song of praise to that grace which had saved him from eternal death. Arthur had been away from the town on business for some weeks; he had been obliged to leave the day following poor Alfred's death; consequently, though he had heard of his friend's recovery, he knew not of the change that had taken place in his heart. On his return home his first visit was to Mrs. Graham's house. He found Edward alone in the sitting-room reading; with a glad look and welcome he rose to greet his friend, but Arthur was so struck with the altered face before him so radiant with peace and joy, that before he said anything else he asked involuntarily, "Are you the same Edward Lyle I once knew?" A happy smile came to the young man's face as he replied, "The same and not the same; for then I had no interest in Christ, I had not looked to Him as my Saviour. I was content to live without Him; now I have Him in my heart. Oh, Arthur, my friend, when Christ comes to live in any man's heart it must change him, for he no longer looks at things in the same light as he once did. Old things have passed away, and all things become new." A look of intense gratitude rested on Arthur's face as he cordially grasped the hand held out to him. "I thank God," he said, reverently, "that you can now say this. Your mother's prayers are answered at last, Edward, are they not?" "Yes," was the low reply; "God was faithful to His promises: though my dear mother did not live to see me a Christian, yet her prayers were answered. Prayer is mighty in its results, Arthur." "It is, indeed; the prayer of faith is sure to be answered in God's good time. I think He often makes His children wait for the answer, and He does not bestow the blessing in the way *they* wished to have it perhaps, but it does come in His way and in His time. My own dear mother was a woman of

strong faith and prayer. At the time of their marriage neither herself nor my father were Christians. Her conversion took place about three years after, when I was quite an infant, and from that time her one desire was for the salvation of those dear to her, her husband and children. For many years she prayed in faith, and before her death she saw my father pass away from earth, trusting and rejoicing in Christ, and she witnessed after that the triumphant death of two of her children. I was left, and before she died she knew that I had found Christ. Her last words were, 'Thou hast been better to me than all my fears, my Saviour; now I come to Thee:' and then she murmured so low that we could hardly catch the words, 'Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.' "Oh, Edward, what a blessing a pious mother is!" "Ay indeed," was the earnest reply; "the influence of a mother can never be estimated too highly; it is all-powerful, for good or evil, over the heart of her child, and I think, Arthur, when we have gained the other shore, and are permitted to look back on the way in which God has led us, both you and I will have to acknowledge that under His blessing our mothers' prayers have led us to the Saviour."

* * * * *

But little more remains to be told. Edward Lyle and Arthur Cardeux are living still and are still trusted friends, ay, brothers, for Arthur has won Florence for his wife, and often by the fire-side in the long winter evenings they talk over the influence of the departed, and thank God for all.

Mother! shall this little history have been written in vain? Will you still live and act as if you knew not your responsibility? Oh, give yourself first to God and then lead your children to Him in their youth, and you shall be blessed. Praying mother! be comforted: go on, wrestle with God and prevail, you shall yet praise Him with joyful lips for His goodness shown to your prayed-for ones. May God bless us all, and bring us to His home above to join the song of praise to "Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own precious blood;" then we shall see Him as He is, and praise Him through eternity, for all His goodness.

L. St C.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

PAPA'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

CHRISTMAS Eve at Mr. Hunt's was usually a pretty lively wide-awake time; and no wonder, for something less than half-a-dozen little folks were especially excited over the advent of Santa Claus. Such a buzzing and chattering there was! It is said that coming events cast their shadows before, and it would be strange if they did not in this case, considering all the sly conferences that were held over mysterious parcels, and then the cautious movement of figures slipping silently about, with hands behind them, in a way to provoke inquiry at least. Just now, Master Harry, the youngest, was seated before the fire in his night-dress, professedly to warm his feet, but his ears were wide open, and he was taking in every word that dropped.

"I say, Tom," said Herbert, a lad of twelve, "don't let pa forget to take away the fireboard, 'cause then the old fellow couldn't get in." "Oh, he'll manage that," returned Tom; "I wish I could get a glimpse of him; wouldn't it be jolly just to see his comical little figure, bobbing around here, stuffing the stockings?" Harry's eyes by this time were very wide open, and he glanced at the little fat stocking that hung at his elbow as if he fancied he saw him there now. "I'll prophesy," said Herbert, "that Harry get's a stick in his stocking. I tell you, won't he get it though," imitating the application of the rod. "No! I'll throw it out of the window," returned Harry. "We'll see," said Tom, with a knowing wink at Dora, at which they all laughed till the room ran over with noise. "Let us hang up papa's stocking," suggested Dora. "Oh yes;" wouldn't it be fun to see him taking out his things like us little fellows," cried Tom, all in an ecstasy.

"Mamma can put it on a chair in his room;" and then the three eldest heads were put together, and a vast amount of whispering done, quite to Harry's disgust, for he had been left out of all the secrets for a month at least, and he was getting tired of it. Then nurse came in, and he was carried off to bed, with all sorts of strange visions dancing through his head, the rod being uppermost. For a full hour the stream of talk ran faster than ever, until papa came in and dispersed the party, with strict orders for immediate quiet.

Just as the glad Christmas morning came peeping over the hills, Master Harry raised his curly little head from his pillow, and glancing round to see if all was still, he climbed softly down from his crib, and went pattering down the stairs as fast as his fat body would allow. It was so still he could hear the clock tick. The daylight hadn't thought of creeping into the dark halls which Harry's vivid imagination usually peopled with all sorts of things, and nothing but thoughts of the anticipated rod could have roused his courage. He opened the sitting-room door and found the stockings, but so crammed they had lost all form; his own was more than full, for out at the top peeped the prophesied switch; one of the old-fashioned birch sort, a terror to evil doers in those good old times when children were taught to obey their parents. Harry paused a moment in dismay, and then seeing that the fire was not quite out, he pushed in the offending article, and trotted upstairs again with the stocking over his shoulder.

Soon there came a long loud whistle from the aforesaid crib that roused the whole family, and then one head after another came peeping out, that were always on school-day mornings so long in coming to light, and for once hurry was the order of the day. The dressing process over, Tom was despatched for the stockings, and then the hubbub and excitement reached its height. Such "Oh's!" intermingled with cries of, "See my skates! that's the sort!" "Hurrah! that's the very book I wanted!" "Isn't that a gay top?" "Dora's got a work-box!" and such-like exclamations. Harry was more quiet than usual perhaps because his mouth was so crammed with goodies, perhaps for something else. By-and-by, Herbert spying him cried out, "What's Harry got?" Harry held up both hands. After a pretty thorough investigation, the children all began to question him, but Harry would tell nothing. At last the housemaid came in and declared there was the remains of a stick in the sitting-room grate; and then Tom testified that Harry's stocking was not there when he went down for the others, for he had it before they were up. It was a clear case, and Harry looked rather crest-fallen to be caught after all his trouble. "I told you so," cried Herbert. "Oh, I knew it," said Tom, "little-

ones 'most always get them." "Big ones ought to," retorted Harry, in a vexed tone.

Just then Dora knocked at mamma's door, and it was besieged in a moment ; after a little delay they were admitted, although mamma was not up yet. Papa sat holding his distended stocking at arm's length, with a pretence of the greatest amazement. Then he drew out a number of parcels, and unfolding one after another, a pearl paper cutter came to light, and a curious paper weight of glass. Then came a book, and opening it, a note dropped out. "Ah ! ah ! Santa Claus has left me a line," says papa ; and then curiosity peeped out of four pairs of eyes, Harry's growing rounder than ever. "Let's see what he has to say for himself," and opening it, he read—

"I've filled many stockings, my good friend, to-night,
And think from appearances 'tis nearly light ;
The bright coming dawn that my secrets unfold
Has flung out his banner of crimson and gold ;
And the star in the East, it has risen anew,
With glory undimmed and its promises true,
The birthday of Jesus ! Chime voices and bells,
As the song of thanksgiving from every heart wells.
But I see that your stocking is hung on the chair,
And I'm wondering why it has found its way there ;
I've oft filled it for you when you were a boy,
With candies and many a bright gaudy toy,
But now you are older these will not suffice,
So what can I leave you that's useful and nice ?
I did not expect when I packed up my toys,
To be called on to give to such great grown-up boys ;
But as all seem to wish it, I will try to find
Some choice little token just right to my mind ;
I will place it just here in the warm cosy bed—
One more little birdie to be cared for and fed :
Then take it and rear it, for Santa Claus' sake,
And a bright merry Christmas it ever will make."

As papa finished reading, he threw back the quilt a little, and displayed his gift. And what do you think it was ? Why the plumpest little baby that ever was seen. It was very quietly taking the first nap in its new home, quite unconscious of the commotion its coming had caused. The children—well, I'm not going to tell you all they said. Just imagine yourself the recipient of such a gift, and then you'll know. E. L.

THE MARRIAGE, No. III.

ADELINE heard her husband's faltering announcement with a look of inexpressible emotion. She closed her eyes for a few moments, and her lips moved as if in silent prayer. She then looked up, and grasping her husband's hand in both of hers, she said in weak and faltering tones; "My dearest, precious husband, this is a great surprise to me; I had not anticipated death. For you—for these children—these babes," and here her emotion checked her utterance, but in a few moments she resumed and feebly continued; "for you and for these babes I had desired life. Life is very sweet to me, dearest Henry, and if it had been His holy will, I still would wish to live." She made another allusion to her infants, but was again completely overcome. She then again expressed her surprise at the unexpected intelligence, and said emphatically; "It is to me the midnight call, 'Behold the Bridegroom cometh.'" Her husband then attempted to pray, and in broken accents poured out his heart before the hearer and answerer of prayer. At the close of the sacred exercise Adeline had upon her countenance a placid look of chastened resignation. She pressed her husband's hand and said; "I am calmer now, dearest Henry. I was taken by surprise, but I am not afraid to die. No," she continued, her voice becoming stronger and more animated, "I am not afraid to die. I know in whom I have believed, and I shall shortly see Him whom, not having seen, I love. Henry, my dearest husband, receive my charge, my dying charge. Train up these babes for God. They will want their mother's care, but God can make it up to them." This other allusion to her children again overcame her, and she continued silent.

Days passed on, and the afflicted, mourning husband seldom left the side of his beloved wife. During that time his own mind became more composed, and Adeline was comforted, and was enabled to rejoice in hope of the glory of God. Her infant children she again and again committed to the care of God; and she seemed to realize a confidence that they would be preserved unto His heavenly kingdom. Dr. Stuart had no hope of [her

recovery ; but still he knew that all things were possible with God ; and in his closet he pleaded with Him who alone was with him there, to stand by that dying bed, and to rebuke the malady that it might depart from that loved object of his heart's affections. Oh, how he took hold upon God in that divine expression, " Call upon me in the day of trouble ; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." He knew the end of the Lord, that He was very pitiful and of tender mercy ; and he waited on to see that end, in entire submission to His holy will, yet in earnest pleading for the life of his Adeline, his loved and cherished wife, and the mother of his tender babes. Still no answer came, and Adeline seemed dying fast. " Father, Thy will be done !" the afflicted mourner said, as he stooped to listen to her feeble breath. " Father, Thy will be done !" again and again he said ; but he feared and dreaded the terrible wrench which he felt every moment to be at hand. For some days previous Adeline had been partially unconscious ; and at this moment there was so great a quietness in her breathing as to occasion the most anxious apprehensions. Still she was alive ; but she continued many hours in this death-like stupor. At length she fell into a long, quiet sleep.

Adeline lived. The deep gratitude of the devoted husband may not be attempted to be here described. Adeline, too, received from her heavenly Father the precious gift of a lengthened life with deepest feelings of gratitude and love. Years have passed since that event, and Adeline continues still a loved and happy wife, surrounded by a large young family, whom she and her beloved husband are training up for the service and glory of God. She is the same now in ardent zeal and Christian philanthropy that she was before her marriage. Her union with Dr. Stuart has been one of deepest enjoyment and happiness, both to herself and her husband. Thus the earnest fervent prayer which consecrated their dwelling in their new relation in life has been heard and abundantly answered.

" Them that honour me," saith the Lord, " I will honour."

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

THE sound of midnight chimes
 Floats o'er the deepening gloom,
 And tells the light of other times
 Is passing to the tomb.

Those smiling summer hours,
 Where is their radiance now?
 Are golden beams that once were ours
 For ever buried low?

Oh not for nought the bright,
 The sunny hours were given;
 They held to us a kindly light,
 To show the path to heaven.

And they are not extinct,
 Though sleeping silently:
 The Past is with the Future linked,
 Time with Eternity.

And when no longer days
 Or hours are given to men,
 In condemnation or in praise,
 They all will live again.

Happy are they who have
 A home prepared on high,
 Where they will pass eternity,
 Whose years can never die.

W. W.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

WE sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

HE who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

ANY feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household.

THE mother's heart is the child's school-room.

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